e Saturday Evening Post · July 30, 1966 · 35c

POST

A major report on
THE NEW NUNS

FREE DRUGS FOR ADDICTS?

HORATIO HORNBLOWER
Part two

BOB DYLAN:
Rebel king of rock 'n' roll

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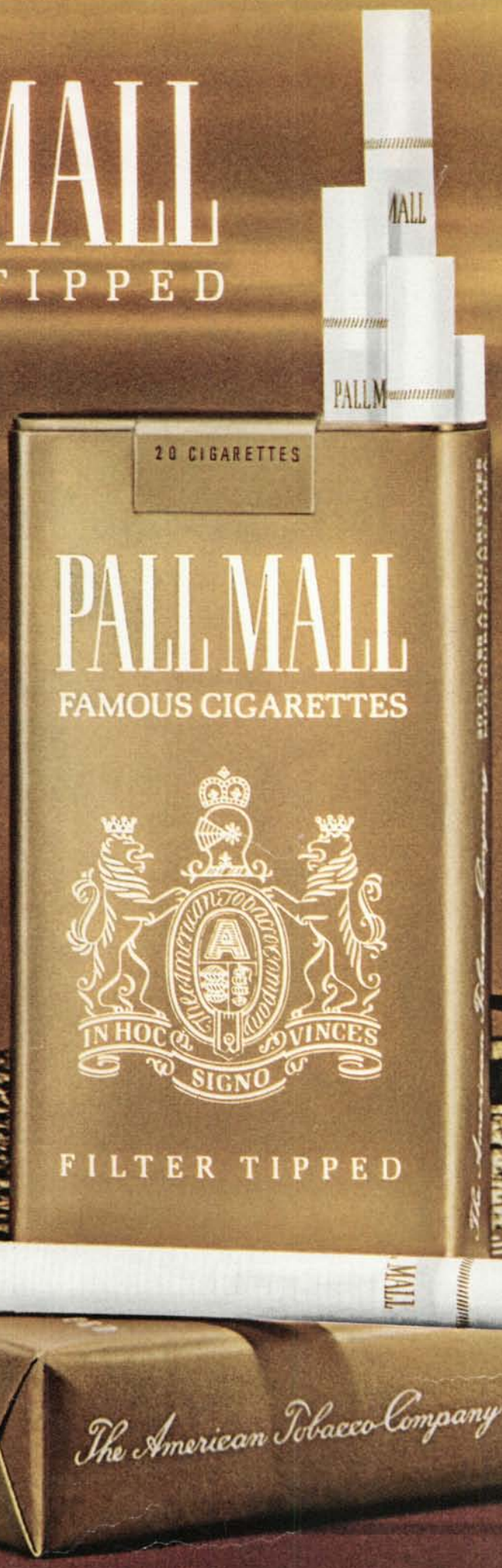

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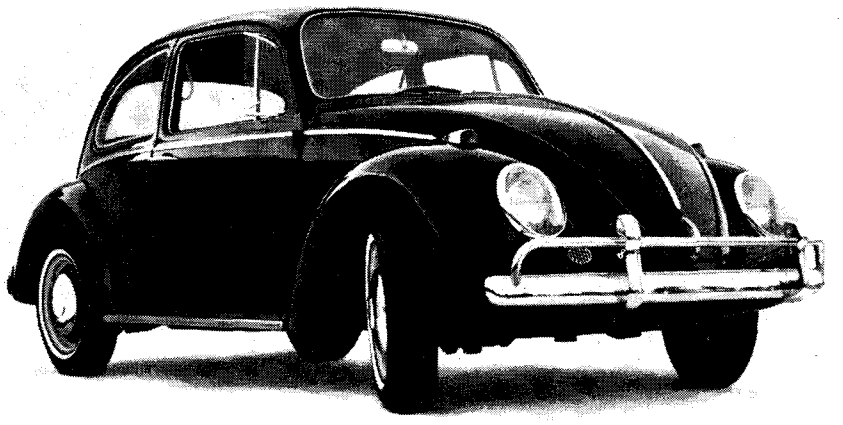

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The Saturday Evening
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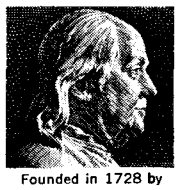

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Michael Novak

MICHAEL NOVAK devoted much of the past year to his article on the "new" nuns, interviewing and exchanging letters with hundreds of sisters in every part of the country. He is assistant professor of religion at Stanford University and author of several books on religion and modern culture. During the second session of the Vatican Council in 1963, he spent his honeymoon in Rome; while his wife, a painter, completed a set of lithographs on the Apocalypse, Novak finished his book, *The Open Church* (published in 1964 by Macmillan), dealing with the momentous significance of the Vatican meetings. . . . Before flying to Rhodesia to research his current article for the *Post*, JAMES MORRIS wanted the Rhodesian officials forewarned of his arrival. His only identification, he said, was his membership card to the Abyssinian Cat Club. That had been sufficient on a trip to Ethiopia but would hardly pass in Rhodesia. Morris has long been interested in the decline of the British Empire and last year wrote a SPEAKING OUT for the *Post* entitled LONG LIVE IMPERIALISM [July 3, 1965]. / Cover photo by JERRY SCHATZBERG.

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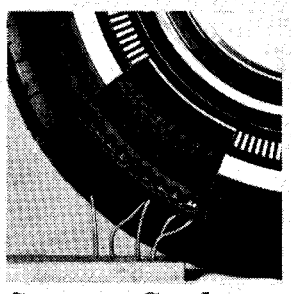
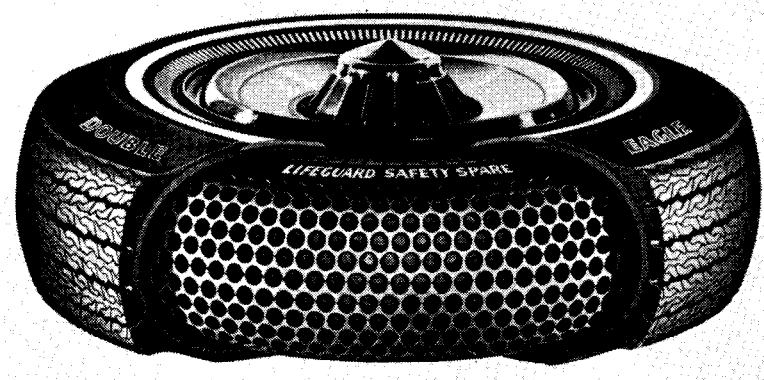


You may pay a little more for this tire but isn't this kind of safety worth it? See your Goodyear man for a demonstration.



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Letters

Rape of the land

Gentlemen:

We are just a young family, my husband, baby son and I. But for several years we have watched and read with growing alarm reports such as your wonderful article THE RAPE OF THE LAND [by Ben H. Bagdikian, June 18].

Last year, in April, we started paying on a four-acre piece of land in central Wisconsin. In the year we have owned it, we have planted more than 400 trees and bushes. If it is the only thing we can teach our little son, and children to come, it will be to love the land—and to fight with every fiber those who would destroy its beauty needlessly.

MRS. SHIRLEY FARLEY
Hillside, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

A salute to your leading article with its timely warning that our urban sprawls are rapidly ruining this once-green and pleasant land. What Bagdikian says so eloquently—supported by such powerful evidence in photographs—should be required reading for every city councilman in America.

That unplanned building is fast destroying the last of the natural, open areas near our population centers applies, alas, to southeastern Michigan and, in particular, to the mushrooming city of Ann Arbor.

CARLTON F. WELLS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sir:

Our lovely land is repeatedly stabbed, gashed and raped with cynical and callous brutality. Most business leaders and politicians don't want to "become involved"—or are involved, and don't want to turn off the fast-money spigot.

Thank you, *Post*, for being a small voice crying out in the builderness.

ED HEATH
South Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sir:

In our city of Meriden, the Connecticut Highway Department is planning to bulldoze 47 acres of highway through historic Hubbard Park, considered by many to be one of the most beautiful parks in New England. It was left in perpetuity to all the people of Meriden 70 years ago—a minor detail ignored by the "progress" boys.

Public apathy and lack of funds may cause us to lose our current court fight against this outrage. Mr. Bagdikian's article is a boost to our efforts.

HENRY LAVIN, *Executive Member*
Meriden Save the Parks Committee
Meriden, Conn.

Dear Sir:

As a rural dweller in a formerly thinly-settled area, I have watched the new houses pop up like mushrooms after a spring rain. Local authorities predict megalopolis within 20 years for this area between Seattle and Tacoma.

I am fighting the problem of congestion in the only way I know: I cashed in my life insurance and bought 10 acres of land to the west of Puget Sound, complete with tall evergreens and a year-around stream. In other words, I bought myself some elbow room against the future.

HOWARD J. HANSON
Federal Way, Wash.

EXCELLENT ARTICLE. PLEASE CREDIT THE LATE SELECTMAN NICKERSON AND SELECTMEN FINLAY AND MURRAY AND THE VOTERS OF ORLEANS FOR WHAT WAS DONE TO PRESERVE NAUSET BEACH.

FRANK BURLING
ORLEANS, MASS.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on Ben Bagdikian's gripping THE RAPE OF THE LAND. He put the disappearance of the natural heritage of our regions in very human terms.

The steps being initiated by the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development to preserve the green spaces remaining near our cities will, we hope, belay the misconception that few care beyond the talking stage to improve the quality of urban life.

Uncle Sam certainly cares. And so do the several hundred communities in 40 states that have acted with federal help under our Open Space Land Program and its companion Urban Beautification Program. These programs, strengthened by last year's Great Society legislation, have already enabled many of our cities and towns, in cooperation with the state and federal governments, to purchase some 200,000 acres of previous urban open-space land.

And more help is on the way—the Agriculture Department with its new Greenspan program operating at the rural-urban fringe, and the Land and Water Conservation Fund Program of the Interior Department.

We have a long way to go before we can insure that our children inherit urban regions of grace and beauty. But we are making a solid start.

CHARLES M. HAAR
Assistant Secretary for
Metropolitan Development,
Department of Housing and
Urban Development
Washington, D.C.

The Berkeley scene

Dear Sir:

It is refreshing to read an article which exhibits a real understanding of what is happening here [THE BERKELEY SCENE: I AM A U.C. STUDENT—DO NOT FOLD, BEND OR MUTILATE, June 18]. Herbert Gold caught the general atmosphere and motivations of many of us.

In contrast to those who slander this university out of ignorance and fear, Mr. Gold has recognized that much of Berkeley radicalism is in the highest spirit of American freedom.

JAMES ASH
Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

It is unbelievable that anyone could justify the immorality and intellectual degeneracy found at U. of C. in Berkeley, but Herbert Gold somehow manages to do so.

R. MEYERS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

The excellent photographs by Eugene Anthony contained a personal surprise. Lo and behold, my eldest, very independent son Gerard, a third-year student, with left arm raised as emphasis in verbal battle, is the star in your picture captioned "Students engage in fierce debate."

Thanks to the *Post*, his mother and I, observing his tattered sleeve, feel that a new sweater is much in need. One will be on the way in the next few days. Would also like to purchase a haircut for our son, but to get him to accept a gift of that nature may be an impossibility.

A. J. VAN DER LEUN
Chico, Calif.

Gerard van der Leun

Dear Sir:

It is truly tragic that the evidently permissive parents did not "fold, bend" and make rosy the posteriors of those so-called students.

MRS. THOS. E. SCHACHER
Mansfield, Ohio

Free fall

Sir:

Your cover story on sky diving was colorful and fascinating [THE JOYS OF FALLING THROUGH SPACE, Photographs by Jerry Irwin and Jack Zehrt, June 18]. But am I misinformed about sky-diving regulations? The jumpers pictured on the cover, and on page 82, are not wearing a secondary "back-up" parachute in front, as I believed was mandatory for any intentional jump. The equipment is attractive, but isn't this carrying faith a bit too far?

JACK D. BERG
Walnut Creek, Calif.

The jumpers' fall is cushioned by faith plus a reserve "piggy-back" parachute (a new piece of gear worn at the shoulders, designed and manufactured by Security Parachute Co.).—Ed.

High accolade

Dear Sir:

In both scope and depth, Joseph Alsop's WHY WE CAN WIN IN VIETNAM [June 4] is one of the finest and most comprehensive articles I have read on the military effort here.

With your kind permission, I would like to reproduce this article for distribution to all naval forces in Vietnam.

My compliments to you and your editorial staff for bringing this piece to the attention of the American public.

N. G. WARD
Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy
Vietnam

A salesman's life

Dear Sir:

Thomas Meehan's LIFE OF A SALESMAN [June 18] is a delicious piece of humor. I enjoyed it immensely, even though my attempt to offset the effect of *Death of a Salesman* on selling-as-a-career efforts was the object of the satire.

Meehan's picture of the typical salesman was no more exaggerated than Arthur Miller's depiction of him as Willy Loman. I just wish that everyone who sees or reads *Death of a Salesman* could read Meehan's piece as an antidote to Miller's depressing classic.

HARRY R. WHITE
Executive Director
Sales Executives Club of New York
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

In reference to your LIFE OF A SALESMAN, by Thomas Meehan: It's incredible that an organization such as yours, completely dependent on sales, would publish an item in such poor taste. I'm sure if it weren't for many very talented salesmen, your magazine would have folded long ago.

BOB VAN GINHOVEN
Member, Sales and
Marketing Executives Club
Rio Vista, Calif.

One writer to another

Dear Mr. Kahn:

Just a note in appreciation of your piece on Leo Durocher ["THEY AIN'T GETTING NO MAIDEN," by Roger Kahn, June 18], for its vast factual content, its civilized point of view and, most of all, for that element that can't be supplied by research but must come from the gift of absolute pitch, its lingo.

JAMES M. CAIN
Hyattsville, Md.

Wacs, Waves, Wafs

Gentlemen:

Hooray for Mrs. Caroline Bird's exciting article, LET'S DRAFT WOMEN TOO! [Speaking Out, June 18]. I'm pushing 30, have seven kids, a 20-year mortgage and a truck-driving husband. I wish they'd draft me tomorrow!

CAROL KHAN AGALIOTIS
San Juan Bautista, Calif.

Editor:

Women live longer than men, control most of the wealth of the nation and the elections! Why wouldn't they want to serve the country that made these things possible?

CHUCK THORNDIKE
North Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

It makes little sense to draft women into the service to take over jobs men now handle. Such a transition would be at the expense of the men, many of whom depend on the training and experience to get civilian jobs later on.

PFC GLENN B. JACKSON
Ft. Polk, La.

Sir:

So long as members of Congress need the votes of the mothers, no daughters will ever be drafted.

SFC V. P. ROEDE
WAC Detachment
Ft. Hood, Tex.

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Flower Song (Carmen)
Grand Fantasie (Lohengrin)
H.M.S. Pinafore (Selections)
Hungarian Dance #6 • I Love You (Je t'aime)
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Mademoiselle Modiste (Selections)
Magic Flute Overture • The Mikado (Selections)
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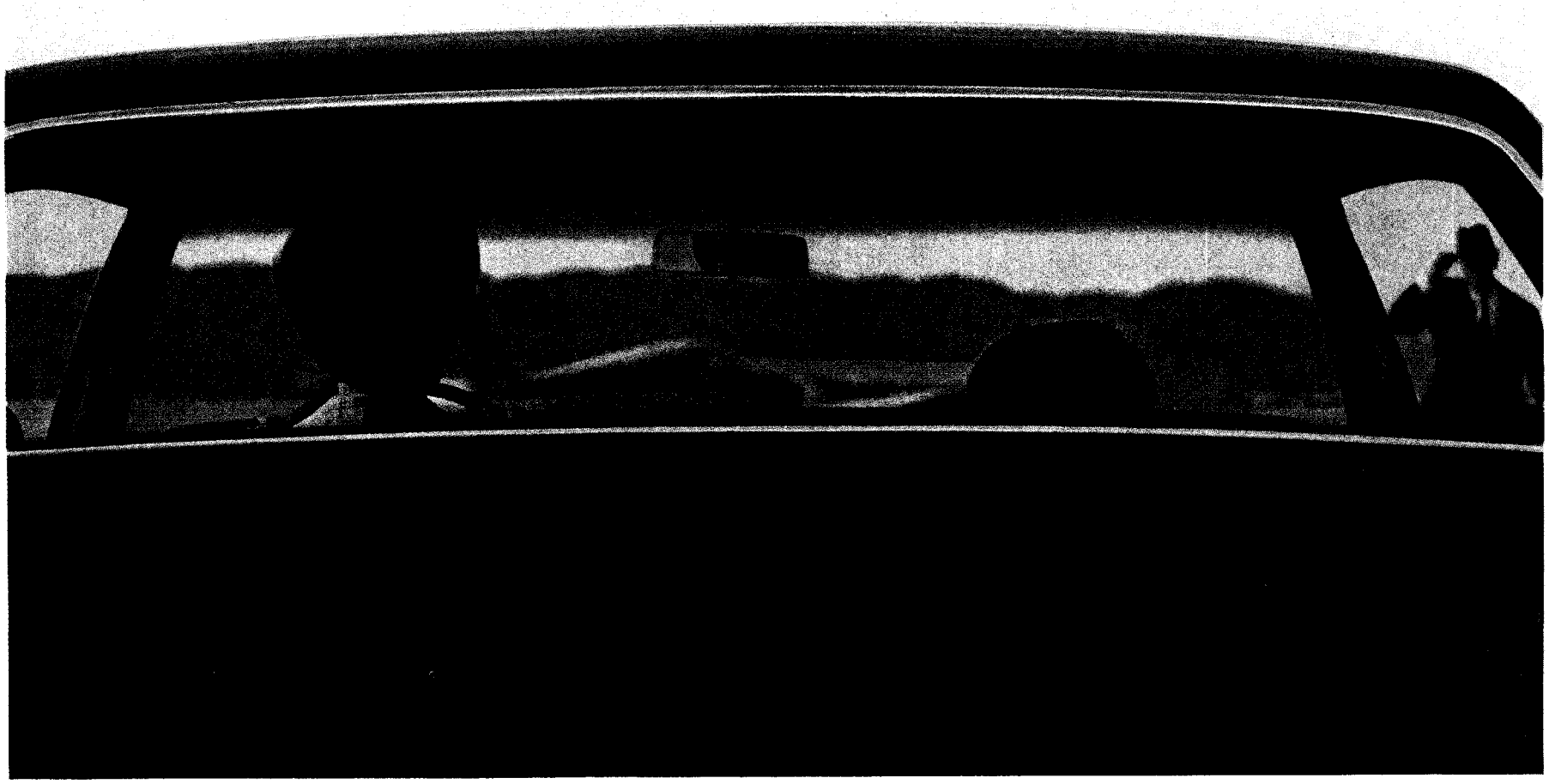

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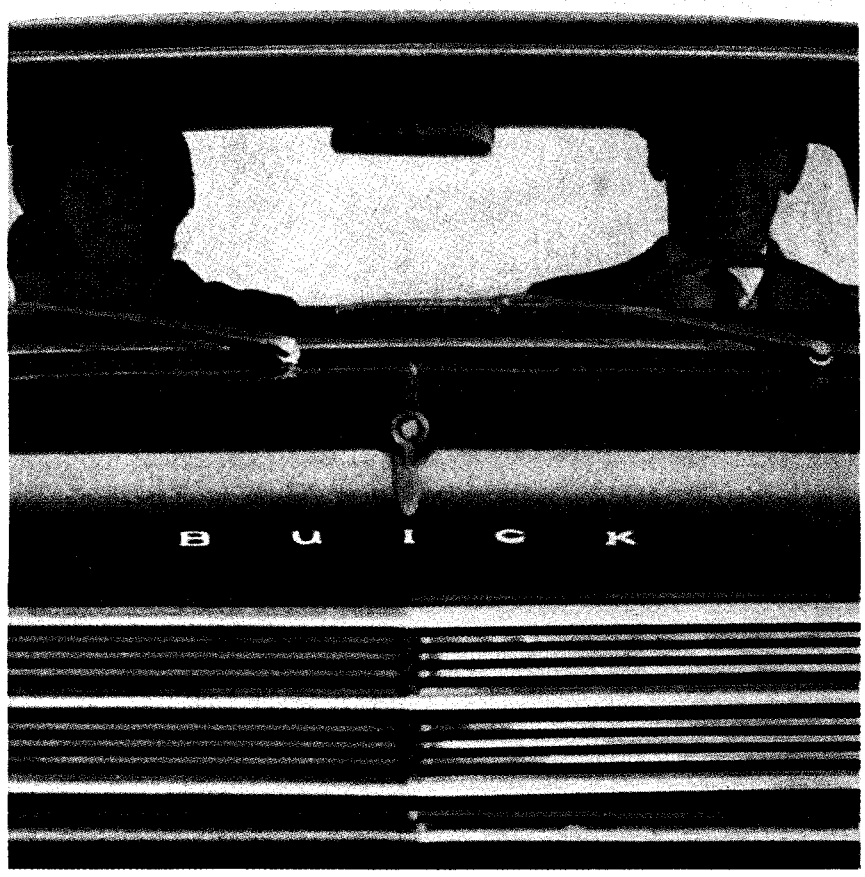

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Speaking Out

Give drugs to addicts so we can be safe

BY JONAH J. GOLDSTEIN

The author was a judge in New York City courts for 25 years. Now 80, he is—and has been for more than 30 years—president of the Grand Street Boys Association, a philanthropic organization formed on New York's Lower East Side in 1921.

Not long ago an office building in New York's Rockefeller Center area hired private detectives to catch the thieves who were stealing everything movable and salable from the offices in the buildings, night after night. The detectives caught 49 men; 43 of them were narcotics addicts.

Half the crimes in New York City today—the robberies, the muggings, the burglaries—are committed by drug addicts, and other cities are beginning to share New York's dangers. A while back, one of our newspapers carried a banner headline: NEW CRIME WAVE EXPECTED. Because federal narcotics agents had seized a big heroin shipment in the port, the story explained, heroin prices would go up, and addicts would have to rob more people to buy their shots.

What kind of police protection is it—what kind of *law* is it—that turns a great triumph of law enforcement into the cause of a crime wave?

Discussions of drug addiction always seem to turn on the question of what happens to the addict. Instead of worrying so much about the one tenth of one percent of the population who are hooked on drugs, let's worry about the 99.9 percent who aren't, and whose homes and lives are less secure because we drive sick people to crime with our narcotics laws.

Mind you, the drug addict is almost never dangerous when he's under the influence of drugs—narcotics are sedatives. What makes him dangerous is the desperate need for the money to buy the next dose. And the costs are stupendous. The $50-a-day addict must steal $250 to $300 in merchandise daily to support his habit; and when you catch him it costs $15 a day of tax revenues to keep him alive in jail.

I don't want the kind of system where people have to register to get their narcotics. Some addicts are wanted by the police: they wouldn't register. All we need is a simple arrangement by which the addict who can pay for the shot can go to his doctor and get it—and the poor addict can go to the clinic, just as the poor diabetic goes to the clinic for a shot of insulin.

"You don't have to worry about giving him too much and killing him," says Dr. Herbert Berger, formerly head of the committee on addiction of the Medical Society of the State of New York. "His problem is that his tolerance for the stuff increases. You have to give him enough to keep him comfortable, the way you give the diabetic enough insulin to maintain his blood-sugar level."

Nobody would have to sign up for "treatment" unless he wanted it; nobody would even have to give a name or sign a receipt—just walk in the front door, get the shot and walk out the back door. Any nurse could do the job. The single dose, of course, would have to be moderately light. If a man's condition is such that he needs another dose, he can come around to the front door again.

A simple test could guarantee that nobody gets narcotics at the clinic unless he is already addicted. Another test, perhaps an invisible-ink time stamp that comes out under an ultraviolet lamp, could give enough control on the number of doses to make sure nobody used the clinic's narcotics to the point of killing himself.

Under today's rules, we can't even prevent the use of narcotics for murder. I once proposed my version of the perfect crime to the inspector in charge of New York's narcotics bureau. The mob suspects that one of the boys, an addict, is a stool for the police. So the next time he makes his connection, his little packet contains much more than his usual dose. He puts it in his arm, and goes out like a light. In New York you would hear about it, because our Chief Medical Examiner finds everything and tells everything he finds—but there are lots of places in this country where that kind of murder would go into the books as heart failure. I wondered how many police informers died of such "heart failure." My inspector friend heard me out, then said sourly, "Do you know any more jokes?"

One night at dinner at the Grand Street Boys Association I was talking about narcotics with a monsignor of the Catholic Church. He asked me if I'd give a man five dollars if he asked me for five dollars to buy a shot of heroin. I said, "Of course I would."

"Wouldn't you be concerned that you might be shortening his life?" the monsignor said.

"That's his business," I said.

I smoke cigars. Now that I'm eighty I've cut down, by smoking only one at a time. I know it's bad for me. And if you don't smoke, are you going to live forever? What are they going to do about smoking—make it a crime?

I think there'd be a good case for giving the addict his drugs even if it did help him harm himself. There are a thousand times as many people who are not addicts as there are addicts, and the important thing is to help them. And I can't see how an addict can harm himself more by going to a clinic than he does now by roaming the streets and robbing people to get the money to buy adulterated stuff from a vicious pusher. Is the female addict any better off as a prostitute? Anyway, why do you think the addict is so sure to be harmed?

When I was on the bench and the cops brought in a workingman who was an addict, I'd call him and his wife into my chambers and I'd show them a map of Texas. I'd say, "Pick a town near the Mexican border, and go down there and get yourself a job. When you need the drugs, just walk across the border—you can buy the stuff there for the price of a pack of cigarettes. So you don't work eight hours a day, you only work six—you're still a lot better off than you will be up here, going in and out of jails and hospitals."

The son of one of my best friends got hooked while he was at college. He and his father fought it for years—all the treatments they could buy, federal hospital in Lexington, Ky., and all the rest. Finally they came to me for advice. I said, "Pick a country where you can get the drugs, and go live there." I saw that young man not long ago in his new country: he's married, he's got children, he's living a useful life. Here he'd be in hiding all the time.

In my 25 years as a judge, I never had a rich user brought before me. I said that while I was still on the bench, and the newspapers picked it up. The next day I got a call from the Government's chief New York narcotics agent, who said he wanted to see me. He came up to my chambers and said, "It's not true we don't go after the rich addicts. We've been following one for five years, and one of these days we're going to get him." (*continued on page 14*)

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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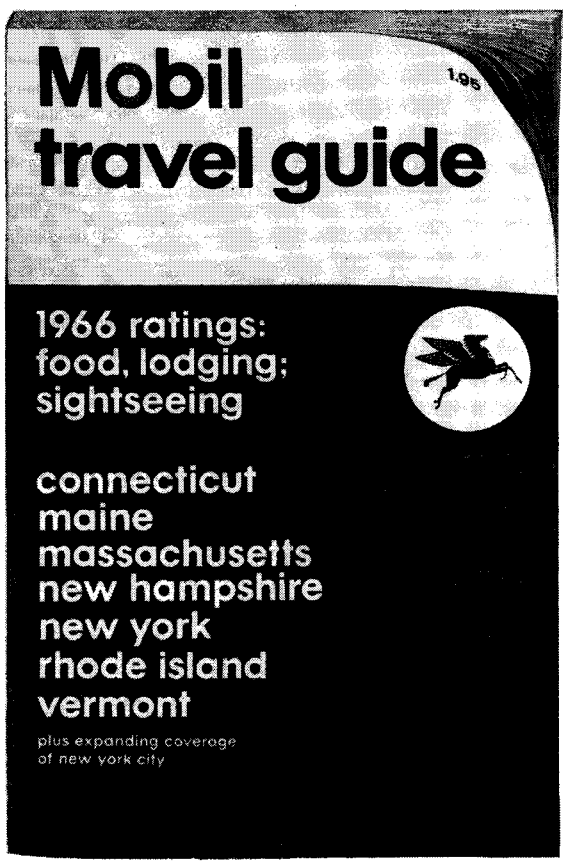

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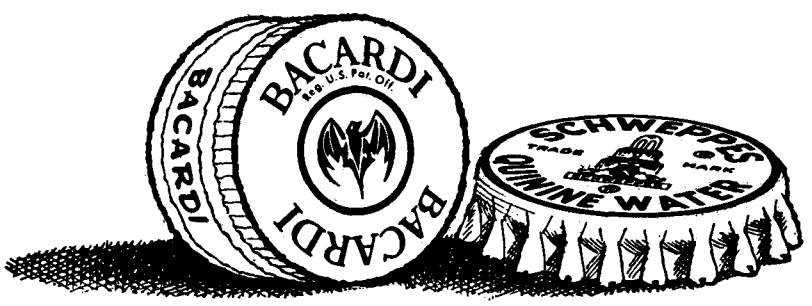

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I asked for the name, and he mentioned one of the most famous and best-loved men in America, a man who's given away fortunes to charity, especially charity to help kids. I asked the federal chief what good he thought it would do to take a man like that and throw him in jail and ruin him, just because he used drugs. And then—as a citizen, not as a judge—I called the man and warned him. He said sadly, "I know about it."

Some say that giving shots to addicts will increase addiction. I doubt it. I don't think the end of prohibition increased the consumption of alcohol, or the number of alcoholics.

At football games in the 1920's you saw lots of people carrying flasks; you don't see as much of that today. Before I was a judge I was Al Smith's assistant. He used to carry a cane with a tube inside, all through prohibition. At banquets when he was governor, Franklin Roosevelt would have a coffee cup with bourbon in it. I remember once he told the leader of the State Assembly to pick up some Pikesville whiskey for him on a trip to New York. That was his favorite—Pikesville whiskey. That whiskey had a New York City motorcycle escort to the city line, then state troopers all the way to Albany, to make sure the prohibition agents wouldn't interfere. Later the man who delivered it to the governor told me Roosevelt immediately opened one of the jugs and slung it over his arm, country style, to take a drink. My friend said, "That man'll never amount to anything!"

During prohibition important people never had any trouble getting whiskey. And there are some important people who have no trouble getting drugs today. Harry Anslinger, who was federal Commissioner of Narcotics, once testified to supplying a congressman with drugs out of the Government's own stock, because it would be dangerous to let somebody outside get that kind of hold on a congressman. Everybody knows about doctors and anesthetists who have the habit. Narcotics agents don't want to let the doctors handle the problem because the police know that many doctors are addicts themselves. Men work as orderlies in hospitals for less money than they could make washing dishes in a cafeteria, because the job brings them near the source of their drugs. But why touch them—if they can live with their habit and do their work?

For years I have been receiving letters from people who are addicts, but nobody knows it except themselves and their doctors. They were in an accident or a fire once, or badly wounded in the war (I once had a man before me who got the habit as a prisoner of war in North Korea). The doses that then kept them from agony later became the curse of their lives. Some of them became substantial businessmen and professional men, but they had to live with the knowledge that they and their doctors were breaking the law every day.

Though many of the addicts we now make criminals could live useful lives with their habit, many others are hopeless derelicts. Nobody who has served as a judge in a criminal court could ever deny that addiction is a terrible thing. If we had a cure for addiction, there might even be an argument for the sort of program Governor Rockefeller has been advocating—ordering users to hospitals for treatment as soon as their addiction is discovered. But the hospitals don't help. We've had federal narcotics hospitals for more than 30 years in Lexington and Fort Worth, and the biggest claim I've ever seen for cures is 10 percent. Most doctors I know think 2 percent is optimistic.

In planning what to do right now, we have to start with the fact that addicts as a rule *can't* shake the habit, and that nothing we know how to do is much help to most of them. The psychiatrists have quit on the problem. One of them, Dr. Joost A. M. Meerloo, recently put their belief in his own kind of language: "Drug addiction is much more related to the pusher and the existence of criminal seduction and hypocritical laws than to circumscribed pathology within the individual." Do you eliminate the pushers and criminal seduction and hypocritical laws by ordering people into hospitals?

All the police and the courts can do with today's laws is increase the risk to the pusher. The greater the risk to the pusher, the higher the profits from pushing, and the stronger the temptation to push. The mob opposes reform of the narcotics laws now, just as the bootleggers always backed the drys in the fight on prohibition.

Make the drugs easily available to the addicts, and you take the profits out of pushing. Then if you find anybody pushing drugs, especially to kids, you can slap him in jail and throw away the key—let him rot. The law can do its job. Without the profits, there won't be new pushers to come up and replace the jailbirds.

Giving away the drugs doesn't solve the problem—we'll still need a cure for addiction as much as we ever did. Today's stupid laws make it nearly impossible to launch a research project big enough to get near the problem. Dr. Berger estimates that in New York, the worst-afflicted city, there are now only five or six doctors interested in the addiction problem. Take the stigma off the subject and provide money, and maybe we can have doctors instead of pushers and police determining what happens to sick people in our country.

But let's keep our eyes on what our criminal laws are supposed to do. We don't write them to protect or to rehabilitate the addict or the criminal, to mete out exact Solomon-like justice to the pusher. We write them to protect the society, all the ordinary people who obey the law without even knowing that's what they're doing. Our laws on narcotics should benefit the 190-odd million who don't take drugs, not the 200,000 who do. I think it would turn out that we'd help them, too, but that's not what's important. The significant victim of the present law is not the derelict half-crazed addict with the need for drugs who mugs the old lady on the street, but the old lady herself.

Let's forget some of the fancy theories and make our cities safer by giving the addict the narcotics he needs.

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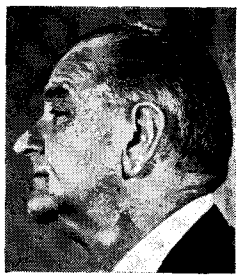

Dr. Lyndon B. Fell

WASHINGTON:

"It's mysterious—it's a kind of Dr. Fell phenomenon." This remark was made by an old associate and admirer of Lyndon Johnson, who has been disturbed by the sudden, precipitous drop in the President's personal popularity. He has been probing for the reasons for it, during the course of much traveling about the country. What he had in mind, of course, was the old verse:

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well:
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

The polls have gone up as well as down lately, but the steady erosion of the President's personal popularity is an undoubted fact, confirmed by all politicians who have felt the pulse of the citizenry back at home. It is also a deeply important fact, for when a President is unpopular, or thought to be unpopular, the authority of the presidential office is undermined. This happened, for example, when President Truman's standing in the polls was at low ebb in the early 1950's. It was then that the chaos of the McCarthy era began.

The President himself believes that the chief reason for his loss of popularity is the fact that many people think he has not hit the Communist side hard enough in order to win the war in Vietnam. The reports of the public-opinion poller, Oliver Quayle, who often works for the President, tend to confirm this theory.

Quayle gives his respondents a choice of four possible courses of action in Vietnam. The most hawkish of these alternatives is phrased thus: "We should fight an unlimited war, short of nuclear weapons, and either win or force negotiations." Over 50 percent choose this response.

This remarkable percentage can be misinterpreted, Quayle warns—many of these people dislike the war in Vietnam as much as the 10 percent or so who want to pull out of the war unconditionally. They simply want to get an unpopular war over with. In any case, this rather deceptive hawkishness of many citizens about Vietnam does not wholly explain the suddenness of the President's loss of following.

"They all talk about Vietnam at first," says the President's friend, quoted at the beginning of this report. "And of course the war's hurting the President. Nobody likes a war, and especially a war in which you see American kids getting killed on your TV screen. Those banners with AMERICANS GO HOME the Buddhists waved in the riots didn't do the President any good either. And of course there's inflation, and the draft, and it's too bad Lynda Bird and Luci didn't choose war heroes for boy friends. But there's something deeper than all that." It was at this point that he volunteered "the Dr. Fell phenomenon."

The Dr. Fell phenomenon is a real phenomenon, and a growing one, to judge not only by the polls but by the way people talk. A lot of people have come to dislike or distrust President Johnson for reasons which they "cannot tell." In some ways, the Dr. Fell phenomenon is bitterly unfair to the President. For President Johnson has been trying as hard as he knows how (which is very hard indeed) to be a good, and indeed a great, President. And yet the Dr. Fell phenomenon is also in some ways a creation of Lyndon Johnson.

It is a result, in part, of the President's unending yen to control the uncontrollable. Consider, for a small example, why the President is now cordially detested by the White House press photographers. The President is oddly convinced that the left side of his face is more handsome than the right side. The photographers at White House events are therefore herded together on his left side, so that they can't get pictures of his right side. They are also sternly forbidden to take pictures of him while he is speaking—the President dislikes pictures of himself with his mouth open.

This attempt to control the photographs of himself which appear in the press is of course ludicrously self-defeating. The angry photographers vie with each other to get unhandsome pictures of the President from the right side—preferably in the act of twiddling his ear or rubbing his nose. Anyone but Lyndon Johnson would have foreseen this inevitable result of his attempt to control the uncontrollable—and there is nothing more uncontrollable than a press photographer.

A much more important example involved the President's decision to commit American combat troops to the war in Vietnam. This decision, right or wrong, was as momentous as any decision any President has made since the Second World War ended. Another President would certainly have announced, explained and defended his momentous decision to the American people.

Instead, President Johnson for a long time pretended that he had not really made any important decision at all. The first announcement that American ground troops would fight in Vietnam was made, not by the President of the United States, but by a State Department press officer, Robert McCloskey. And the President promptly ordered a White House statement to be issued, to the effect that there had been no change of any sort in the mission of American forces in Vietnam.

He seems to have had the notion that he could commit American troops to combat in Vietnam without his enemies at home or abroad noticing. But if you send combat troops into a war, they sooner or later get into combat, a fact which cannot be concealed. So this attempt to control the uncontrollable also ended in failure, and American soldiers entered the war in Vietnam in the worst possible way—a way that appeared devious to the point of sneakiness. That is no way to get into a war.

The President's problem is complicated by the fact that despite occasional convulsive efforts, his relations with much of the press (whose function he has never understood) are almost as bad as his relations with the photographers.

He has just about killed the live televised press conference, which John Kennedy and Dwight Eisenhower used so effectively to persuade the people that their President knew what he was doing. He has developed no alternative means of reaching the citizens. (Like many politicians, he suffers from the illusion that people read or listen to speeches.) Thus he has become to most people a distant and unlovable figure. And because of his compulsion to try to control the uncontrollable, he has also come to seem to many people downright untrustworthy. Even one of his oldest friends and admirers says, "The trouble with L.B.J. is that he just can't help trying to do everything with mirrors."

All this may change—and in the national interest any sensible man should hope that it will change. Nothing would be more certain to change it than military success in Vietnam, followed by an honorable end to the war. But in the meantime, there is no doubt that the President is in deep trouble—and because the nature of his trouble undermines the authority of his office, his trouble is the nation's trouble too.

Stewart Alsop

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The Human Comedy

HOW THE VIETNAM PROBLEM WAS NEATLY SOLVED, OR....

By Russell Baker

Until 10:32 P.M. when the direct phone from Saigon rang in the White House, September 17, 1971, had been just another day in Washington.

Once again President Johnson had urged the nation to be patient about the Vietnamese war. Secretary of Defense McNamara that afternoon had issued his semiannual declaration that the Viet Cong were no longer winning.

At the State Department, Secretary Rusk had assured the press that despite widespread riots and library burnings, there was every reason to believe that Gen. Quang Cai Quec, who had seized power three weeks before, would at last give South Vietnam a long period of governmental stability.

Mr. Rusk said that Gen. Quec might even agree soon to take some of the South Vietnamese army out of pagodas and put them into battle alongside the Americans.

The White House phone call was from the American ambassador. "General Quec wants an island," he said.

The presidential jet touched down at Honolulu 36 hours later. "What's this about an island?" the President asked Gen. Quec.

While the President and his advisers listened, the general explained. On the night of September 16, unable to get to sleep, he had slipped down to the kitchen of the presidential palace for a midnight snack, only to discover that the Viet Cong terrorists had been there just minutes before him and raided the icebox.

To govern a country under such conditions, he reasoned, was impossible. "You can't drive outside town without being kidnapped," he said. "The pagodas are packed with politicians, and there are so many overpaid GI's in Saigon that a premier can't even get a bad table in a restaurant anymore without slipping some piasters to the maitre d'. The trouble is that South Vietnam is located in the wrong place."

"Keep talking," said the President.

"I have loaded every available sampan with elements of my army," Gen. Quec said. "I propose to move offshore to the Republic of Nationalist Vietnam, where we can rally our strength for a victorious return to the mainland."

"And just where is the Republic of Nationalist Vietnam?" asked Mr. Rusk.

Gen. Quec smiled. "How about Catalina Island?" he asked.

Next morning, while Gen. Quec inspected Waikiki beach, the President's advisers came to grips with the question of Nationalist Vietnam. They stayed at grips all day, all the next day, and all through the day after that.

On the morning of the fourth day their conference was interrupted by Gen. Quec with the announcement that the first sampans carrying his army had beached on the island of Mai Tai, 60 miles off the Vietnamese coast, had seized Cum Quat, the capital, and had proclaimed it the seat of the Republic of Nationalist Vietnam.

"If you will excuse me, I must now meet with the press and vow to return to the mainland one of these days," Gen. Quec said.

"It will never work, General," said Secretary Rusk. "Look at what happened to Chiang Kai-shek."

The papers reported that Gen. Quec excused himself and exited laughing.

Instead of flying immediately to Cum Quat, Gen. Quec accepted a series of speaking engagements in the United States, where news of his stirring pledge to return to the mainland one of these days had made him an overnight hero.

Landing in San Francisco to a tumultuous reception, Quec promised that if the United States would only unleash him, he would send the Nationalist Vietnam Army lunging across the Gulf of Tonkin to provide military advisers to American armies and clear the Communists off the mainland.

For that eventual triumph, he told a joint session of Congress, the Republic of Nationalist Vietnam on Mai Tai would require massive American aid. Cum Quat, after all, was still only a provincial island town, he noted. It needed new factories and bomber strips. Vast sums would be required to build a Cum Quat Hilton and to air-condition Cum Quat's bars for U.S. military, diplomatic and aid teams when they arrived to defeat Communism.

Meanwhile, at the White House, the President's advisers struggled with the Mai Tai problem. "The question," said a man from Texas, "is whether we are going to recognize Mai Tai as Vietnam."

"Unthinkable," said Secretary Rusk. "Mai Tai is only a two-bit island sixty miles off the Asian mainland."

"Impossible," said Secretary McNamara. "We already have a million-and-a-half American soldiers tied down on the mainland."

The man from Texas winked. "Suppose we stopped recognizing Vietnam as Vietnam," he said. "Suppose we said that the real Vietnam is on Mai Tai. What do we do with our soldiers?"

"Well," said Secretary Rusk, "since we are fighting to preserve the freedom of Vietnam, we would, of course, have to locate the soldiers wherever Vietnam may be."

"That would mean taking them off the mainland and putting them on Mai Tai," said Secretary McNamara.

Next day the United States announced that it had recognized the Republic of Nationalist Vietnam on Mai Tai and did not recognize anyplace else that called itself Vietnam.

At his news conference Mr. Rusk was asked if Americans would continue to fight on the mainland. "Since we do not recognize any Vietnam on the mainland, your question is absurd," he explained. "Obviously an army cannot preserve the freedom of a place that does not exist."

Which, as we all know, is how the fighting in Vietnam—mainland Vietnam, that is—finally ended. For a while it was expensive maintaining the American army on Mai Tai and converting Cum Quat into a place where Gen. Quang Cai Quec could live comfortably. With time, however, the job was done, the soldiers came home, and the Great Society was begun in earnest.

In his memoirs the President wrote that the only bad advice he received during the Mai Tai crisis came from the Secretary of the Treasury, who told him, "Mr. President, the one thing this country cannot afford is another Quang Cai Quec."

"History," wrote the President, "has proved him wrong. As long as we in this country can keep Asia confined to islands, we can live with it." □

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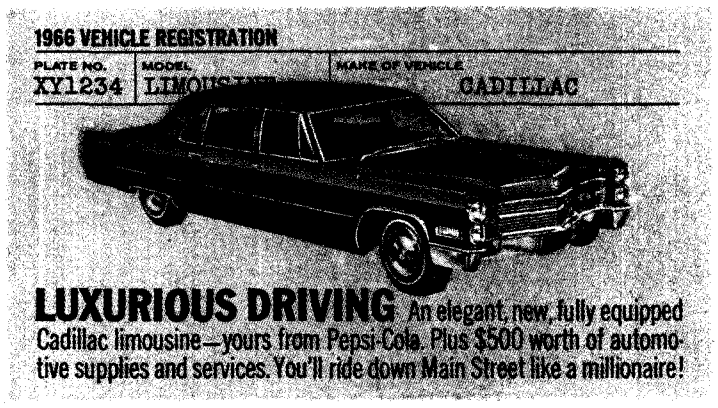

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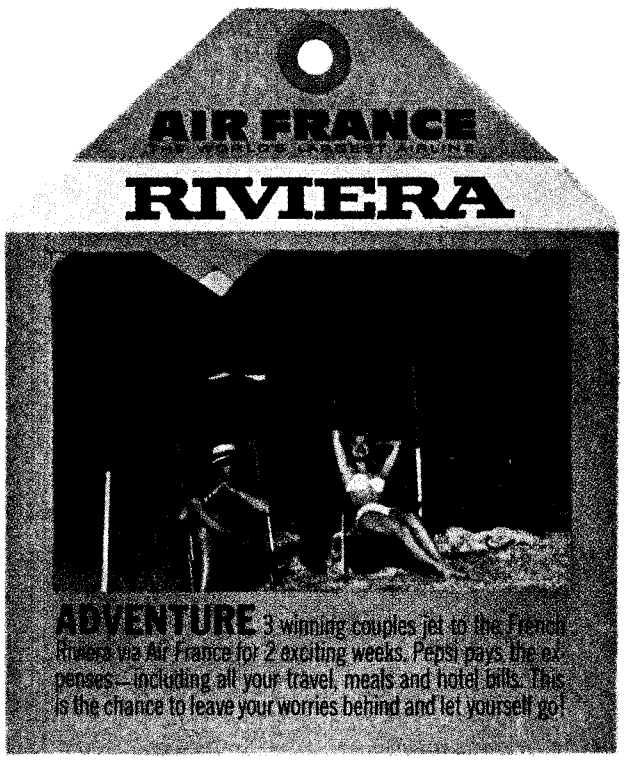

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RULES: 1. You may enter the Pepsi-Cola "Write Your Own Ticket" Sweepstakes in any of three ways: (a) Use the Entry Ticket you'll find in advertisements. (b) Use the free Entry Tickets available wherever Pepsi-Cola Company products are sold. (c) Use a plain piece of paper on which you hand-print the required information.

2. On your entry, print your name and address and the name and address of your Pepsi dealer. Then, "Write Your Own Ticket"—indicate the prize you would like to win. Place a check mark in the box corresponding to the prize you select or write the name of the prize if you are using plain paper. Your entry will compete only in the prize category you select. BE SURE YOU SELECT ONLY ONE PRIZE PER ENTRY.

3. Each entry must be accompanied by 6 branded cork liners from the caps of any Pepsi-Cola Company product. (Send corks only, do not mail entire metal cap.) Or send 6 plain pieces of paper on which you have hand-printed the name "Pepsi-Cola" in plain block letters.

4. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately. No purchase is required to enter. Mail completed entry to "Write Your Own Ticket" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 9-N, Collingswood, N.J. 08108. All entries must be postmarked no later than August 27, 1966, and received by midnight, September 5, 1966.

5. Drawings will be held before September 13, 1966 to determine winners. Drawings will be conducted by Reiter-Ross Premium & Contest Division, Inc., an independent organization whose decisions are final. Limit of one prize to a family.

6. Employees (and their families) of PepsiCo, Inc., its subsidiaries or affiliates, Pepsi-Cola Bottlers, Reiter-Ross Premium & Contest Division, Inc., and their advertising agencies are not eligible to enter.

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NAME_____

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DEALER'S NAME_____

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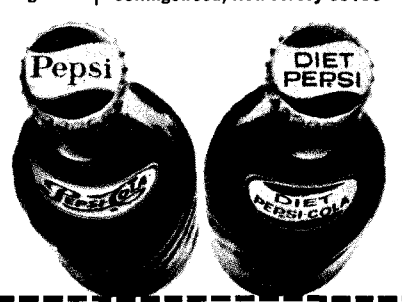

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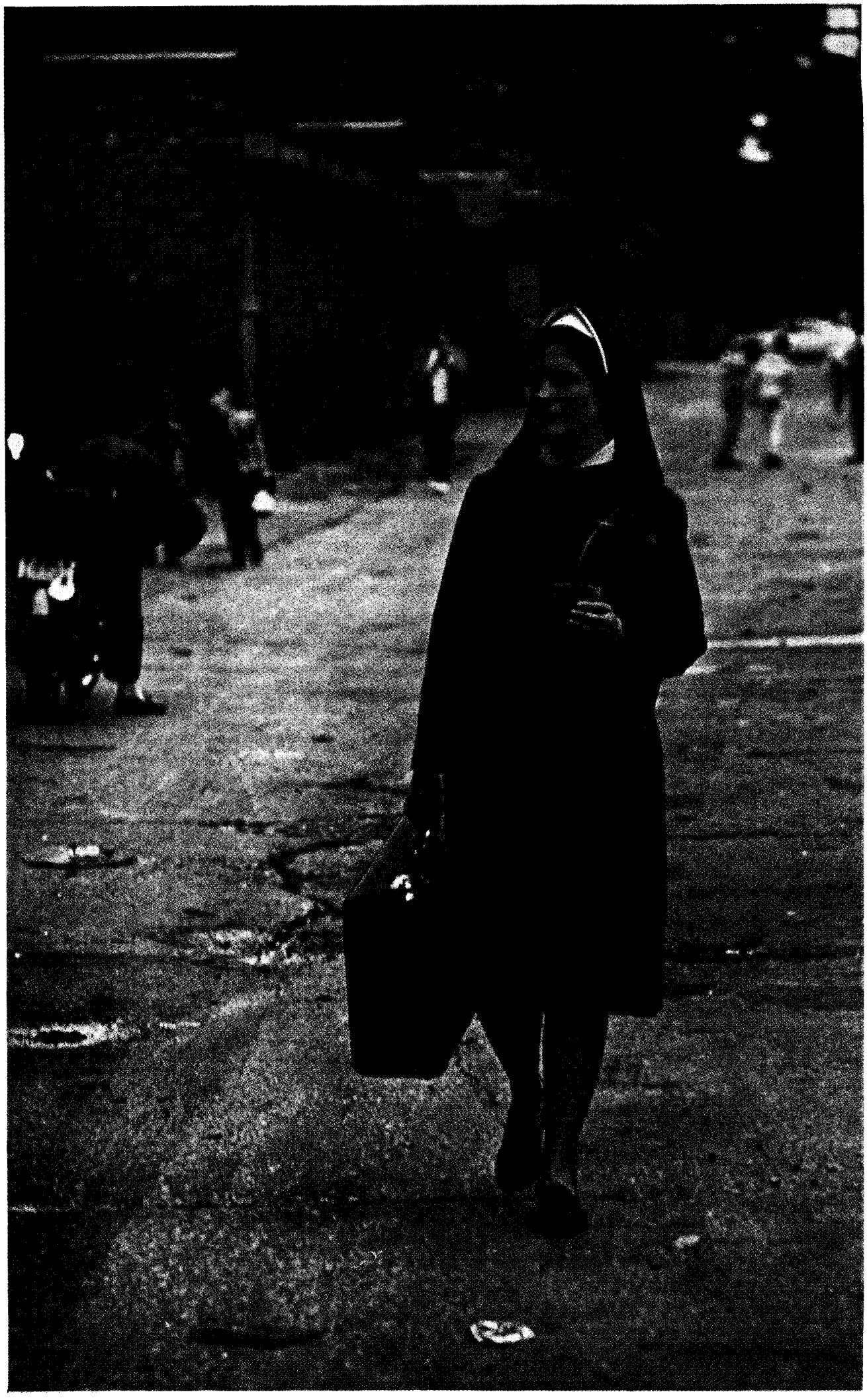
The Saturday Evening POST

THE NEW NUNS

By MICHAEL NOVAK

Photographs by John Launois

Breaking through the old rules that long imprisoned them, many liberated young religious women are boldly moving out into the streets to attack the major problems of American society.



Sister Monica, of the very advanced Glenmary community, looks for an apartment in the squalid Chicago district in which she will live and work.

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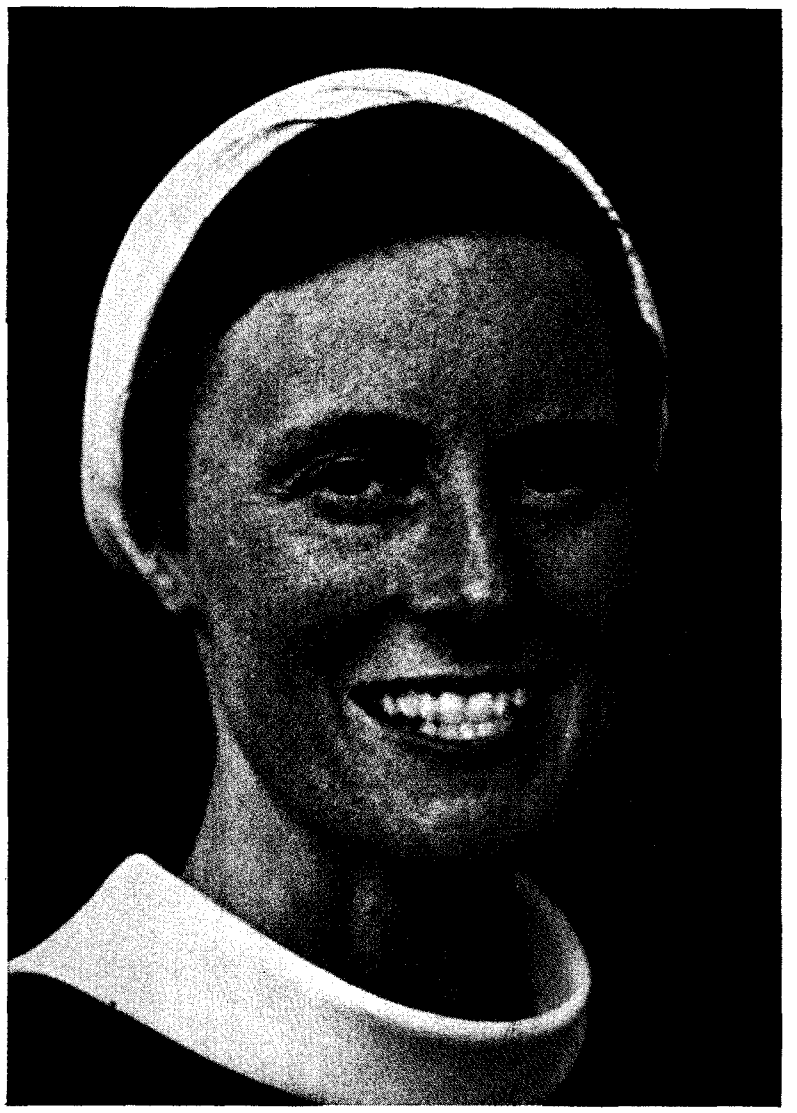
Many nuns object to the new style of life; many

"In some places," she said, "when you mention renewal, some people still turn their eyeballs and see pea green. Really!" Sister Charles Borromeo Muckenhirn, theologian and journalist, spoke rapidly, her blue eyes flashing, her smile conveying a delight in irony. "They don't understand that we have to get out of ourselves. We can't sit forever and listen to our arteries harden. We have to get out of our little nunny world."

For years America's nuns have been, as it were, hidden away in the Catholic "ghetto," teaching in parochial schools and running huge and successful hospitals. Many of the sisterhoods came to this country with the Catholic immigrants from Europe and, at that time, to teach and to nurse was to attend to society's severest needs. As the immigrants rose into the middle class, however, the sisters rose with them, and the civil government began to provide schools and hospitals. Soon most nuns were no longer tending severe needs but being merely useful, and this is the situation in which nuns find themselves today. "Too often," says Sister Mary Peter Trexler of Chicago, "sisters are considered a money-saving device for a middle-class society with middle-class values. And people want to keep them middle-class." People do so by treating nuns as "nice little things"—"the good sisters"—of no consequence to real adult life in America. Newspapers run photographs of nuns doing cute things—sisters on roller skates, sisters on skateboards, sisters swinging softball bats: "Look, Ma, they're human!" Few educated non-Catholics have ever in their lives had a conversation with a sister.

Challenged by the outward-going spirit of Pope John XXIII and his Second Vatican Council, many of America's 175,000 Roman Catholic nuns are now breaking away from the old world of the cloister—prim, protected, constrained—and are getting out into the thick of life. Press reports emphasize the shortened skirts, the briefer veils, the appearance of nuns on public beaches, but these are misleading, superficial aspects of a deep-running revolution. In ever-increasing numbers the sisters are creating new rules to define what tasks they may or may not tackle, what style of life they may or may not adopt. Sometimes their challenging leads them to dispute their superiors and alarm the more timid sisters; it leads a few even to leave their sisterhoods and try out new kinds of religious action.



Sister Gilmary Hudson of Milwaukee is the very model of the determined new nun.

"Either the American sister . . . becomes the avant-garde of the church," Sister Mary William Kelley of Los Angeles declared last summer in a speech to the executive officers of the sisterhoods, "or she will quietly fade from the scene. . . . She may say more, but she will be heard less, unless and until she is willing to put her body where her words are."

Evidence of the conflict is everywhere.

• In Milwaukee, three sisters who are doing graduate work at Marquette University have moved from their convent into an apartment in a sprawling slum. Not long ago a spindly, 10-year-old girl ran across the street to them and blurted out, "My mommy wants you," then led them to a basement several streets away. From a bed in the darkness, a woman not entirely sober told the sisters that she had been deserted and that her 14-year-old daughter was being drawn into a dangerous teen-age gang at school. The sisters helped the mother to sources of assistance and found a new school for the troubled girl. The same sisters, led to another apartment, discovered an aged, crippled woman who was unable to care for herself. One of the sisters cleaned out the accumulated dirt and refuse, scrubbed the floors and, despite her upcoming doctoral examinations, returned every three days to prepare a good meal and to chat.

Such charity from the Catholic sisters is not, of itself, newsworthy. But the striking part of this episode is that there are two other permanent Catholic convents in that same neighborhood, one for the sisters who run the parish elementary school, and one for the sisters who teach at a private academy; and the sisters from these ordinary convents *do not get out into the streets to share the lives of the people of the neighborhood.* They are separated from the suffering around them.

"Our order was founded to help the poor, the sick, the suffering," one of the student sisters, Sister Gilmary Hudson, explained. "So were many of the other communities. But then we became institutionalized. We became separated from the poor our foundresses wanted to help. Now some of us want to serve again. We think that sisters belong with the poor."

• Early last year, nearly 50 sisters marched at Selma, Ala. They were following the precedent set by Sister Angelica Seng, a Franciscan high-school teacher in Chicago. In 1963 Sister Angelica led a group of pickets in a protest against a racially segregated swimming pool used by the Illinois Club for Catholic Women. Repercussions to Sister Angelica's action were swift—outraged Catholics withdrew thousands of dollars they had pledged to the support of various Catholic girls' schools in Chicago. "The fact that there was such shock in the Catholic community," Sister Mary Ignatia Griffin, B.V.M., academic dean of Mundelein College in Chicago, said recently, "told me, at least, that we nuns were thought of as stylized, costumed dolls who should be kept inside a convent but who had no right to be out there where there was social injustice or discrimination or where there should be Christian witness."

• In still another city, Sister Maura Sullivan searched for her size among the ladies' suits in a department store; her companion, a sister, suddenly looked the other way. In 24 hours Sister Maura would once again be Miss Dorothy Sullivan (to protect her privacy, I have used pseudonyms). She was now 36 and had lived in a convent almost half her life. For many years she had argued with herself that convent life was supposed to be "accepted on faith" or "under obedience," just as it was, uncritically. But the Vatican Council had led her to see the importance of creative thinking, personal responsibility and the need for experiment. At first she was excited by new possibilities, but her enthusiasm earned much opposition and several rebukes. For three years she had worked for "gradual change." But it was now plain that her community would not move very far during her lifetime. Minor adjustments were being made, but many sisters resisted change. Sister Maura had only one life to give to God, and she had become convinced that she could spend it more effectively as Miss Dorothy Sullivan. She planned to join three other ex-sisters she had met, who were continuing to live their life of consecrated virginity. They earned their living by teaching in public schools, and they used their free hours to help organize Negro freedom schools, rent strikes and community services. They had abandoned the convent rule and monastic notions of obedience.

Sister Maura tried on the suit she liked and asked to have it wrapped.

Not long ago one of the oldest, most conservative of the American bishops, who does not like the quiet revolution of the new sisters, took to the pulpit to express his concern. "Some people," he declared, "are shocked by the manner of dress of the [new] nuns. Some [of the sisters] can hardly be distinguished from the laity—knee-length dresses, a lot of color, almost no headdress. The

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others find the changes much too gradual.

reason their superiors give for such is that it brings them closer to the laity. Is this desirable? If they dress like lay people, will they not be treated like lay people? The sister's habit not only protects her, but is a source of inspiration and veneration to the people."

The bishop added: "What is more alarming, we find nuns more and more out of the convent and appearing in public. They appear at evening meetings with the laity; give lectures to the public; eat in public restaurants; march in picket lines and demonstrations for social justice; travel alone from one end of the nation to the other and live alone on the campuses of universities, because they have been offered a scholarship or grant." He concluded plaintively: "One sometimes wonders, 'Why did they go to the convent?'"

But the new sisters are not afraid of laymen, the world or themselves; they didn't enter the convent to escape from the world. Recently Sister Mary Consolata Delaney, now finishing her doctorate in Russian at Harvard, returned from an extended visit to the Soviet Union, where she dressed in lay clothing. Sister Francetta Barberis now works as a senior consultant for the Women's Job Corps in Washington, and she dresses like other women. The Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary now have 41 sisters studying for master's degrees, 32 for doctorates and 14 doing post-doctoral research—at such universities as Harvard, Yale, Stanford, Chicago, California (Berkeley), the Sorbonne, Oxford, London, Munich and Venice; they say this is "just a beginning." A California sister has been a visiting professor in chemistry at Brown; sisters have accepted teaching posts at Berkeley, the University of Rochester and Notre Dame.

Sister Mary Luke Tobin, the sole American sister at the Vatican Council, has stated the new attitude succinctly: "The sisters have a place in the front lines of any movement that is working for the betterment of humanity." Today, these front lines are higher education and the urban poor.

"Sisters have often been isolated from the sufferings of the poor," says Sister Mary Peter Trexler, "but it is not entirely their fault. The canon law of the church looks upon them as minors and defines their conduct as though they were Victorian ladies designed for Victorian drawing rooms."

The sisters are proud of the sacrifices and immense contributions made by their predecessors, but now many want to break out in new directions. "The sisters are moving," says one sister. "They are moving outside the cloister and the classroom. They are beginning to appear wherever there is tension and conflict and need."

The revolution sought by sisters is full of poignancy and pain. Many sisters, old and young, are opposed to the new way of life. Many others, especially the young, find the changes much too gradual. In some communities a few of the conservative sisters are leaving the convent because the new style is not what they had entered for; in others, a few of the restless and imaginative ones are leaving because the old style blocks them from doing what they had entered to do. The mothers general of the sisters' communities are divided, some closed to change and others open; many others seem anxious and afraid. "The mothers general are scared," one sister comments. "They don't understand how deep the changes will be. Some of the older communities are not changing at all. Some of the more ethnically mixed ones—especially those founded in the United States and located in the Midwest—are changing very rapidly."

In a sense, the Roman Catholic sisters are making an experiment on behalf of the rest of us. With the most venturesome of all religiously oriented

Veil and shoes off, Sister Gilmary relaxes in her cheery bedroom, a far cry from the nun's usual austere cell.

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'We must experiment, that's the important

Sister Mary Corita Kent's splashy, imaginative "un-nunlike" prints were exhibited at the New York World's Fair and have won her wide acclaim. Her convent, Immaculate Heart in

people in America—Baptists, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Jews, Catholics and others—they are testing out the proposition that a new society is being born in America and that religious people must enter into it as fully and enthusiastically as they entered into the rural, more placid society of old-fashioned America. As one new sister, a sociologist, says, "There are *two* cultures coexisting side by side in American life." One of these cultures, the one in which the sisters had been happily and effectively living until the end of World War II, is "family-centered, traditional, stable, sheltered, relatively changeless, often rural, proud." The second culture, in whose anxieties the sisters have increasingly involved themselves, is "technical, swift, mobile, faceless, pragmatic, restless, pluralistic, urban." The question the sisters ask is: "Can our life retain its values in the new culture?"

No religious group in America can avoid facing the risks and confusions of the oncoming culture. Nor is it certain that American religion can survive the vast cultural shift it is powerless to postpone. Must religious people cling to the old comforts and the old ways? Dare they reinterpret their values and practices in new ways? Many of the Roman Catholic sisters are ready to accept that dare. They are a test case, and countless other Americans are watching them with fascination.

II

What is the world of the sister? On one level it is a bureaucratic thicket. Sisters, like sectarian Protestants, are constantly starting new groups, and there are today more than 750 different Roman Catholic religious communities of women in the United States. Only about a half dozen of these have more than 5,000 members—a great many have fewer than 100—and it is a bewildering task to try to keep track of them or sort them out. Complicating the task is the similarity of many of the names. The largest community, for example, is the Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Louis—13,245 sisters. But there is another group with exactly the same name and only 438 sisters, and still another with 806. And there is another group of the same general origin but now called by a slightly different name (St. Joseph of Carondelet), also with headquarters in St. Louis, with 4,701 sisters.

Similarly, the Sisters of Mercy, before their recent federation, comprised one "union" of 6,810 members and 17 independent communities totaling 6,536 members, not to mention three splinter groups with a total of less than 40 members. And so on. In general, it can be said that the large communities grew strong in America because of their early involvement in parochial schools. The big communities, most of them founded abroad, tend to be conservative, yet each has its outstanding sisters. However, it is the smaller communities founded in America—and therefore more likely to be shaped by the American practical sense—that are taking the lead.

To understand the changes occurring in American convents, one must recall what convents were like 25 years ago—what some are still like today. A girl would probably have entered the convent on a feast day of Our Lady. She would have been to a great farewell party thrown by her girl friends and tearful parents: a special dinner, singing, dancing—a last fling. In the night, after everyone had gone home, the future nun would think long thoughts. On the average, such a girl was 19 years old.

At the convent she would change from her bright clothes to black skirts and sweaters and long black stockings. For six months to a year, the future nun would live the life of a "postulant." Prayer, silence, and constant, steady acclimatization to rules marked this period: Walk slowly, speak softly, waste nothing, wax floors and sweep halls as if for the King of Glory, All for Jesus through Mary, etc. Sister Charles Borromeo Muckenhirn, one of the most balanced and perceptive of the new nuns, describes the orientation: "The old system was to depersonalize persons and to upgrade things. Anything run by sisters was to be cleaner and"—she deliberately coined a word—"waxeder than anybody else's. You had to be a person on the sly."

In the old system, "perfection" was reached by discipline—discipline which emptied out all traces of self-will, self-assertion, personal idiosyncrasy, "rebelliousness." Accepted with great warmth and love, such discipline could, of course, become a daily school of self-knowledge and richer sensitivities. But it sometimes merely drove self-will and self-assertion underground. A few sisters who thought they were being unselfish because they were letter-perfect in their observance of the rule might develop hard shells of egoism, irritable tempers, smoldering inner resentment.

It was in the novitiate, a special house often situated in a country place, that the future sisters would begin "living the life of the rule" in earnest. With anywhere from six to 100 other novices, the future sister would receive approximately the same dress as the full-fledged members of the com-

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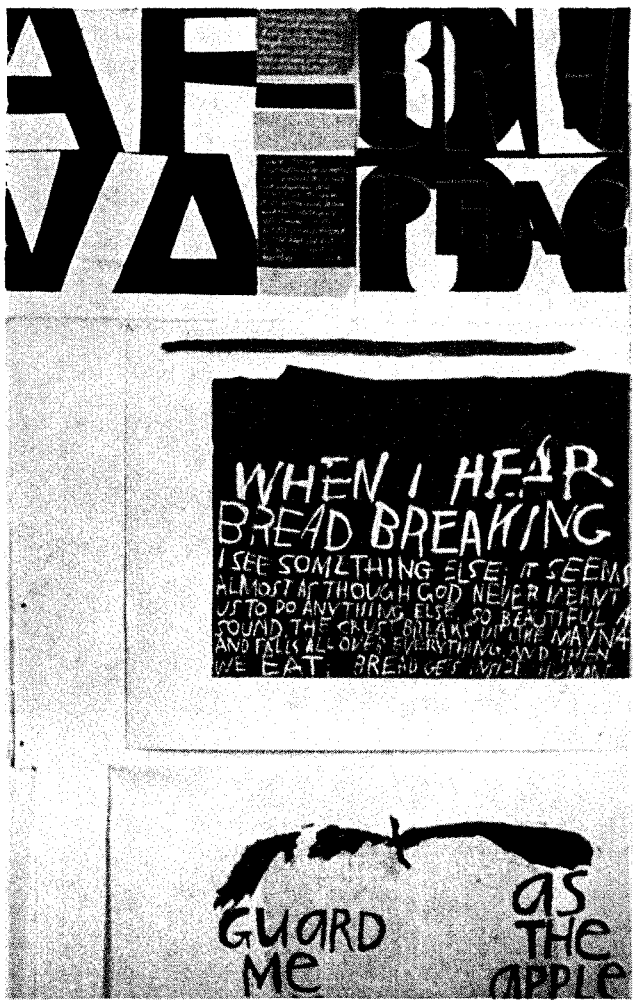
thing. What will nuns be like in twenty years?'



Los Angeles, lives by the free and joyful spirit of her art.

Sister Marie Fleurette, also of Immaculate Heart, coaches a student actor in his portrayal of a drunken Irish husband.

munity, except that maybe the veil would be white instead of black, or shorter, or of a slightly different style. The novitiate was to be a period of the utmost fervor. "Remember," one group of sisters was cautioned at the beginning of breakfast every morning. "What you are in the novitiate, that you shall be for the rest of your lives."

Throughout the novitiate, the young sisters would live in silence for most of the day, except for carefully specified times of recreation, or when their work made speech indispensable. They tried to learn to pray even as they worked, offering their work to God and performing it as consciously as possible "in His presence." They were taught, in the spirit of poverty, not to waste even scraps of paper; in some communities the rule prescribed that a small piece of acetate or a piece of paper be slipped underneath the thumb as one used one's prayer books, so that the thin pages would be preserved from soiling. "You can tell a perfect sister of this order," one nun once told a novice, "by whether she always has a piece of acetate under her thumb." To a young novice, such advice was often just sufficiently practical to mask its pharisaism.

By the time the sisters took their first vows, they often had completed two years of college work. These vows, usually renewed year by year until the moment for perpetual vows, theoretically marked the great step into the religious life. Twenty-five years ago some American novitiates treated profession day like a wedding day. By her vows of poverty, celibacy and obedience, the young girl would become a "Bride of Christ." She would wear a long, white "bridal" gown, and carry flowers. Then, or else on the occasion of her final profession six years later, she would accept a gold "wedding" ring. Most of the new nuns are embarrassed by this symbolism now, and one points out—with marked emotion—that it was based on "incredibly bad theology." (Theologically, only the church is the bride of Christ, the whole church, lay people included.)

The old ideal that governed convent life was that of the medieval monastery. The sisters were supposed to be totally involved in their institution. "Each time I go outside my cell," Thomas à Kempis wrote in the 15th century, "I return less a man." The convent represented safety, shelter, *real* Christianity; the outside world was distracting, crass and artificial. "It would take a very high degree of spiritual strength and concentration to remain in the hurly-burly of the world and maintain any kind of recollection [spiritual calm]," a priest recently admonished a group of sisters. A bishop repeated the warning: "The spirit of the world will dominate instead of the spirit of Christ." Thus the girl entering the convent had to learn a new "spiritual" point of view. She had to accept sharp distinction between "superiors," or staff members, and "subjects." The staff made all decisions, major and minor; subjects obeyed. Even the letters which a sister received from her family were opened by her superiors. Perfection was to be reached, granted God's grace, through obedience and self-effacement. God spoke through superiors.

"Religious too often seem to be living in a closed world, turned in on themselves and having but tenuous contact with the world outside," Cardinal Suenens of Belgium wrote in *The Nun in the World* (1962), a book that annoyed some American sisters and struck others forcibly. "A community of nuns often enough gives the impression of being a fortress whose drawbridge is only furtively and fearfully lowered." He continued: "It has been said of certain congregations of nuns that they are the last strongholds of the very studied manners of the middle-class woman of the 19th century."

It is true that until recently, the clothing that sisters wore usually dated from the century in which their community had been founded—the 13th, or more often the 18th or 19th. One sister explains what happened to her community, the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary: "When we were founded in 1833, the dress that was adopted was the dress of the time. The purpose of wearing the dress was to disappear into the public so you wouldn't be noticed. What happened was that what our founders wore in 1833, which in length and color and so forth was rather similar to what we're wearing now, was discarded by women within four or five years, but we kept it. So in a way we have achieved just the opposite effect of what we really wanted. We wanted to disappear into the public, and instead we have the highest visibility of almost any group in America."

The hourly schedule which the girl followed in the convent 25 years ago was also established in earlier centuries—before the invention of electric light. Rising was at five A.M. At 5:30 a half hour of mental prayer would be followed by Mass and communion, and then by a plain breakfast usually eaten in silence or to the sound of one of the sisters reading from some pious work. Afterward there would barely be time to wash the dishes, dust the chapel and hallways, make one's bed, and be ready for the classrooms of the parochial school or the wards of the Catholic hospital. After work, more prayers, *(Text continued on page 66)*

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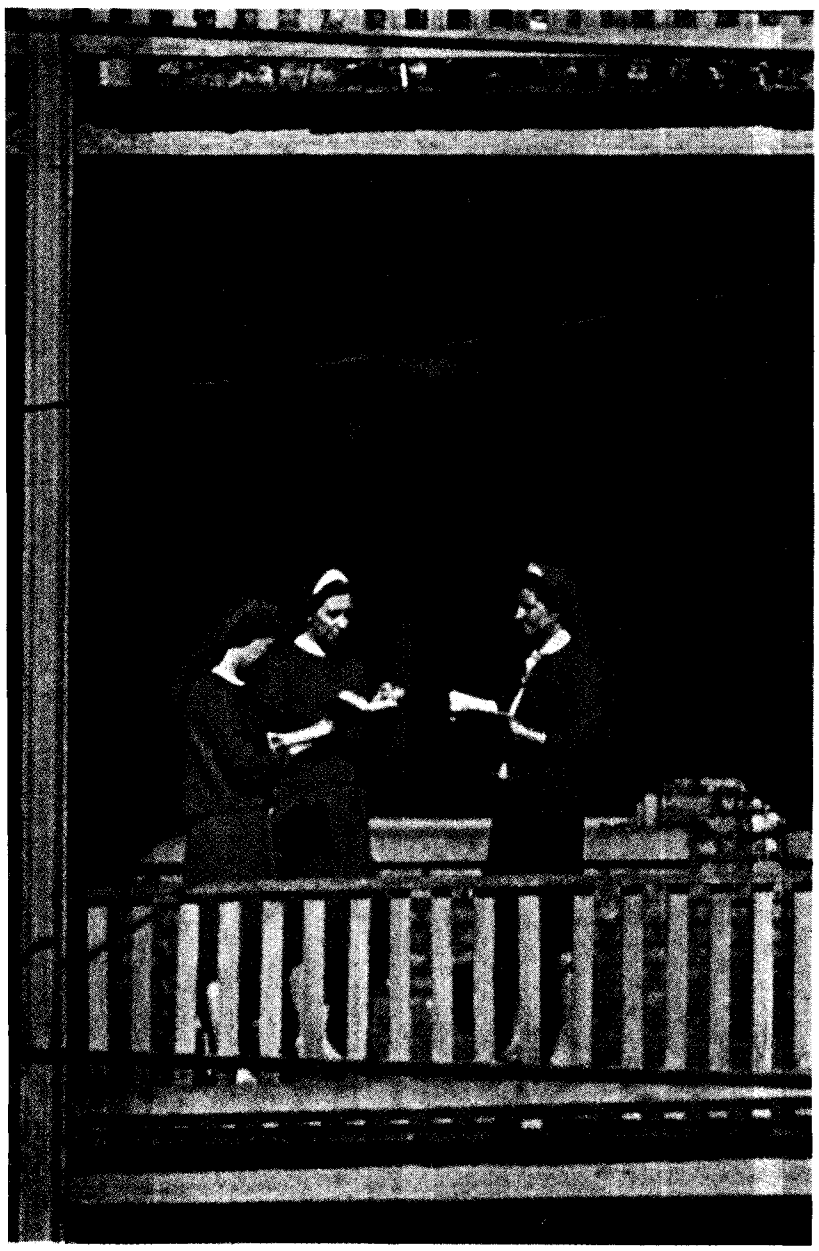
Wearing spotless white habits, nuns of another order come to visit the shorter-skirted Glenmarys and see their work among Chicago's poor.



More than other nuns, who often retreat to a chapel, the Glenmarys pray wherever they may be—here, on their own ramshackle porch.

WHAT SISTERS ARE MEANT TO BE

The Glenmary Sisters are warm and living symbols of reform and reinvigoration in the Roman Catholic Church. Compared to the old-style nuns, who cling to the cloister and follow a strict rule under the eye of stern superiors, the Glenmarys are a new breed altogether. Their small order—not quite 100 strong—works throughout the South and also in Chicago, with hill people who have come north for jobs. In Chicago slum apartments the sisters live informally, in intimate touch with the neighborhood and its woes. They shop at the chain store or pick up a hamburger or eat with a family down the block. They roughhouse with children and never mind the small grubby hands. They tease one another, argue, laugh readily. From the "railroad flats" they go out into the alleys to teach the migrants how to cope with city living, at the same time conducting a study of the migrants' problems so that the insights may be applied elsewhere in the nation. They are quietly experimenting with practical new garments and accessories; instead of a cross, one Glenmary wears a pin showing a group of people—people, the focus of Christian concern. If the American sisterhoods are changing, many in the church hope it is in the direction of the Glenmarys.

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On their own, late at night in one of Chicago's toughest sections, two Glenmary sisters stop to have a quick cup of coffee before resuming their schedule of visiting.

These youngsters, the children of Appalachian migrants to Chicago, know the nicest thing about new nuns like Sister Monica: They're there, to love and enjoy.

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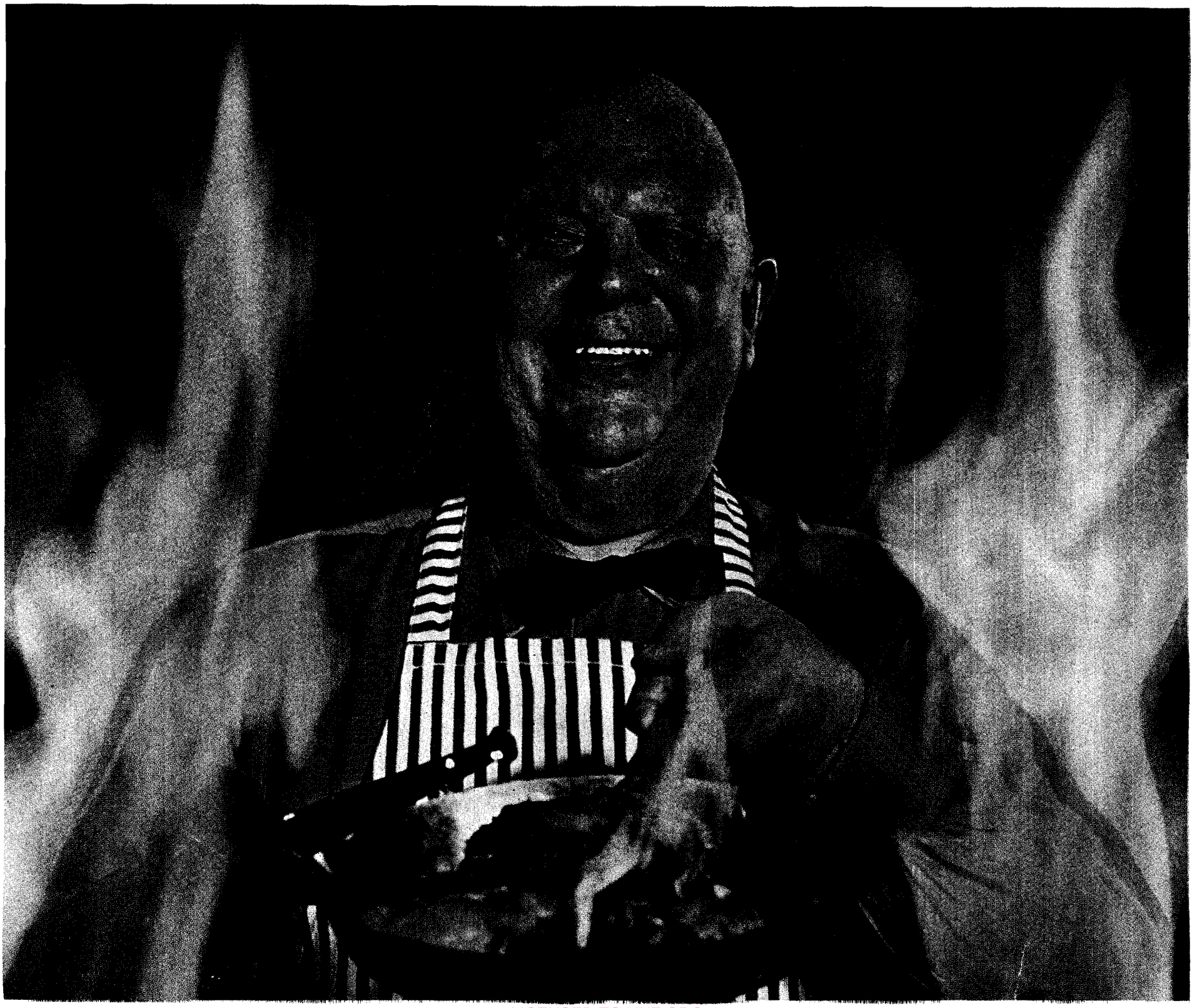
By John Skow

'If I had to practice cannibalism . . .'

James Beard has ways of making almost anything taste good, and he writes and talks about cooking with a joy that is both delightful and profitable.



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It was a splendid wine tasting. No one, including James Beard, the abundant cook, was paying any attention to the gaboons. Beard, who was guest of honor—his new cookbook, *Menus for Entertaining*, was the excuse for the party thrown by his publisher—knows gaboon etiquette as well as any man alive, and it was doubtless out of politeness to the other guests that he ignored this aspect of the wine tasters' ritual. The rest of the assembled guests were members of Manhattan's eating-and-drinking working press, journalists who have lunch for a living, and they avoided the gaboons as if these vessels contained temperance tracts.

A wine taster's gaboon, or cuspidor, is a noble wooden tub large enough to use for baptizing a royal infant; it is polished to a rich brown and hooped in brass, set on legs that bring it to the height of a small press agent, and filled with clean white curls of shaved wood. There were three of these gaboons set about a large private chamber at the Four Seasons, a New York water hole of great elegance, and we were supposed to use them to get rid of the wine we were tasting. A wine taster would sooner swallow an olive pit than a slug of *Château Prieure-Lichine* 1959. He has heard that swallowing wine can addle the senses. Since the tiny pink buds on a taster's tongue must have the agility of Sviatoslav Richter's fingers, the taster, who would not mind getting addled himself but who cannot afford to let his tongue get that way, spits his wine through a small straw into a gaboon. Someone explained this to a young lady member of the eating-and-drinking working press. She giggled.

There was a lot of giggling going on. It arose from the coastal waters of a large table, one of two fixed bodies against which the swirl of journalists gently washed. The large table was furnished with 10 kinds of wine, and there was giggling because the journalists were playing a children's game with the bottles. It was like hopscotch; the object was to get from 1 to 10 without falling down.

The other fixed body in the room was that of Author Beard, a gifted and genial man who, at six feet two and perhaps 290 pounds, is a continent-sized island in any gathering. Beard stood rock-still, his immensity elegantly slipcovered in brown check, his face ruddy, his neat brindle moustache sending out messages of pleasure. He chatted, listened, sipped wine, and without doing or saying anything unusual, gently dominated the party. It was not a case of an awesome reputation overshadowing an assembly, although that can happen, and Beard's reputation is very high. In fact, since the death of Henri Soulé, who created Manhattan's renowned Pavillon restaurant, many knowledgeable restaurateurs have considered him to be the country's ranking food expert. As a private cook, a cooking teacher and a television lecturer, he has only Boston's Julia Child as a rival, and he has no equal as a writer on food and wines and the kind of travel in which the cathedrals visited all have white tablecloths.

But something simpler than reputation was having its effect on the wine tasting. It was Beard's sheer physical vastness. In a way that is hard to analyze but easy to detect, the size of the man makes people feel good. In a world of people who think thin, think small, and squinch their shoulders to avoid touching each other in elevators, Beard is unrestrainedly huge. Hugeness is catching, and here it had caught; everyone at the wine tasting was hugely pleased with himself. The scrape of ego against ego at the usual Manhattan literary gathering produces a noise like that of fine china being thrown against a tile wall. Here the sound was of quick talk and appreciative laughter, as men and women whose friendships dated as far back as five minutes told each other about the funny things their children had said.

With four of his students looking on, the great man prepares 'Poule au Pot.' Beard, who allows members of his class to eat the lesson, has no dropout problem.

It is hard to describe Beard without making him sound like Falstaff, a character he does not resemble. It should be said immediately that Beard is not a teller of jokes, or a misuser of food or drink; that the tendency of younger men (he is 62) is to call him "Mr. Beard"; and that he is a man of dignity and learning.

But Beard's physical equipment *is* striking, and since he is an expert showman, it strikes in exactly the way he wants it to. He is fat, for instance, but fat in a way that makes thin people wistful. Most cooks are fatty, which is not the same thing; they are puffed and pounded from a lifelong battle with cream sauce. Beard's great body is that of the rare athlete who is exactly sized for his specialty. He has a thick, powerful neck and small, pointed ears. He looks like a wrestler who has begun to melt, or a genie who has started to solidify.

Beard's size and physical exuberance give him an authority that other food experts cannot match. "Sure, Jim knows a lot, but if he weighed one hundred and ten pounds you could blow it out your hat," observed Bill Kaduson, a public-relations man who is a friend of Beard. Kaduson, who praises French brandy for a living, once talked Beard into cooking a six-foot-long crepe suzette in full view of a television camera on the old Jack Paar show. Beard set the big pancake on fire ("*flambé*'d it, we say," said Kaduson) with French brandy poured from a gallon watering can and lit by a blowtorch. What Kaduson meant was that if Beard had been a little man, this would have looked silly.

Beard's size-54 showmanship, and the impression he gives of being ready not only to cook but to eat a six-foot-long crepe, provoke doubts of his seriousness among a few especially solemn amateur gourmets. They say he is "commercial," which of course, as a writer on table matters and a demonstrator of cooking techniques on television, he is. Kaduson defends Beard: "So what? A gourmet these days is anyone who eats broccoli. Jim's honest. He wouldn't *flamber* a ham sandwich."

Beard's integrity extends beyond this. He will not, for instance, write gimmick cookbooks, although quantities of money are made from such volumes as the *All-Star Athletes Cook Book*, the *New Wolf in Chef's Clothing Cook Book*, and the *Confederate Receipt Book*. Food is Beard's one true love, and he will not so much as trifle with the affections of a carrot stick.

But it is true that Beard shows a broad streak of eat-and-let-eat that is surprising in a man whose rarefied tastes are both his passion and his profession. The words "connoisseur" and "gourmet" call to the public mind Vincent Price in a smoking jacket—that most sinister of garments—gotten up for a horror movie. In the morning when he is at home—he is a bachelor, and he lives in a small, comfortable town house in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, opposite the women's jail—Beard wears a fairly sinister gray dressing gown. In his drawing room are two large terra-cotta figures, done in France in the 18th century, of Terpsichoria Nectambrosia, a sprite Beard introduces as the "tenth muse," the spirit of gastronomy.

As Beard takes one of an unending series of morning phone calls from his friends—"I'd better bring some pistachio nuts for the pork thing," he says briskly—the visitor notices a painting hanging over his desk: a very small, expertly brushed oil study of a muffin. The little picture is reassuring: Any man with whimsy enough to install the portrait of a muffin on his wall knows that he loves muffins too much.

I had read Beard's sharp-flavored autobiography, *Delights and Prejudices* (it was published in 1964 by Atheneum). It begins with the confession of an unabashed eater: "When Proust recollected the precise taste sensation of the little scalloped *madeleine* cakes served at tea by his aunt, it led him into his monumental *Remembrance of Things Past*. When I recollect the taste sensations of my childhood, they lead me to more cakes, more tastes: the great razor clams, the succulent Dungeness crab, the salmon, crawfish, mussels and trout of the Oregon coast; the black-bottom pie served in a famous Portland restaurant; the Welsh rabbit of our Chinese cook, the white asparagus my

Photographs by Lawrence Fried

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James Beard's Favorite Dinner

Melon with port To wedges of ripe, sweet Persian, honeydew or Spanish melon, which have been well chilled, add 2 or 3 tablespoons of good port wine just before serving or at table.

Green salad Toss any favorite greens, which have been well washed and drained on paper towels, with a basic vinaigrette sauce made with 3 parts of olive oil to 1 part vinegar, preferably red wine vinegar. Season with salt and freshly ground white pepper.

Chicken panne Take 4 whole chicken breasts, boned and halved. Pound flat with a heavy cleaver. Trim well. Dip them in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Then dip in a batter of 2 eggs beaten with 4 tablespoons of cream and, finally, in soft, freshly made bread crumbs. Place the crumbed chicken breasts on wax paper and refrigerate until ready to use. To cook, melt 4 tablespoons of butter and 3 of vegetable oil in a skillet. When oil is bubbling, brown chicken quickly on both sides and cook until tender. It will take approximately 4 minutes on each side. Salt and pepper them while they are cooking. Remove pan from heat and add ⅓ cup heated Cognac and ignite. When the flames die down, remove chicken to a hot platter. Keep warm. Combine 1½ cups cream and 4 egg yolks and stir into the pan in which the chicken was cooked. Heat slowly, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon or spatula until the sauce is slightly thickened. Do not boil. Correct seasoning and pour it over chicken. Serves 8.

New potatoes Thoroughly wash 2 pounds of potatoes, preferably very small new ones. Cut a wide band of skin from each potato about ¾ to 1 inch wide. Cook very quickly in boiling salted water until just pierceable. Drain well and toss with 2 tablespoons of butter. Salt and pepper to taste and add a little chopped parsley. Serves 8.

Strawberry sorbet (For 8 to 10 persons) You will need: 3 pints strawberries, 2 cups sugar, juice of 3 oranges, juice of 3 lemons, and ⅓ cup Grand Marnier. Wash berries and remove hulls. Combine berries, sugar, orange and lemon juice in a bowl and let stand two to three hours. Work berries and liquid through a sieve or blend until smooth in an electric blender. Stir in Grand Marnier and pour into two freezer trays. Freeze until sherbet has a solid edge about 1 inch thick. Transfer to a large bowl and beat until mushy. Return to trays and freeze until firm. This excellent sherbet can also be made in an ice-cream freezer.

Filbert macaroons You will need: 3 cups ground filberts, 2½ cups granulated sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3–4 egg whites, and some whole filberts. Combine the nuts, sugar and vanilla, and add enough egg whites to make a medium-firm dough. Pull off small pieces and roll into small balls. Place the balls on a lightly buttered cookie sheet. Split the filberts and press a half into the top of each ball and then bake for 15–20 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

mother canned . . ." What follows is a long, fond, recipe-raisined account of the author's love affair with food. "For some reason, San Francisco has always meant squab to me," he muses, with mist in his eye. And "I believe if ever I had to practice cannibalism, I might manage if there were enough tarragon around."

From time to time, I recalled, Beard wrote with a lover's rage. Milk, he said with disgust, "has never failed to be an effective emetic for me, and I am still revolted when I see people drinking milk with a good meal." He set down in indignation that the U.S. meat industry "produces the finest beef and the worst hams, veal and lambs in the world." Restaurants are not always what they should be; in Paris the famous Maxim's "is not a great restaurant, nor will it ever be, since it can survive on its own legend." And private hostesses can offend: "No cook in Sweden would ever have concocted the frightful, overcooked, overseasoned coarse-textured balls of meat I have had served to me at buffets as 'Swedish.'" On the serving of punch: "A necessary evil, but I myself don't wish to absorb any more of the evil than is required." On turkeys: "Scientifically plucked, which removes part of the skin and practically all the oil sacs, and frozen in a plastic case, today's bird has about as much flavor and texture as a piece of asbestos. No, I will not eat such a fowl!"

But in conversation, with the Terpsichoria Nectambrosia looking on, Beard was genial and tolerant. It was true, he said, that "Americans put up with more bad cooking than any other people. We're afraid to make a fuss." (Beard himself, his friends say, almost never makes a fuss, although now and then he will ask politely to have a badly prepared dish sent back to the kitchen.) But the U.S. has plenty of good food, he went on, if you take the trouble to find it. The gastronome who finds himself unexpectedly set down in Toledo or Omaha need not despair, said Beard, if he keeps his wits. "You have to be venturesome, and the thing to remember is to eat seasonal food in season and regional food in the region where it is grown. If you insist on lobster in Kansas you'll get it, and you'll deserve it."

What does a professional eater do when he is trapped, say, in one of those hotel-chain restaurants where all the food seems to have been prepared in the main office in Hartford and shipped to the provinces in flatcars? "I have what I call 'safes,'" Beard said. "Lamb chops are safes; there's really no way to hurt them. And club sandwiches, if your nerve fails."

What about frozen chicken pie, ready-mix roast wild boar, and the like? Beard refused to condemn them. "Convenience foods aren't very interesting, but they're a break for people who hate cooking. And their families. If you're convinced cooking is drudgery, you're never going to be any good at it, and you might as well warm up something frozen." Actually, he went on, private cooking in the U.S. is improving. People are traveling more, and tasting good food, and they want to cook it themselves. They get tired of short-cut cooking, and they learn that the older methods and the fresh, seasonal foods are better.

Beard and another expert cook, Ruth Norman, run a cooking school in Beard's town house. Classes are limited to eight or ten students, most of them amateurs, who pay $135 for six evening lessons, and put up with the rescheduling of dates that Beard's constant traveling makes necessary.

Eight or ten people, about half of them men, had gathered in Beard's living room the night I visited the class. Beard had not yet appeared, and the students—there were two export-import men, I was told, a CBS executive, a husband and wife from Connecticut, and a woman who was a consultant to one of the big food corporations—shop-talked about what they had cooked over the weekend as they took out their aprons. (It says something about the national uneasiness toward fine cooking that one man put on one of those Father's Day aprons that say EAT AT YOUR OWN RISK, and a great deal about Beard's tolerance that when he showed up and saw it, he did not blink.)

When he did come, wearing a green-striped apron without any cautionary lettering on it, Beard briskly took charge. He did so without effort, and his pupils listened in attitudes of respect seldom seen in these days of student protest.

Beard spoke of a store in Greenwich Village where good copper omelet pans could be had, and the students yelped in excitement. Then he answered a student's question by saying, surprisingly, that he liked "almost everything in the world of food better if it's cold." Everyone noted this down for pondering. (Beard told me later that he will eat cold many dishes meant to be hot, and that he has lunched royally on nothing more than a couple of leftover boiled potatoes taken from the icebox and eaten like apples.)

The chatter hushed, and the class moved soberly into Beard's kitchen. Modern kitchens often resemble operating rooms, but this one is pleasantly old-fashioned, with a minimum of plastic and porcelain.

Much of the equipment is stowed out of sight, but a casual visitor notices a rack of cooking wines (table wines are kept in the cellar), an armory of perhaps 40 knives, a basket of eggs, druggists' jars containing sugar, flour, capers, and dried candied violets used for garnishing desserts. A small marble café table and two chairs, a double oven and—the only furnishing that is outsized for a private kitchen—a big U-shaped table equipped with 10 electric burners and several cutting boards. "My grand piano," Beard calls it.

Beard was showing the class how to make veal cutlets Sicilian style, an elaborate jelly roll of thin veal, salami, bologna and prosciutto wrapped around several hard-boiled eggs laid end to end. His huge hands, solid and sure, demonstrated a brass meat pounder and passed it to a student who began pounding the veal. Then Beard held a piece of thinly sliced, larded sausage to the light as if it were a page of Gutenberg incunabula.

Deep diagonal furrows appeared above his eyebrows as he looked slyly from one student to another and said, in a voice that echoed up from the cargo-carrying recesses of his hull, "I'm hungry." Beard's rumbling announcement made everyone else hungry. The remark seemed, and still seems, one of the most profound things anyone ever said about food.

As the students rolled the cutlet-roll, Beard, who was now very excited, said, "Dr-r-r-ape it in bacon," creating in all of us an immediate craving for bacon. Then he announced that the class would review omelet making. He worked very fast for about 30 seconds, all the while holding the handle of his omelet pan as if it were a dagger, so that at the end there would be no wasted motion as he rolled the finished and folded omelet onto a plate.

"Someone better eat this," he said, looking at his omelet with unsurprised pride.

"Well, if no one else wants it," I said, grabbing savagely. It was an omelet's omelet.

The students broke their own eggs with varying results. "Around," Beard said to a man who was shaking his omelet with a back-and-forth instead of a circular motion of his pan. "I can't seem to get it," said one sufferer. "I'm left-handed . . ." A friend of mine who likes muscular figures of speech had told me that an omelet maker needed the agility and great hands of a major-league third baseman; I could see now that he had been right.

At half time we spent 20 minutes in Beard's living room drinking *Americanos*. Beard serves an *apéritif* at each class session. It is a masterly solu-

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tion to the school dropout problem. It is also, he explained seriously, a teaching device; students, who think of cooking as frantic and messy, see that it can be leisurely and civilized.

Later Ruth Norman, Beard's partner, showed the class how to make seafood *méditerranée*, a magnificent dish whose recipe begins with garlic buds sputtering in hot olive oil, continues through cherrystones, lobster tails and shrimp, and ends with an instruction of haunting eloquence: "When the clams open, the dish is ready to serve."

"That will serve twelve," said Miss Norman, a small woman. Beard, who sees portions from a different viewpoint, cut in with authority: "I should say six or eight." Housewives who use Beard's recipes have found that when he says something will serve six or eight, he does not—unlike most writers of cookbooks—mean six or eight canaries.

The evening ended with supper: The rolled-veal cutlet, Ruth Norman's seafood, salad, a flaming *baba au rhum*, and a delicate white wine whose name escaped me in the pleasure of drinking it. Earlier the cost of Beard's cooking class—about $23 a lesson—had seemed a little high; now as I said goodnight and steered myself comfortably down the sidewalk past the ladies' jail, the price seemed very small.

The next day Beard and I met for lunch at the Four Seasons (he helped plan the restaurant's menus when it opened some years ago, and he favors it). Over a light, perfect lunch—*quenelles* of salmon, raw-mushroom salad, white wine—we talked about the sort of life Beard had led. He was raised in Portland, Oreg., a "nasty, precocious" child, he calls himself in his autobiography. His mother, a lively and formidable woman who was a fine cook and who once ran a hotel, gave him his vigorous, critical enthusiasm for food. At first he wanted to be an actor, and for a while he worked in repertory theater on the West Coast. "I even wrote a play," he said. "That was another world. . . ."

In 1937 Beard came to New York with the notion of getting a job in some branch of the food industry. He had no luck, and for a time was reduced to cooking for his supper at parties thrown by friends of friends. Then a successful hors d'oeuvre catering service which he started with two other young and hungry cooks led to an hors d'oeuvre cookbook, and Beard's career had commenced. "From that point," he said with great satisfaction, "I have lived off food."

The war brought a terrifying experience—during a brief hitch in the Air Force, Beard and 11 other wretches carved 4,000 pounds of Christmas turkey. Beard still cannot speak of the incident without emotion. He survived, however, and went on to write a succession of books on outdoor cookery, and to do the country's first televised cooking show. Now he travels a lot, writes magazine articles when there is no way to avoid it, and spends his summers in a friend's château in France. "I am the happiest man imaginable," he said.

How did he rank himself as a chef? I asked. "No rank." He said it severely. "I'm not a chef. Only those who have been through the *apprentissage* can call themselves that." Was it true, as one of his friends had told me, that he had walked into a liquor store once and ordered the proprietor to remove a case of wine from a window display, where it had been turning to vinegar in the sun? Yes, he said mildly, it was true—that is, he had made the suggestion. . . .

A waiter approached and spoke respectfully to Beard. Mr. Thomas would be pleased to have us join him for a cordial. Earlier Beard had pointed out a large, ruddy man—Gregory Thomas, the president of Chanel, Inc.,—as "perhaps the ranking gourmet in New York." Thomas stood up as we walked to his table, a huge man, taller than Beard although not so wide. Beard and Thomas shook hands gravely; chieftains meeting, grandly conspicuous in a room filled with nibbling expense-accounters.

Thomas introduced us to three small Swiss with whom he was having lunch, and said that he had discovered a Madeira that demanded our discerning tastes. He held the bottle for us to inspect; the date on it was 1885. We drank; the impression was of great, contained space, vaulted ceilings arching into gloom, an unseen organ. But there was a pear brandy that also cried out for tasting, Thomas was saying. Everyone tasted it. Everyone began talking of *fincas* in Portugal. Thomas had a *finca* where he grew cork trees. I remember having the blurry impression that *I* had one too.

But to understand pear brandy, said Thomas, it was necessary to have a fine conventional brandy clearly in mind. We drank. Comparison invited recomparison. Thomas and Beard sat like great stone figures smiling. They were not even breathing hard. The three Swiss and I were like the weakest members of an Alpine expedition; we had made it up, but would we have to be carried down? Coffee in tiny cups came at 4:30. Beard and Thomas stood up, refreshed. It had been a good workout.

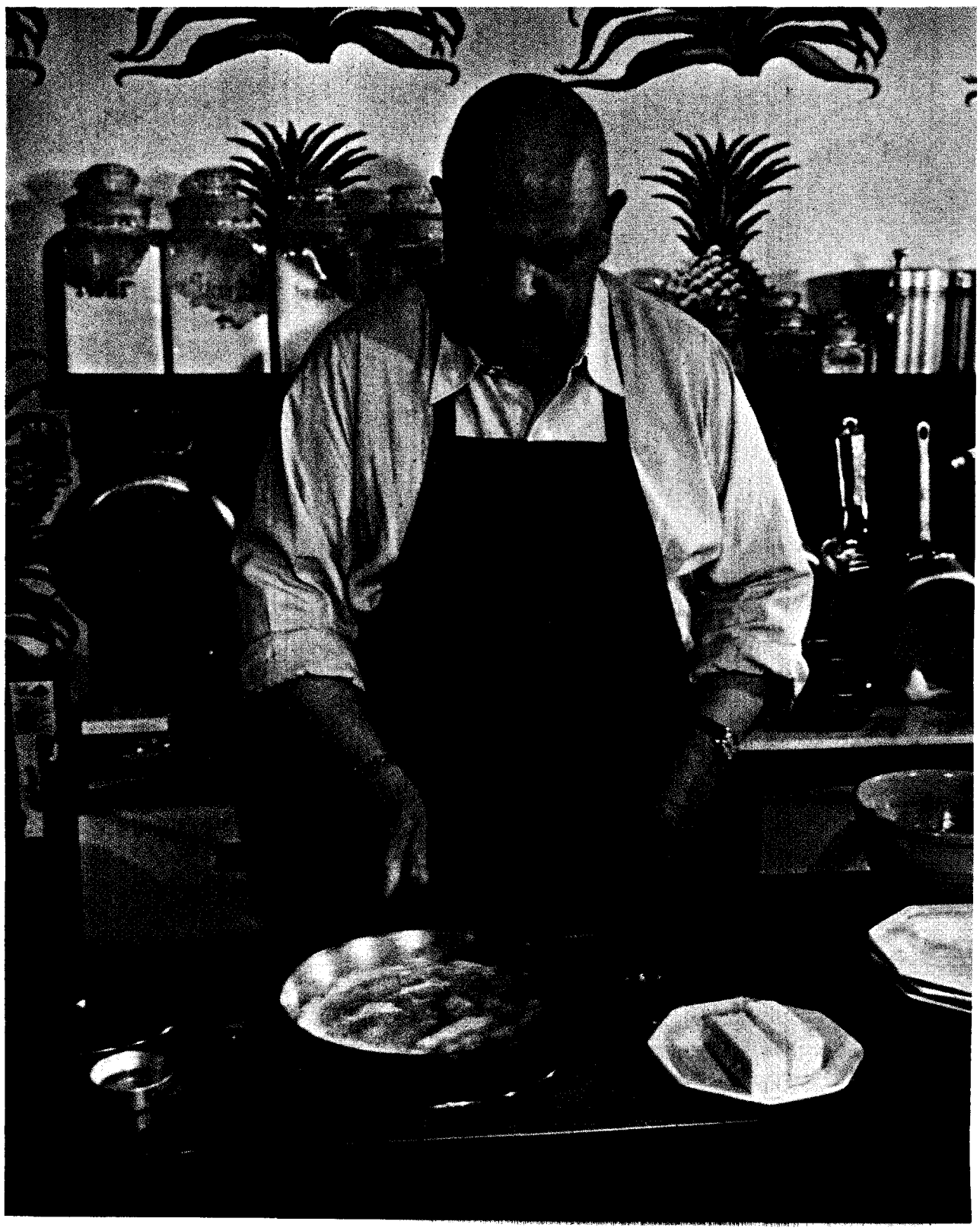
In two or three days I was as good as new. I left New York and went back to my home in New England to write about James Beard. I had all the information I needed, but the story did not get written. I would roll paper into my typewriter and see, instead, thin, rolled strips of veal, papered with prosciutto, draped in bacon, stuffed with hard-boiled eggs. My throat echoed with the memory of gothic Madeira. Late at night I would find myself at the cupboard, dreaming of seafood *méditerranée* and clutching a can of tuna fish.

Eventually I telephoned Beard. There were a few details that needed clearing up, I said; could we meet for lunch in New York?

"You sound faint," he said.

"Haven't been eating right," I said.

"Well," he said, "I've written a new cookbook, and my publisher is having a wine-tasting . . ." □



At the controls of his magnificently equipped kitchen, Beard whips up an omelet for a Sunday brunch that also includes Polish sausage lovingly poached in red wine.

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'WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?'

We have Bob Dylan, singer, songwriter, poet, who at 25 admits he's a millionaire but denies being a genius.

Quick and little, Bob Dylan scrambled from the safety of a rented gray sedan and ran for his dressing room through a wildness of teen-age girls who howled and grabbed for his flesh. A cordon of guards held for a moment against the overwhelming attack. Then it broke and Dylan disappeared beneath yards of bell-bottoms and long hair. After a brief struggle he was rescued by one of his assistants, who methodically tore small and large girls off him, but it was too late. With a pair of enormous shears, a giant blond girl had snipped a lock of the precious Dylan hair and now was weeping for joy.

"Did you see that?" said Dylan in his dressing room, his pale face somewhat paler than usual. "I mean did you *see* that?" repeated Dylan, who tends to talk in italics. "I don't care about the hair, but she could have killed me. I mean she could have taken my eyes out with those scissors."

This is Bob Dylan's year to be mobbed. Next year it will probably be somebody else. But this year Bob Dylan is the king of rock 'n' roll, and he is the least likely king popular music has ever seen. With a bony, nervous face covered with skin the color of sour milk, a fright-wig of curly brown hair teased into a bramble of stand-up tangles, and dark-circled hazel eyes usually hidden by large prescription sunglasses, Dylan is less like Elvis or Frankie than like some crippled saint or resurrected Beethoven.

The songs he writes and sings, unlike the usual young-love pap of the airwaves, are full of dark and, many insist, important meaning; they are peopled with freaks, clowns, tramps, artists and mad scientists, dancing and tumbling in progressions of visionary images mobilized to the massive beat of rock 'n' roll. They often make very little logical sense, but almost always they make very good poetic sense. According to a recent poll, college students call him the most important contemporary poet in America.

He is certainly the only poet who gets his hair snipped off by shrieking teen-age girls, but Dylan has always been a defier of categories. His first fame was as a folk singer and folk-song writer. Last year he modified his style to what has been labeled "folk-rock," a blend of serious, poetic lyrics and rock 'n' roll music, which has brought him his greatest commercial success but has alienated some purists who were his early fans. He is a singer whose voice has been compared to the howl of "a dog with his leg caught in barbed wire"; a performer whose stage presence includes no hip wiggling or even, until recently, any acknowledgment of his audience; a public figure whose press conferences are exercises in a new kind of surrealism in which reporters ask, "Are you planning to do a movie?" and Dylan answers, deadpan, "Yes, I'm going to play my mother."

Yet, Bob Dylan, at the age of 25, has a million dollars in the bank and earns an estimated several hundred thousand dollars a year from concerts, recordings and publishing royalties. He is even more popular in England and Europe than in America. Four hours after tickets went on sale for his recent London concerts at Albert Hall, the SOLD-OUT sign was put up, and at one time five of his LP albums were selling in the top 20 in London. One paperback book on him has already been published; a hard-cover book about him by Robert Shelton, folk critic of *The New York Times*, will be published this winter; a third book of photographs and text by Daniel Kramer is scheduled for winter publication. A two-hour documentary of his English tours will soon be released for theater showing; he is about to begin production of his own movie; ABC-TV has signed him for a television special. A book of his writings, *Tarantula*, is to be published by Macmillan late this summer, with a prepublication excerpt to appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

And although he is still not nearly so popular as the Beatles, who have sold nearly 200 million records in four years, his artistic reputation is so great that in the recording business Dylan is ranked as the No. 1 innovator, the most important trend-setter, one of the few people around who can change radically the course of teen music.

"Dylan," says a folk-singer friend of his, "is the king. He's the one we all look to for approval, the one we're all eating our hearts out about, the one who proved you could make it with the kids without any compromises. If I didn't admire him so much, I would have to hate him. In fact, maybe I do hate him anyway."

Born Robert Zimmerman, May 24, 1941, in Duluth, Minn., Dylan is a product of Hibbing, Minn., an iron-ore mining town of 18,000 inhabitants about 70 miles from the Canadian border. The southwestern accent in his singing voice is apparently acquired; he speaks without it. His father is a prosperous, witty, small (five-foot-six), cigar-smoking appliance dealer. His mother, a deeply tanned, attractive woman, is

Electric guitar in hand, Bob Dylan plays and sings one of his rock 'n' roll songs during a recent recording session.

By JULES SIEGEL *Photographs by Daniel Kramer*

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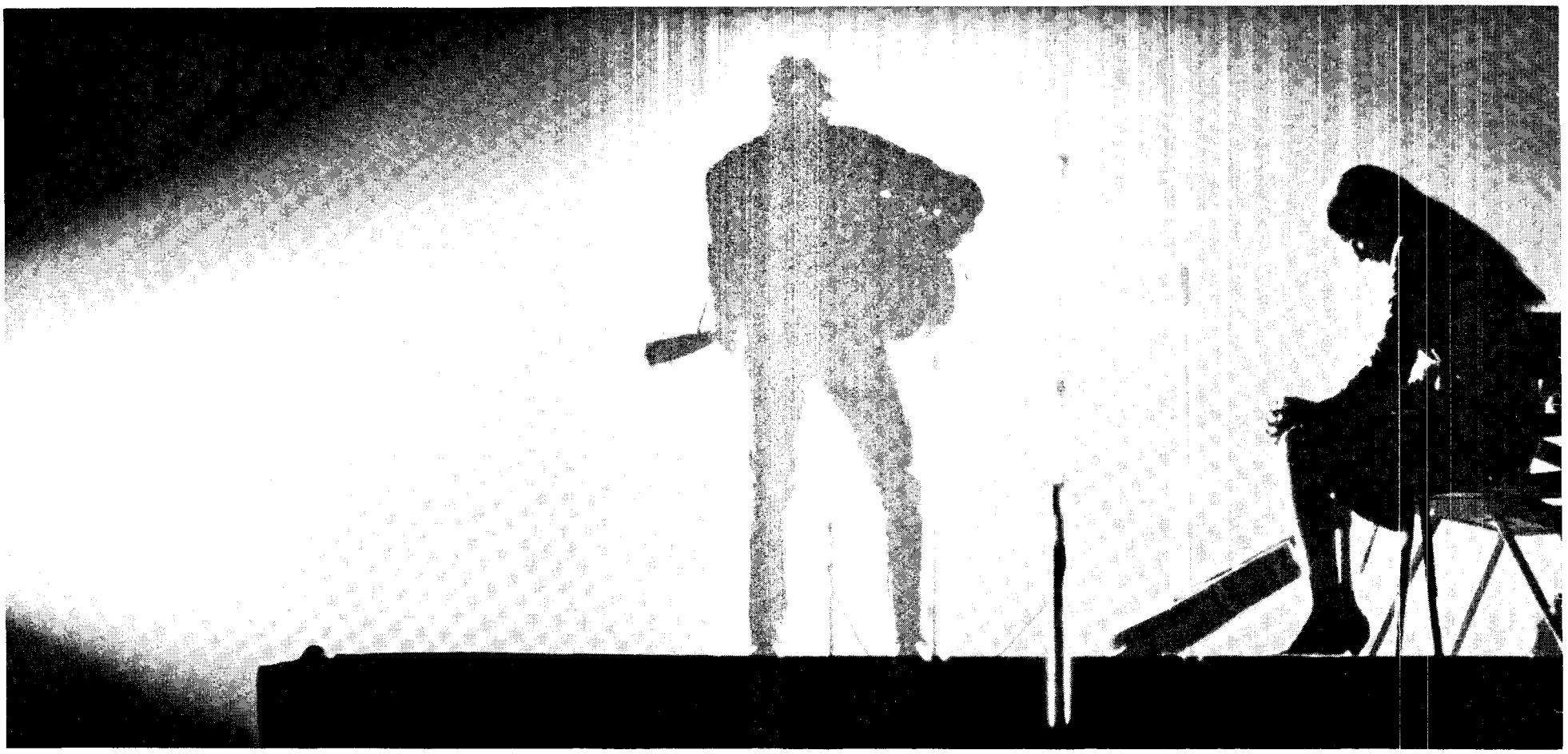

During a joint concert in New Haven last year, Joan Baez listens while Dylan plays one of the folk songs that made him musical spokesman for the civil-rights movement. He has since

described by acquaintances as extremely intelligent, well informed and very talkative.

Dylan has a brother, David, 20, who attends St. Olaf College on a musical scholarship, and in the family it was always David who was thought of as "the musical one." Abe Zimmerman, remembers buying a piano ("Not an expensive one," he says) when Bob was 10. Bob took one lesson and gave up in disgust because he couldn't play anything right away. David, then five, began taking lessons and has been playing ever since.

Despite his initial impatience, Bob Zimmerman soon taught himself how to play the piano, harmonica, guitar and autoharp. Once he began to play the piano, says Mrs. Zimmerman, he beat the keys out of tune pounding out rock 'n' roll. He also wrote—not only music but also poetry. "My mother has hundreds of poems I wrote when I was twelve years old," says Dylan.

As an adolescent, Dylan helped his father in the store, delivering appliances and sometimes attempting to make collections. "He was strong," Abe Zimmerman recently told an acquaintance. "I mean he could hold up his end of a refrigerator as well as kids twice his size, football players.

"I used to make him go out to the poor sections," Mr. Zimmerman said, "knowing he couldn't collect any money from those people. I just wanted to show him another side of life. He'd come back and say, 'Dad, those people haven't got any money.' And I'd say, 'Some of those people out there make as much money as I do, Bobby. They just don't know how to manage it.'"

In more than one way the lesson was well taken. Dylan today, while professing not to know anything about his wealth, appears to be a very good manager of money, careful sometimes to what might be considered stinginess.

A photographer friend of his recalls having to meet him at a hotel. "I called him," he says, "and asked if he wanted me to bring anything up for him. 'A container of tea,' Bobby said. I said, 'Bobby, they have room service in the hotel; you can have it sent up.' He thought about that for a couple of seconds and then said no, room service was too expensive." This was in 1965, the year that Dylan became a millionaire.

But Dylan learned more than frugality in the depressed areas of Hibbing. He learned, as Abe Zimmerman hoped he would, that there were people who knew nothing about middle-class life and middle-class values, people whose American dream had become a nightmare of installment debt. He seems to have felt a blood tie with them, based on a terrifying sense of his own peculiarity.

"I see things that other people don't see," he says. "I feel things other people don't feel. It's terrible. They laugh. I felt like that my whole life.

"My friends have been the same as me, people who couldn't make it as the high-school football halfback, Junior Chamber of Commerce leader, fraternity leader, truck driver working their way through college. I just had to be with them. I just don't care what anyone looks like, just as long as they didn't think I was strange. I couldn't do any of those things either. All I did was write and sing, paint little pictures on paper, dissolve myself into situations where I was invisible."

In pursuit of invisibility, Bob Zimmerman took to running away from home. "I made my own depression," he says. "Rode freight trains for kicks, got beat up for laughs, cut grass for quarters, met a waitress who picked me up and dropped me off in Washington." He tells of living with carnivals, of some trouble with police in Hibbing, of entertaining in a strip joint.

Be that as it may, he managed to finish high school at the appropriate time and even earned a scholarship to the University of Minnesota. Then the middle-class college boy from Hibbing began to remake his life and his image radically. He moved from his fraternity house to a downtown apartment. He began singing and playing the guitar and harmonica at Minneapolis's Ten o'Clock Scholar for two dollars a night; it is said that when he asked for a raise to five dollars, he was fired. He became Bob Dylan, and has since changed his name legally. This was not in tribute to Dylan Thomas, as the widely circulated legend maintains, but for some reason which he doesn't feel compelled to explain seriously.

'I feel things that other people don't feel.'

"Get that straight," he says. "I didn't change my name in honor of Dylan Thomas. That's just a story. I've done more for Dylan Thomas than he's ever done for me. Look how many kids are probably reading his poetry now because they heard that story."

Dylan also gave up his very conventional college-boy dress—for his first professional appearance in Minneapolis he had worn white buck shoes—and began to develop his own personal style. At first, he was influenced by the uniform of folk singers everywhere—jeans, work shirt, boots, collar-length hair. Now that he's a rock-'n'-roll star, the uniform has changed. The boots are still part of it, but the jeans are now tight slacks that make his legs look skinnier than they are. The work shirt has been replaced by floppy polka-dot Carnaby Street English shirts with oversized collars and long, puffed sleeves. Sometimes he wears racetrack-plaid suits in combinations of colors like green and black. His hair seems to get longer and wilder by the month.

In December, 1960, Dylan gave up on Minnesota and took off for New York to try rock 'n' roll, then in an uncertain state and dominated by clean-cut singers like Fabian and Frankie Avalon. It was not an auspicious time for someone who looked and sounded like Bob Dylan.

"I tried to make it in rock 'n' roll when rock 'n' roll was a piece of cream," he says. "Elvis had struck; Buddy Holly was dead; Little Richard was becoming a preacher, and Gene Vincent was leaving the country. I wrote the kind of stuff you write when you have no place to live and you're very wrapped up in the fire pump. I nearly killed myself with pity and agony. I saw the way doors close; the way doors that do not like you close. A door that does not like you needs no one to close it. I had to retreat."

Retreat for Dylan was folk music and Greenwich Village. He was strong medicine for both—nervous, cocky, different from anyone else around.

Arthur Kretchmer, a young magazine editor,

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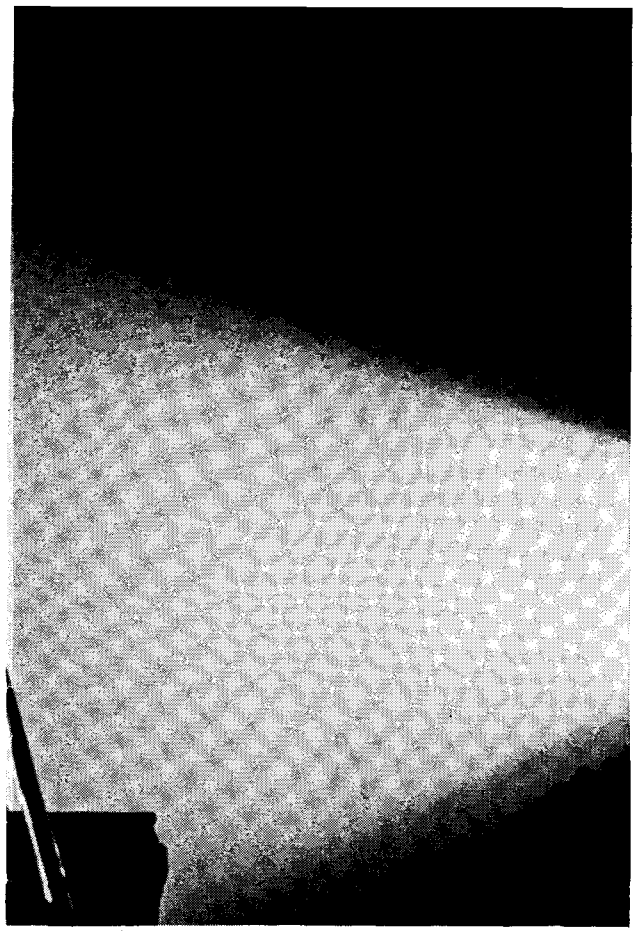

outraged some early admirers by switching to rock 'n' roll.

Dylan signs autographs during his folk-music period. The hat was a steady ornament for a while, but has been discarded.

remembers meeting Dylan at a party: "There was this crazy, restless little kid sitting on the floor and coming on very strong about how he was going to play Holden Caulfield in a movie of *Catcher in the Rye*, and I thought, 'This kid is really terrible'; but the people whose party it was said, 'Don't let him put you off. He comes on a little strong, but he's very sensitive—writes poetry, goes to visit Woody Guthrie in the hospital,' and I figured right, another one. I forgot all about him until a couple of years later he was famous and I wasn't. You can't always be right about these things, I suppose." Both Kretchmer and his wife are now Dylan fans.

Says Robert Shelton, whose book about Dylan is to be published this winter, "He was so astonishing-looking, so Chaplinesque and cherubic, sitting up on a stool playing the guitar and the harmonica and playing with the audience, making all kinds of wry faces, wearing this Huck Finn hat, that I laughed out loud with pleasure. I called over Pat Clancy (an Irish folk singer, one of the Clancy Brothers) and he looked at this cherub and broke into a broad smile and said, 'Well, what have we here?'"

Not too long after that, Shelton wrote a laudatory review in the *Times* of a Dylan performance. About the same time, Columbia Records executive John Hammond met Dylan at the home of folk singer Carolyn Hester, whom Dylan was going to accompany on a new record Hammond was producing. Without hearing him perform, Hammond offered Dylan a two-year contract with Columbia, and immediately hit a snag.

Dylan, a minor of 20, refused to admit to having any living relatives who could sign for him. "I don't know where my folks are," he told Hammond. "I think I've got an uncle who's a gambler in Nevada, but I wouldn't know how to track him down." Taking another chance, Hammond finally let the boy execute the contract himself.

The young folk singer's first LP was called *Bob Dylan*. It cost $403 to produce and sold, initially, 4,200 copies. By way of comparison, Dylan's most recent record as of this writing, *Highway 61 Revisited*, has sold 360,000 in the United States. All together, it is estimated that 10 million Dylan records have been sold throughout the world. His songs have been recorded in more than 150 other versions by performers ranging from Stan Getz to Lawrence Welk, and the royalties, Dylan admits, have made him a millionaire.

Exhausted after performing at Princeton, Dylan gets a scalp massage from a friend. He now divides his concerts in two. The first half is folk music; the second, rock 'n' roll.

In achieving this success, Dylan has had powerful allies. Not the least of these was Billy James, a young Columbia public-relations man who is now the record company's West Coast artist-relations director. It was through James's efforts that Dylan got his first taste of national publicity, but the singer's past was to come between them.

In 1963, when Dylan was entering his first flush of fame with *Blowin' in the Wind*, a song which became an unofficial anthem of the civil-rights movement and a major popular hit, *Newsweek* revealed that Bob Dylan was Robert Zimmerman and went on to suggest that not only was Dylan's name a fake but it was rumored another writer had created *Blowin' in the Wind*. One part of the story was false—Dylan was the author of the song; but the other part, of course, was true: Bob Dylan was Robert Zimmerman.

Dylan was infuriated by the article and blamed Billy James for it. For two years the two did not speak. James won't talk about the incident at all, but people who know both of them say that Dylan attempted to get the public-relations man fired. Two years later, they met at a party and Dylan was all friendship again. When James mentioned the *Newsweek* affair, Dylan put an arm around him and said, "Thousands of people are dying in Vietnam and right at this minute a man is jumping off the Empire State Building and you got *that* running around in your head? Forget it!"

One of the great factors in Dylan's early success was his profound ability to articulate the emotions of the civil-rights revolution, which was developing its peak of power in the early '60's. Recognition of this talent came in dramatic form at the Newport Folk Festival of 1963.

Although he had already appeared once on the program, which is a sort of Hall of Fame of folk singing in action, he was called back to the stage at the end of the final concert. Accompanied by a stageful of folk stars, from Pete Seeger, the gentle "king" of folk music, to Joan Baez, the undisputed queen, Bob Dylan sang *Blowin' in the Wind* to an audience of 36,000 of the most important folk-singing fans, writers, recording executives and critics.

"*How many roads must a man walk down before*

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'When I want money, I ask for it. After I spend it, I ask for more.'

BOB DYLAN

you call him a man?" they sang. "*Yes, 'n' How many seas must a white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand? Yes, 'n' How many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned? The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, The answer is blowin' in the wind.*"*

Recorded by Peter, Paul and Mary, *Blowin' in the Wind* was Dylan's first major hit, and very quickly there were 58 different versions of the song, by everyone from The Staple Singers (a screaming gospel version) to Marlene Dietrich. Almost overnight Dylan was established at the top of the folk-music field. Here at last, sighed the folk critics and the civil-rights people, was a songwriter with the true "proletarian" touch, one who could really reach the masses. For two years, Dylan was the musical spokesman for civil rights, turning up in Mississippi, in the march on Washington, at the demonstrations and rallies.

"I feel it," said Joan Baez, whom Dylan had met before Newport, "but Dylan can say it. He's phenomenal."

For a while, Joan and Bobby were to be inseparable, the queen and crown prince of folk music. When Dylan went to England for a concert tour, Joan Baez went with him. As much as anyone's, it was her voice and authority which helped to create the charismatic reputation of Bob Dylan the folk singer.

These days Dylan and Baez are not as close as they used to be. When the rough cut of the film of his English tour was screened in Hollywood this spring, Baez was everywhere on the film, in the limousine, at the airport, singing in the hotel room. After the screening, Dylan said to the film editor, "We'll have to take all that stuff of Joan out." He hesitated and then added, "Well, it looks as if she was the whole thing. She was only there a few days. We'll have to cut it down."

Far more important to Dylan, however, was Albert Grossman, who took over Dylan's career and, to a great extent, his life. He is not only Dylan's manager, but also his confidant, healer and friend. Until recently, in fact, Dylan had no home of his own. He lived in Grossman's New York City apartment or the manager's antique-filled country home in Woodstock, N.Y.

He appears to be only vaguely aware of the extent or nature of his wealth, leaving the details to Grossman. "When I want money," Dylan says, "I ask for it. After I spend it, I ask for more."

Dylan has had his effect on Grossman, too, however. "I used to remember Albert as a nice-looking businessman, the kind of middle-aged man you would meet in a decent restaurant in the garment center," says one acquaintance. "Then, a while after he signed Dylan, I met him again. I couldn't believe it. I just couldn't believe what had happened to him. He had long gray hair like Benjamin Franklin and wire-rimmed spectacles, and he was wearing an old sweatshirt or something and Army pants. 'Albert,' I screamed, when I finally recognized him. 'Albert, what has Bobby done to you?'"

A measure of Dylan's relationship with his manager is found in the tone and style he uses in talking to Grossman. Even in the most ordinary conversation, Dylan can be almost impossible to understand. He is often vague, poetic, repetitive, confusing. But his flow of imagery can be startlingly precise and original, and the line of his thought brilliantly adventurous, funny and penetrating. So, in describing his music he will say, "It's all math, simple math, involved in mathematics. There's a definite number of Colt .45's that make up Marlene Dietrich, and you can find that out if you want to."

This kind of talk is not useful for more than a few situations. Nonetheless, it is the way Dylan speaks to fans, disk jockeys, reporters, acquaintances and, frequently, friends. It is not the way he speaks to Grossman. Then his voice often goes into a kind of piping whine, the voice of a little boy complaining to his father.

Thus, after a concert on the West Coast, at three o'clock in the morning, Dylan was told by a visitor that his voice was not heard over the blast of the electronically amplified rock-'n'-roll instruments. Grossman lay dozing on the hotel bed, his tinted glasses still on, a slight smile of repose on his heavy face.

"Al-*bert*," Dylan cried, "Albert, did you hear that? They couldn't hear me. Al-*bert*, I mean they couldn't *hear* me. What good is it if they can't hear me? We've got to get that sound man out here to fix it. What do you think, Albert?"

Grossman stirred on the bed and answered soothingly, "I told you in the car that the volume was too high. Just cut the volume by about a third and it'll be all right." Grossman went back to sleep, very much like an occidental Buddha, snoring lightly. Dylan was satisfied.

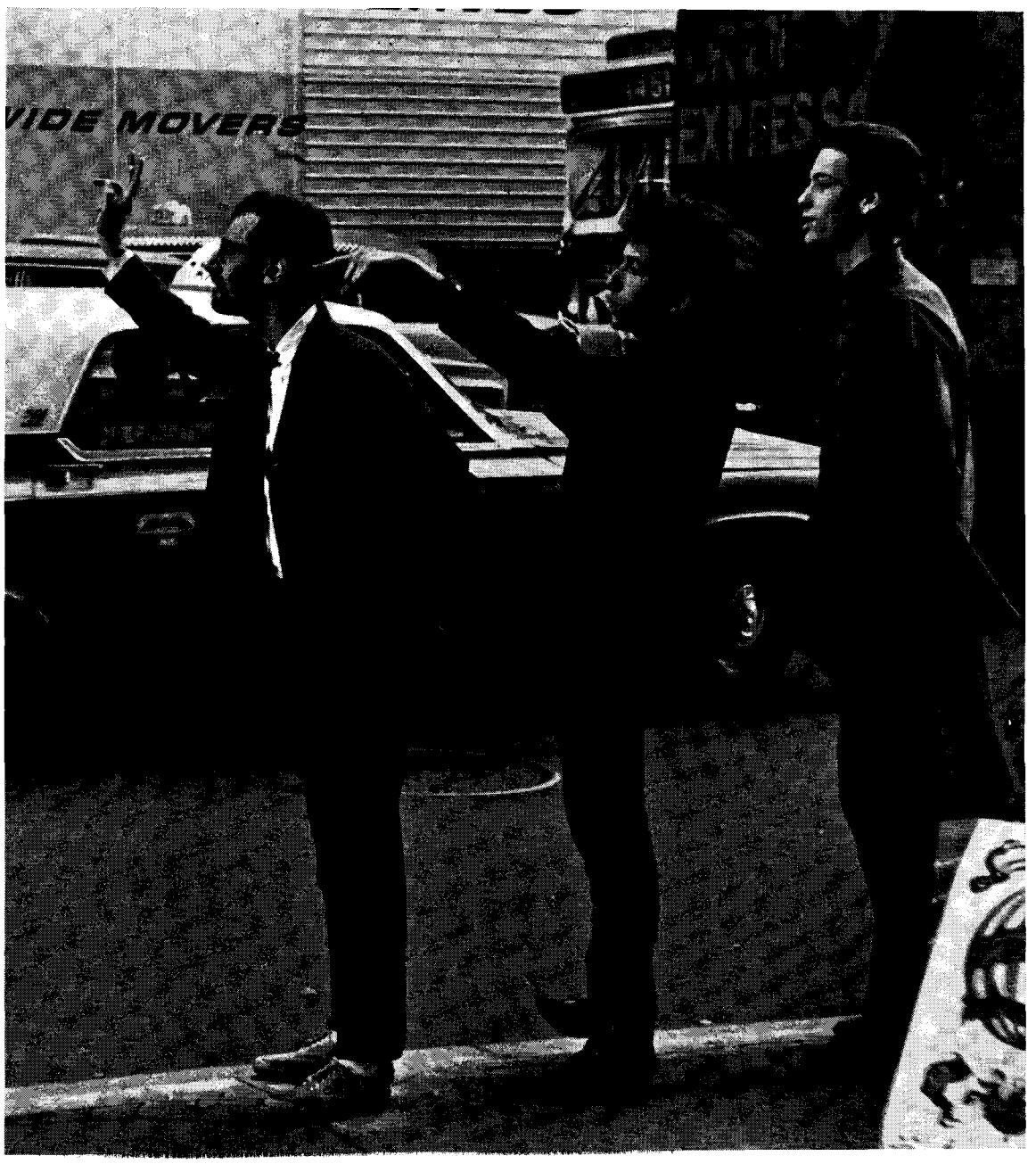
Grossman's formidable managerial talent is displayed most clearly when Dylan is on concert tour. From Grossman's New York office, the logistics of moving the singer and his crew from concert to concert halfway around the world are worked out with an efficiency that makes the whole operation seem effortless.

On the road the Dylan entourage usually consists of Dylan, his road manager, a pilot and co-pilot for the 13-seat two-engine Lodestar in which the group travels over the shorter distances (tourist-class commercial jets are used for overseas and transcontinental travel), two truck drivers who deliver the sound equipment and musicians' instruments from stop to stop, a sound man and five musicians—two guitarists, a drummer, pianist and organist. Grossman flies out from time to time to hear a concert or two and then returns to New York. On foreign tours he usually stays with the group throughout the trip.

Dylan's people are protective and highly attentive to his wants, and Dylan himself, given his status as a star, is neither especially demanding nor temperamental, even when things don't quite go according to schedule.

Last spring, for example, a concert in Vancouver was an acoustical disaster. The arena still smelled strongly of its last guests—a stock exhibition. It was perfectly round, with a flat dome that produced seven echoes from a sharp handclap in the center, and large open gates which let sound leak out of the hall as easily as if the concert were held in the open air. Although Dylan's $30,000 custom-designed sound system filled eight large crates with equipment, it could never fill this gigantic echo chamber with clear sound. To add to the problem, one of the small monitor speakers, placed on stage to enable the musicians to hear themselves play, was not working.

Dylan's concerts are divided into two halves.



With Peter Yarrow (of the folk-music group Peter, Paul and Mary) and John Hammond Jr. (son of a record-company executive), Dylan tries for a cab in New York.

*© 1962 by M. Witmark & Sons.

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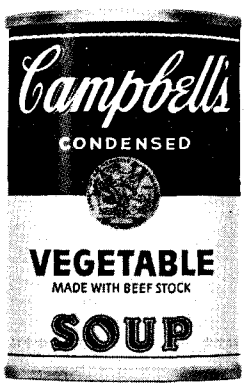
Fast feast for a family supper.

(Chicken in the basket, Campbell's in the bowl.)

Try it!

Dig in! Here's cold chicken ready for nibbling, hot crunchy bread, quick delicious Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Relax. There's something extra-friendly and easygoing about the warm good flavor of Campbell's. Makes you glad you decided to go informal. Try a fast feast at your house tonight — the fun is at your fingertips. Just reach for the Campbell's—it's right on your shelf.



They always eat better when you remember the soup

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Experts find

YOU NEED NOT BE OVER 65 TO GAIN FROM MEDICARE

Life's more fun when you feel secure against medical bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll get money back for staying healthy. Sick or well you must collect.

There are two important things people of all ages should realize about the government's new "Medicare" program of health protection for people over 65.

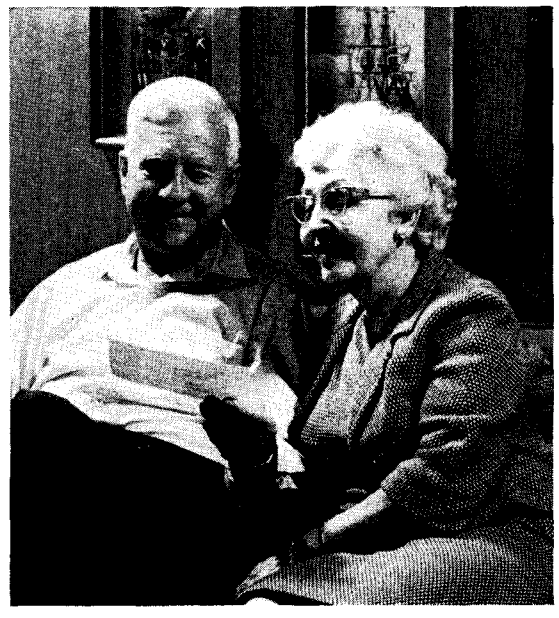
Most men and women over 65 already know that Medicare will not pay all their hospital, medical and surgical bills. They realize they need *added* protection to supplement Medicare and avoid an expensive loss. More about that later.

But few people *under* 65 realize that they, too, can gain from Medicare. A little-known part of the new Medicare law gives people a much bigger tax deduction on their health insurance premiums, starting with tax year 1967. So your health insurance can end up costing you less.

And now you can *also* get a revolutionary new kind of health insurance protection plan that *returns money to you* when you no longer need the protection because of Medicare.

When Medicare starts for you, this remarkable new low cost plan of protection will give you a big cash refund if you stayed well and didn't need the plan's benefits. Simply keep it in force until then, and you get a paid substantial cash "nest-egg" to enjoy during your retirement years—to save or spend as you wish. This extra cash can add important security to your retirement. Or you can use it for travel, a car, or for other things to help you enjoy retirement more.

Like ordinary health insurance, this new plan pays you tax-free cash benefits if you do get sick or hurt. It pays you regardless of other hospital, medical or surgical insurance you may have. And with today's higher-than-ever medical expenses, 9 out of 10 families urgently need added protection.



People over 65 get the cash they need to help fill the gaps in Medicare.

But unlike ordinary plans, this low cost plan means you no longer have to be sick or hurt to collect. Instead of paying premiums which return nothing if you have no claims, you get a big cash refund at maturity. In effect, you've built up an extra savings account.

Even if you do use up part of the benefits, you can still get a refund. If you collect less than what you've paid in annualized premiums, you get a refund of the difference. Sick or well, you *must* collect.

This revolutionary new kind of protection is offered by Bankers Life and Casualty Co. of Chicago as part of the famous White Cross Plan protecting over 6,000,000 Americans. And the White Cross Plan also includes new low cost protections specially designed to help people *over* 65 fill the gaps in Medicare.

The story of Medicare's new tax savings, plus the remarkable "Money-Back" plan and special "Over-65" plans to supplement Medicare, is told in the Gold Book, an interesting and informative booklet offered to you free by Bankers.

****To get your free copy of the Gold Book, simply fill out and mail the postage-free airmail reply card bound in next to this page. There is no cost or obligation.*

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During the first, in which he played his acoustic guitar into a stage microphone, the sound was patchy; in some spots it was perfect, in others it was very bad. In the second half, however, in which rock 'n' roll songs were played on the amplified instruments and electric guitars, the music was a garble of reverberation, and Dylan's voice was totally scrambled by the echo. The sound man sweated and twirled his knobs, but it was no use. At one point Grossman ran up to the stage to tell Dylan to stop "eating the mike," getting too close to the microphone and contributing to the electric jumble. The musicians, deprived of the monitor, watched each other tensely as they tried to keep their beat by observation rather than sound.

"Man, that was just terrible," Dylan said when he came offstage and hurried into the waiting car. "That was just awful. I mean that was worse than Ottawa, and Ottawa was the worst hole in the universe." He turned to each person in the car and asked them separately, "Wasn't that worse than Ottawa, and wasn't Ottawa the worst hole in the universe?" Everyone agreed that it was worse than Ottawa.

"That was really worse than Ottawa, and Ottawa was the worst, terrible, miserable hole in the entire universe," Dylan repeated, with a certain satisfaction. "Worse than Ottawa," he mused, and then, laughing, turned around and said, "And anyone who doesn't think it was worse than Ottawa can get out of the car right now."

Later he and Grossman discussed the problem again, and it was agreed that the fault lay in the arena, not in the equipment. In a better hall or a theater there would have been no trouble. Dylan's concern now was with the halls in which he was booked in Australia.

"Albert, it's no good in those arenas," he said. "I just would rather forget about arenas and play theaters. To hell with the money, I mean I would much rather have a good show. Are we going to play any arenas in Australia?"

"We have to," Grossman answered, after quickly going through the Australia situation with Dylan. "We haven't any choice, Bobby. There just aren't enough big concert halls or theaters there. It's not America. The country is still undeveloped."

"Well, all right," said Dylan. "I mean if we have to, but I wish we could just play theaters and halls. I mean that place was worse than Ottawa and ——" "Ottawa was the worst hole in the universe," someone chimed in.

"Yeah. The worst in the universe. And this was worse."

At no time, perhaps, was Dylan's closeness with Grossman more important than in 1965, the year Dylan turned from folk music to rock 'n' roll. He had by this time cut three more albums, two of them, *The Times They Are A-Changin'* and *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, outstandingly successful, not only in sales but in acclaim from the critics and the civil-rights activists. But he came back from a stunningly successful English tour with a feeling of *malaise* and a desire for change.

"After I finished the English tour," he says, "I quit because it was too easy. There was nothing happening for me. Every concert was the same: first half, second half, two encores and run out, then having to take care of myself all night.

"I didn't understand; I'd get standing ovations, and it didn't mean anything. The first time I felt no shame. But then I was just following myself after that. It was down to a pattern."

In his next album, *Bringing It All Back Home*, Dylan broke the pattern. Instead of playing either conventional "protest" as it was understood then, or using the traditional folk-music modes, he electrically amplified his guitar and set surrealistic verses to the rock-'n'-roll beat.

Ironically, it was one of the album's few non-rock songs that brought Dylan his first great success in the pop market. *Mr. Tambourine Man*, recorded by The Byrds in a hard-rock version complete with falsetto, was a massive hit.

'I'd get standing ovations and it didn't mean anything. It was down to a pattern.'

"When *Mr. Tambourine Man* broke, we didn't know anything about Bob Dylan" says "Cousin Brucie" Morrow, a disk jockey on WABC Radio, New York. "Oh, I remember a few years ago we'd listened to a single of his. It didn't seem to fit the sound then, so we didn't play it. That was all I knew about Bob Dylan until The Byrds hit with *Tambourine Man*. Then everyone was asking, 'Who's this Bob Dylan?' It's the only time I can remember when a composer got more attention for a hit than the performers did."

Then when Dylan released his new single, *Like a Rolling Stone*, and his new album, *Highway 61 Revisited*, the folk fans knew Bobby was going to be a teen-age idol, and if he was a teen-age idol he wasn't theirs anymore. For people who had thought they owned Bob Dylan it was a bitter disappointment, and Dylan lost a great many people he thought were his friends. "A freak and a parody," shrieked Irwin Silber in the folk-music magazine *Sing Out!* At the Newport Folk Festival of 1965, Dylan was booed off the stage. At his Forest Hills concert in September, the audience listened attentively through the first, folk, half of the program and then began to boo when the musicians came out for the rock 'n' roll portion. This time Dylan did not walk off the stage as he did at Newport, but fought his way through the performance, supported by 80 percent of the crowd.

Like a Rolling Stone finally put Dylan across as a rock 'n' roll star. He wrote it in its first form when he came back from England. "It was ten pages long," he says. "It wasn't called anything, just a rhythm thing on paper all about my steady hatred directed at some point that was honest. In the end it wasn't hatred, it was telling someone something they didn't know, telling them they were lucky. Revenge, that's a better word.

"I had never thought of it as a song, until one day I was at the piano, and on the paper it was singing, 'How does it feel?' in a slow motion pace, in the utmost of slow motion following something.

"It was like swimming in lava. In your eyesight, you see your victim swimming in lava. Hanging by their arms from a birch tree. Skipping, kicking the tree, hitting a nail with your foot. Seeing someone in the pain they were bound to meet up with.

"I wrote it. I didn't fail. It was straight." *Like a Rolling Stone* climbed rapidly to the top of the charts. It was followed by *Positively 4th Street* and then by *Ballad of a Thin Man*, and Dylan's lead was soon followed by other songwriters released from the inane bondage of the "I Love You, Teen Queen" straitjacket. Soon the airwaves were full of songs about the war in Vietnam, or civil rights, or the general disorder of the world and society in America. It was quickly labeled "folk-rock," and the kids wolfed it down and are still listening to it.

Along with the teen-agers, Dylan got a surprising bonus audience—the adult hip intellectuals who had just found out about rock 'n' roll. National magazines began writing favorably about both Dylan and rock 'n' roll, and rock concerts became the social events of the intellectuals' seasons. Allen Ginsberg said, "He writes better poetry than I did at his age . . . I'd say he's a space-age genius minstrel more than an old library poet . . ." One Sunday, the magazine sections of *The New York Times* and *The New York Herald-Tribune* simultaneously published long articles on the poetry of Bob Dylan, complete with learned analyses and exegeses of the most fashionable academic-journalistic-sociological kind.

Dylan's reaction is predictably thorny. "The songs are not meant to be great," he said. "I'm not meant to be great. I don't think anything I touch is destined for greatness. Genius is a terrible word, a word they think will make me like them. A genius is a very insulting thing to say. Even Einstein wasn't a genius. He was a foreign mathematician who would have stolen cars."

Some of his recent songs have brought him new criticism: it has been claimed that the lyrics of *Mr. Tambourine Man* and his latest hit, *Rainy Day Women #12 and 35* ("Everybody *must* get stoned!"), are all about drugs and drug experiences. Grossman denies it. Dylan won't talk about his songs. "Don't interpret me," he says. Talking about drugs, he is typically elusive.

"People just don't need drugs," he says. "Keep things out of your body. We all take medicine, as long as you know why you're taking it. If you want to crack down on the drug situation, the criminal drug situation takes place in suburban housewives' kitchens, the ones who get wiped out on alcohol every afternoon and then make supper. You can't blame them and you can't blame their husbands. They've been working in the mines all day. It's understandable."

During the past year Dylan has got married, fathered a son, Jesse Byron Dylan, and bought a townhouse in Manhattan's fashionable East 30's. Typically, he has attempted to keep all of this a secret. When his wife, a beautiful, black-haired girl named Sara Lownds, visited him in Vancouver and attended his concert, Dylan was faced with a problem: two disk jockeys were coming up to the dressing room to interview him; how was he to hide his wife from them? "Sara," said Dylan, opening a large closet, "when they arrive I want you to get in here." His wife looked at him quizzically but stepped reluctantly toward the open door. Dylan began to laugh, but it is a mark of the seriousness of his desire for privacy that his wife was ready to get into the closet.

The only thing anyone now will predict for certain is that Dylan will change. "I'll never decay," he says. "Decay is when something has stopped living but hasn't died yet, looking at your leg and seeing it all covered with creeping brown cancer. Decay turns me off. I'll die first before I decay." □

Dylan warms up before a concert, his cigarette in a makeshift holder that frees both hands for his guitar.

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A bellowing roar, a blinding flash, a billow of smoke; yells and screams from down below.

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Hornblower During the Crisis

In the cabin of the crippled French brig, he found a mysterious package—a document sealed in lead—which might prove to be the key to England's destiny.

by C. S. FORESTER

Summer, 1805. After two years in command of a ship of the English Fleet blockading Napoleon's invasion troops at the French port of Brest, Captain Horatio Hornblower is ordered to London for reassignment. He transfers at sea to the merchant-sloop *Princess*, commanded by Captain Baddlestone.

A French brig, the *Guêpe*, intercepts them as they make for the English coast. They are no match for this heavily armed ship of war, but the *Princess* has not yet identified herself as English. Hornblower and Baddlestone conceive a daring plan: When darkness comes, the *Princess* will heave to without having flown her colors, and if the brig should send men to investigate. . . .

The *Guêpe* does send a longboat; its crew is overpowered and drowned. Moments later two longboats—the French one and the *Princess*'s own—carry thirty determined Englishmen back through the darkness toward the *Guêpe*. In stealth the brig is boarded; a fierce battle begins. The French captain is killed, and the English raiders gain control of the main deck. But more than fifty Frenchmen, refusing to surrender, have barricaded themselves below; it will be impossible to make the brig a prize. Hornblower and Baddlestone decide to slash her rigging, then abandon her. "Cut the halyards, cut the forestay," cries Hornblower. "It'll take 'em the best part of a day before they can get sail on her again!"

Part Two

The project called for only the smallest amount of organization. There were plenty of men to mount guard at the scuttle and at the hatch (whose cover was rapidly disintegrating under the force of the ax blows from beneath) while the men who were to wreak destruction were assigned and sent about their tasks. The turmoil had already begun before Hornblower remembered one of the important duties of a King's officer in a captured ship—a flash of clarity that pierced like lightning through the somber cloud that oppressed his mind.

He dashed into the French captain's cabin. There stood the captain's desk, and as he should have expected, it was locked. He fetched a handspike from the nearest gun; it was only a minute's work to pry the desk open. There were the ship's papers, log and all. And there was something unusual, something flat, rectangular, and heavy—a sheet of lead bound with tarred twine. A second glance showed that it was actually a sandwich of lead, undoubtedly enclosing important papers—dispatches, probably; if not, they would be additions and changes to the signal book. The leaden casing told its own story; it was to be thrown overboard if the ship was in danger of being captured, but the French captain had been killed before he could take this emergency action.

A tremendous crash outside on the deck told Hornblower that the work of dismantling the brig was proceeding. He dragged a blanket from the French captain's cot, dumped all the ship's papers into it, and twisted the blanket into a bag, which he slung over his shoulder as he hurried out. The crash had been caused by the fall of the main yard. It lay across the deck in a tangle of rigging, which did not obscure the fact that the fall had half-broken it in the center. Five minutes' work by a gang of men who knew exactly what to do had left the brig a wreck.

Baddlestone and several other men were on guard forward over the hatchway. The frantic Frenchmen below were still battering at its cover with axes, and already a jagged hole was visible.

"We've fired every shot we have down at 'em," said Baddlestone. "When we go, we'll have to run for it!"

His words were underlined by a blast from below, and a musket bullet sang through the air between him and Hornblower.

"Wish we had ——" began Baddlestone, and checked himself; an idea had struck him and, in the same second, Hornblower as well.

When the brig, just at darkness, had closed up on the *Princess*, it had fired a

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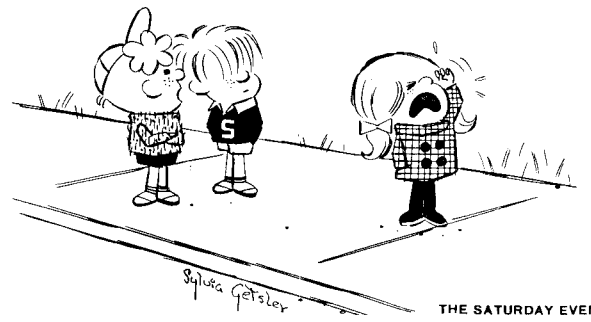

"I can't stand to see a girl cry—let's choke her."

CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER

shot across her bows; the gun that had fired that shot would almost certainly still be ready for action. Baddlestone rushed over to one battery, Hornblower to the other.

"There's a charge here!" yelled Baddlestone. "Jenkins, Sansome! Bear a hand!"

Hornblower searched the supply of shot and found what he was after.

"It's canister that'll do the trick," he said, bringing it over to Baddlestone and the others, who were working like madmen to swing the gun round so that it pointed at the hatchway. It called for vast effort; the wheels of the carriage groaned and shrieked as they scraped sideways on the deck. Baddlestone took the powder charge in its serge bag from the carrying bucket which had stood by the gun. The charge was rammed home, and then against it the canister—a cylinder of thin metal containing a hundred and fifty bullets. Gurney, the gunner, pierced the serge bag through the touch hole with the pricker, and primed with fine powder from the horn. Then he began to force in the quoin, the wedge that caused the breech of the gun to rise so that the muzzle pointed with infinite menace down the hatchway. Baddlestone glowered, turning his blackened face this way and that.

"Get down in the boats, all of you!"

"I'd better stay with you," said Hornblower.

"Get down into your boat with your party!" shouted Baddlestone.

It was the sensible thing to do; this was a rearguard action, and the covering force should be reduced to the absolute minimum. Hornblower herded his party down into the *Princess*'s boat, and most of Baddlestone's men went down into the brig's.

Hornblower held on to the fore-chains with one hand and stood for a moment on tiptoe, looking back at the swaying deck with the dead men tumbled over it, at the incredible confusion of the dismantled rigging. Two lanterns still burned in the shrouds, and the light from the cabin still waxed and waned with the swinging of the door.

Now Gurney and Baddlestone stood clear of the gun, and then Gurney jerked at the lanyard. A bellowing roar, a blinding flash, a billow of smoke; yells and screams from down below. Then the Englishmen came running across the deck—Baddlestone and Gurney, the men who had been standing guard at the scuttle and the hatchway and over the prisoners. Hornblower watched them scrambling down into the boat—Baddlestone the last, turning to yell defiance—and then he released his hold on the fore-chains and sat down.

"Shove off!" he cried.

A tiny pinpoint of dancing light showed where *Princess* still lay to. In five minutes they would be under way again, free from pursuit, with the wind fair for Plymouth.

The last turn of rope had been taken round the last post; *Princess* lay safe now alongside the quay in the victualing yard at Plymouth. Hornblower finished his letter, checked it through from "My dear wife" to "Your loving husband, Horatio Hornblower," then folded the sheet and put it in his pocket before going up on deck.

As always, there was something unreal—a sort of nightmare clarity—in this first contact with England after a long time at sea. The people, the sheds, the houses stood out with unnatural sharpness; voices were different with the land to echo them; the wind was vastly changed from the wind that blew at sea.

Hornblower saw that the *Princess*'s passengers were already stepping ashore, and that a crowd of curious onlookers had assembled. The arrival of a water hoy from the Channel Fleet was of interest simply because she might have news; a water hoy which had actually captured, and for a few minutes held, a French brig of war was of most particular interest.

Hornblower sought out Baddlestone; there were farewells to say, and there was something to be discussed.

"I have the French ship's papers here," he said, indicating his bundle.

"What of them?"

"It's your duty to hand them over to the authorities," said Hornblower. "You are legally bound to do that. As a King's officer, I must see that it is done."

"Then why not do it?" Baddlestone said.

"They are a prize of war, and you're the captain."

Baddlestone voiced his contempt for prizes of war that consisted solely of worthless papers.

"You'd better do it, Captain Hornblower," he said. "They'll be worth something to you."

"They certainly may be," agreed Hornblower.

Baddlestone studied Hornblower as if to ascertain some hidden motive behind the obvious one.

"It was you who thought of taking the papers," he said, "but you're ready to hand them over to me."

"Of course. You're the captain."

Baddlestone shook his head slowly; what was troubling him, Hornblower never knew.

Now, as he stepped ashore, there was the strange sensation of feeling the unmoving earth beneath his feet, and there was the silence that fell on the two groups of passengers—officers and ratings—as he approached to take a formal farewell of them. It was little

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more than a single day since they had all fought their way with cutlasses along the French brig's deck. There was a brotherhood—one might almost say a brotherhood of blood—between them, and it separated them clearly from the ignorant civilians who stood nearby.

Hornblower remembered his letter; that must be dealt with first. He saw a skinny, barefooted urchin on the fringe of the crowd.

"You, boy! D'you want to earn some money?"

"That do I." The homely accent was accompanied by an embarrassed grin.

"D'you know Driver's Alley?"

A nod.

"Here's tuppence and a letter. Run all the way and give the letter to Mrs. Hornblower. Can you remember that name? Very well. She'll give you another tuppence when you give her the letter. Run!"

Now for the good-byes. Hornblower faced the officers first.

"I said good-bye to most of you gentlemen only a few days back. A good deal has happened since then."

"Yes, sir!" The emphatic agreement was voiced by Bush.

"Now I'm saying good-bye once more. I said before that I hoped we'd meet again, and I say it now. And I say 'thank you,' too."

"It's us that have to thank you, sir," said Bush, over the inarticulate murmurs of the rest.

"Good-bye, you men," said Hornblower to the other group. "Good luck."

"Good-bye and good luck, sir," they chorused, and he turned away.

There was a dockyard laborer available to wheel his gear on a barrow, on which he could also lay the precious blanket-bundle of papers; it would not be out of his sight, and he had his dignity as a captain to consider. That dignity, Hornblower felt, was already imperiled by his disheveled appearance and by the difficulty he experienced in walking like a landsman; the cobbles over which he was making his way seemed to be moving up and down.

The laborer had no knowledge of where the admiral commanding the port was to be found; a passing clerk was stopped and questioned.

"The port admiral? You'll find him in his office in that stone building."

"Thank you. Do you know his name?"

"Foster. Rear Admiral Harry Foster."

"Thank you."

That must be Dreadnought Foster. He had been a member of the board of captains that had examined Hornblower for lieutenant all those years ago in Gibraltar, the night the Spaniards sent the fireships in.

The marine sentry at the outer gate presented arms, but he was not so wooden as to allow to pass unnoticed the blanket-bundle that Hornblower took from the laborer; his eyes swiveled round to stare at it, though his neck stayed rigid. Hornblower returned the salute and passed through. The flag lieutenant who interviewed him next also noticed the bundle, but his expression softened when Hornblower explained that he was carrying captured documents.

"From the *Guêpe*, sir?" asked the lieutenant.

"Yes," answered Hornblower in surprise.

"The admiral will see you, sir."

It was only yesterday that Hornblower, examining the brig's log, had discovered the French ship's name. And it was only an hour ago that the *Princess* had made contact with the land, yet the story was already known in the admiral's office. At least this would save a little time; Maria would be waiting at the dockyard gate.

Dreadnought Foster was just as Hornblower remembered him—swarthy, and with an expression of sardonic humor. Like his flag lieutenant, he had heard something of the story of the capture of the brig, and he grasped the details, as Hornblower supplied them, with professional ease.

"And those are the documents?" he asked, when Hornblower had finished his narrative.

"Yes, sir."

"Not everyone would have remembered to bring them away, captain," Foster said, as he began to turn them over. "Log. Daybook. Station bill. Quarter bill. Victualing returns."

He had laid the lead-covered dispatch aside to examine last.

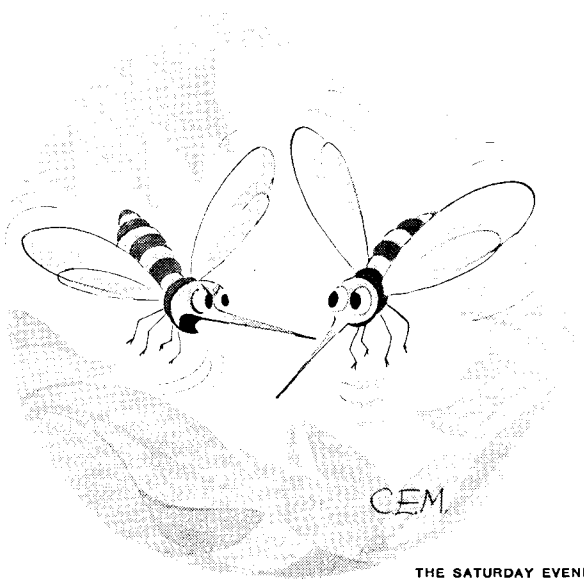
"Now, what do we have here?" He studied the label. "What does 'S.E.' mean?"

"*Son Excellence*—His Excellency, sir."

"His Excellency, the Captain General of —— What's this, captain?"

"Windward Isles, sir."

"I might have guessed that," admitted Foster. "But I never had a head for French."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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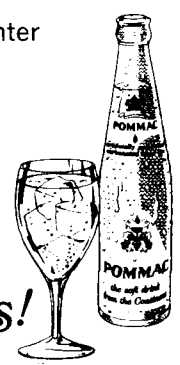

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CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER

Fingering the penknife on his desk, he studied the tarred twine that bound the leaden sandwich. Then he put the knife down reluctantly and looked up at Hornblower.

"I don't think I'd better meddle," he said. "This'll be best left for Their Lordships."

Hornblower had had the same thought, but had not dared to voice it. Foster looked at him searchingly.

"You intend going to London, of course, captain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Naturally. You want a ship, I think."

"Yes, sir. Admiral Cornwallis named me for promotion last month."

"Well, this"— Foster tapped the dispatch—"this will save you time and money. Flags!"

"Sir!" The flag lieutenant was instantly in attendance.

"Captain Hornblower will need a post chaise."

"Aye aye, sir."

"Have it at the gate immediately."

"Aye aye, sir."

"Have a travel warrant made out for London."

"Aye aye, sir." The flag lieutenant departed.

Foster smiled sardonically at the bewilderment in Hornblower's face.

"Seventeen guineas that will cost King George, God bless him!" he said. "Aren't you grateful for his bounty?"

Hornblower had regained control over himself; he was even able to conceal his irritation at his own lapse.

"Of course, sir," he said.

"Every day, ten times a day sometimes," said Foster, "I have officers coming in here, even admirals, trying to get travel warrants to London. And here you don't care."

"Of course I'm delighted, sir," said Hornblower. "And greatly obliged."

Maria would be waiting at the gate, but a King's officer had his duty to do. And it was less than three months since the leave when he had last seen Maria; some officers had been parted from their wives since the outbreak of war more than two years ago.

"No need to be obliged to me," said Foster. "*This* is what decided me." He tapped the lead-covered dispatch again.

"Their Lordships should find it worth seventeen guineas. I'm not doing it for your sweet sake."

"Naturally, sir."

"I'd better give you a note to Marsden. It will get you past the doorkeeper."

"Thank you, sir."

While Foster scribbled away, Hornblower considered those last two speeches, which were hardly tactful. They implied a certain lack of charm on Hornblower's part. Marsden was the Secretary to the Lords of the Admiralty; the suggestion that a note would be needed to gain admittance was a disparaging comment on Hornblower's appearance.

"Chaise at the gates, sir," announced the flag lieutenant as he returned.

"Very well." Foster sanded his note, poured the sand back into the container, folded the paper and addressed it, sanded it once more, and once more returned the sand. "Seal that, if you please."

As the flag lieutenant busied himself with candle and wax and seal, Foster looked again at Hornblower.

"You're going to be pestered for news at every relay," he said. "The country can't think about anything except 'What's Nelson doing?' and 'Has Boney crossed yet?' They'll discuss Villainoove and Calder the way they used to discuss Tom Cribb and Jem Belcher."

"Indeed, sir?" said Hornblower. "I fear I do not know those names."

Foster blinked. Tom Cribb and Jem Belcher were celebrated heavyweight pugilists of the day.

"Ready, sir," said the flag lieutenant, handing the sealed note to Hornblower.

"Good-bye, captain," said Foster, "and a pleasant journey."

Outside the dockyard gate there was the usual small crowd—laborers waiting to be hired, anxious wives, and mere sightseers. Their attention at this moment was taken up by the post chaise which stood waiting, the postilion at the horses' heads. Then came a well-remembered voice. "Horry! Horry!"

There stood Maria, in bonnet and shawl, with little Horatio in her arms.

Hornblower strode out through the gate and clasped both Maria and the child in the same embrace.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just put me down by the phone."

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"Horry, darling. My precious," said Maria. "You're back again. Here's your son—look how he's growing up. He runs about all day long. There, smile at your daddy, poppet."

Little Horatio did indeed smile, for a fleeting instant, before hiding his face in Maria's bosom.

"He looks well indeed," said Hornblower. "What about you, my dear?"

He stood back to look her over. There was no sign of her pregnancy, except perhaps in the expression of her face.

"To see you is to give me new life, my loved one," said Maria.

It was painful to realize that what she said was so close to the truth. And it was even more painful to know that he must tell her, in this very moment of meeting, that he was leaving her again.

Now Maria put out her right hand to twitch at his coat, keeping firm hold of little Horatio with her left arm.

"Your clothes look poorly, Horry, darling," she said. "How crumpled this coat is! I'd like to get at it with an iron."

"My dear ——" said Hornblower.

Maria anticipated him. "I know," she said quickly. "I saw your chest and bag being put into the chaise. You're going away."

"I fear so."

"To London?"

"Yes."

"Not one little moment with me—with us?"

"I fear not, my dear."

Maria was being very brave. She held her head back and looked straight at him; there was just the tiniest quiver of her lips.

"And after that, darling?" Her tone gave a further hint of the stress within her.

"I hope to get a ship, my dear."

"Yes." Just the one word, of heart-broken acquiescence.

Maria then bravely distracted herself by lifting her hand to his cheek, to a point just below his left ear.

"What's this?" she asked. "It looks like paint. Black paint."

"Very likely it's paint," agreed Hornblower.

He had resisted the impulse to draw back from a public caress; until Maria spoke, he had not realized what it was she had observed. Now there was a flood of recollection. The night before last he had stormed onto the deck of the French brig with a gang of yelling madmen with blackened faces. He had heard cutlass blades crunch on bones, he had heard screams for mercy, he had seen nine pounds of canister fired down a hatchway filled with struggling men.

"Horry, darling?" said Maria.

He saw that she was looking at him anxiously, frightened; he knew that he must have been scowling as he relived the experiences of that night.

"It wasn't easy to clean up in *Princess*."

"You must do it as soon as ever you can," said Maria, scrubbing at the spot with her handkerchief. "It won't come off for me."

He realized that this was the moment, with reassurance restored to Maria's face, to tear himself from her.

"I must say good-bye now, dear," he said gently.

"Yes, dear."

She had learned her lesson well in the half-dozen farewells since their marriage. She knew that her incomprehensible husband disliked any show of emotion, even in private. And above all, she had learned that she counted nothing, nothing at all, against his duty, that if she were to pit herself and her child against this, it would only end in a terrible hurt for them all.

It was only a few steps to the waiting chaise. Hornblower took note that his baggage, including the blanket-bundle, was under the seat, and turned back to his wife and child.

"Good-bye, son," he said, and once again was rewarded with a smile instantly concealed. "Good-bye, my dear. I shall write to you, of course."

Hornblower kissed her, climbed up into the chaise, and sat there, feeling oddly isolated. The postilion mounted, and the horses moved forward. The small crowd of onlookers raised something like a cheer. Then hoofs clattered on the cobbles, the chaise swung round the corner, and Maria was shut from Hornblower's sight.

"This'll do," said Hornblower to the landlady.

"Bring up the chest, 'Arry," yelled the landlady over her shoulder, and Hornblower heard the heavy tread of her dim-witted son on the stairs.

He had a bed and a chair and a wash-hand stand with a mirror above it—all a man could need. These were the cheap lodgings recommended to him by the last postilion, and there had been a certain commotion in the frowzy street when the post chaise had pulled up—it was not at all the sort of street where post chaises were expected. The cries of the children who had been attracted by the sight could still be heard through the narrow window.

"Anything you want?" asked the landlady.

"Hot water," said Hornblower.

The landlady stared at the man who wanted hot water at nine in the morning.

"I'll get you some," she said.

Hornblower sat down in the chair. His backside felt as if it were one big bruise, as if it had been beaten with a club. It would have been far more comfortable to stretch out on the bed, but that he dared not do. He kicked off his shoes and wriggled out of his coat, and became aware that he stank.

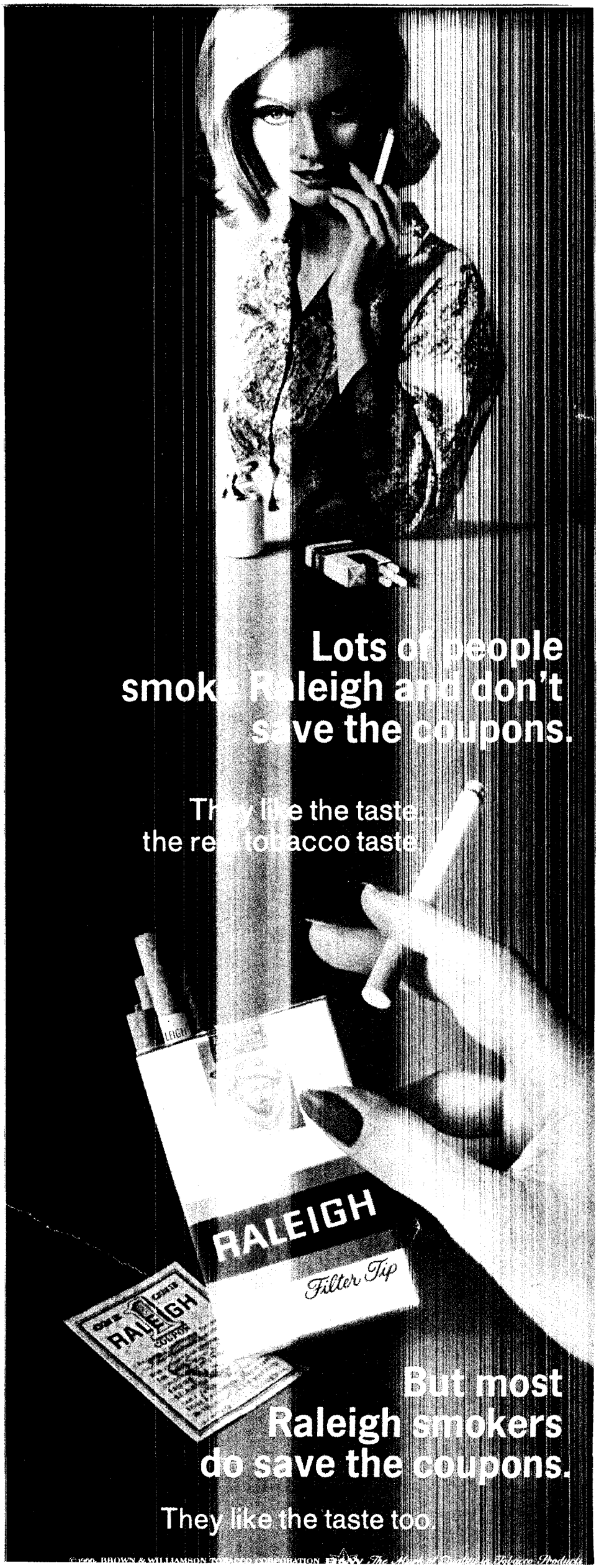
"'Ere's your 'ot water," said the landlady, reentering.

"Thank you."

When the door closed again, Hornblower got wearily to his feet and took off the rest of his clothes. It was an awkward business to wash himself inch by inch in the basin, but the process was restorative in some small degree. With his final pint of hot water he applied himself to shaving.

That brought about a decided improvement in his appearance, though the face that looked out at him from the mirror now was drawn very fine, and there was a pallor that made his tan look as if it had been painted on. He looked closely at his left cheek, but the shave had removed the paint that Maria had noticed. He put on clean clothes, which were faintly damp, as clothes always were when newly come from the sea. Now he was ready; he picked up his bundle of papers and walked stiffly down the stairs.

Dreadnought Foster had displayed good sense in giving him a note; the Admiralty doorkeeper eyed Hornblower and his bundle with intense suspicion—



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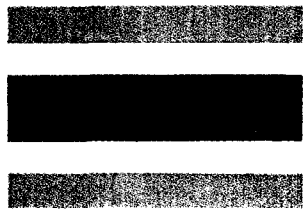

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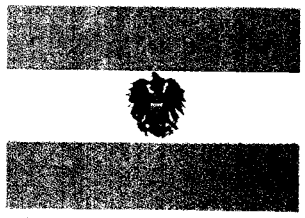

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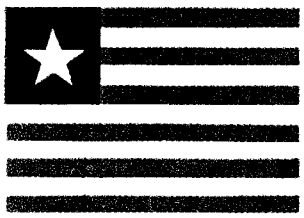

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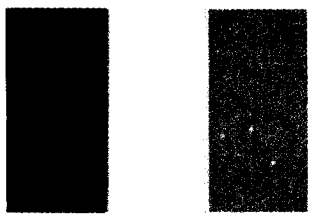

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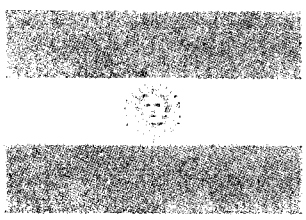

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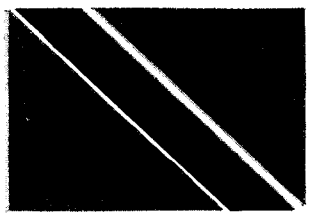

TRINIDAD & TOBAGO

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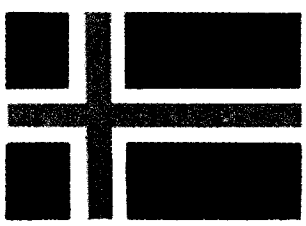
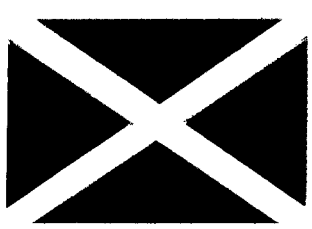


ICELAND



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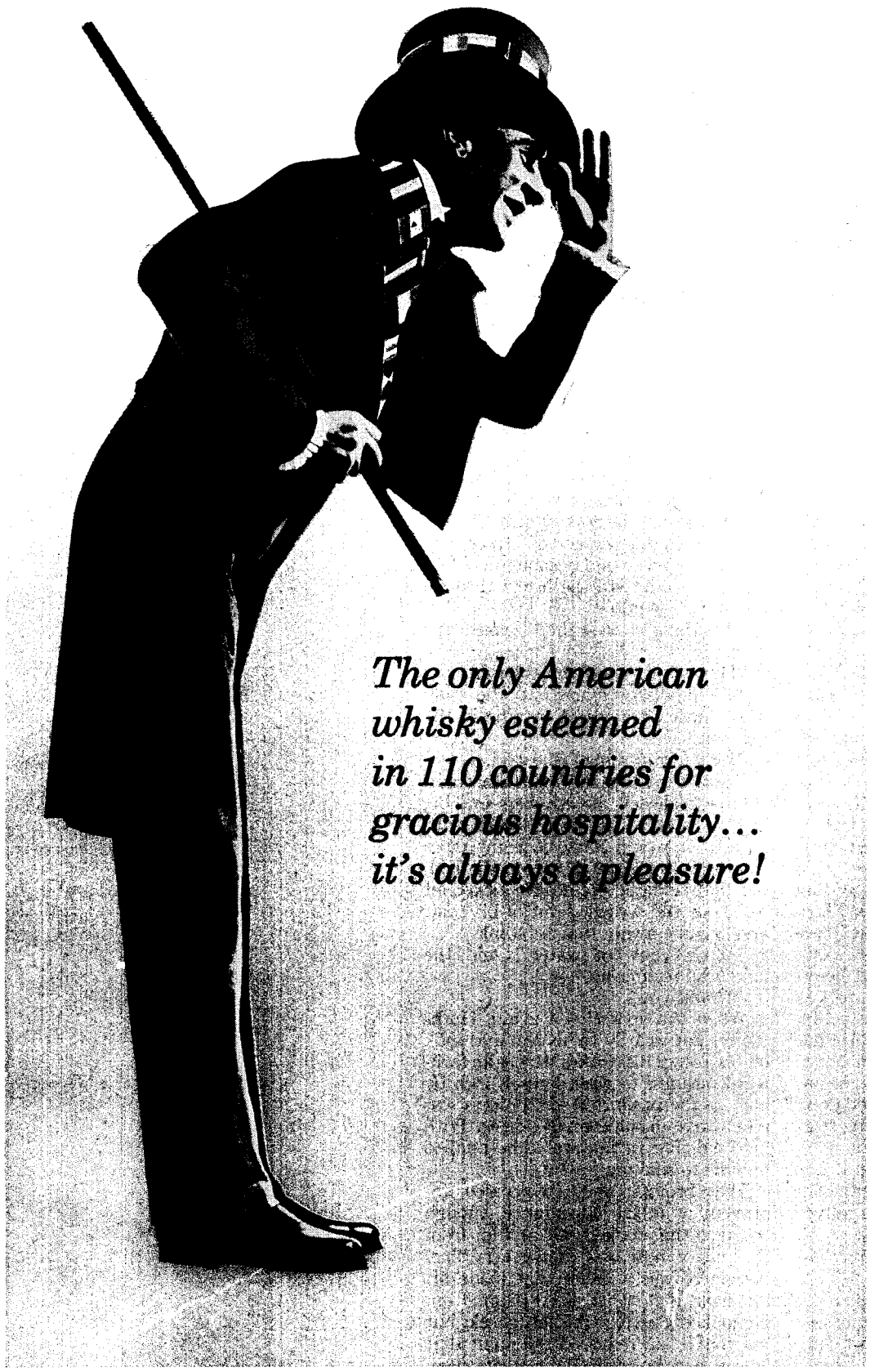

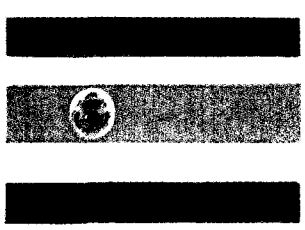

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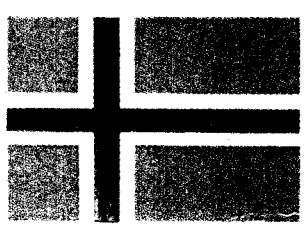

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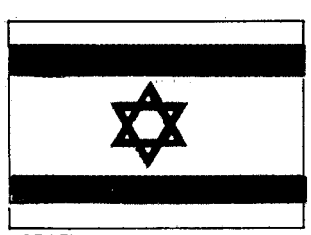

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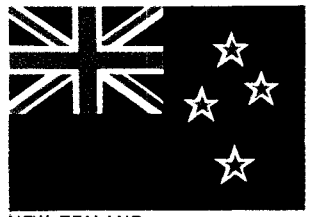

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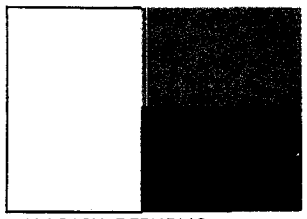

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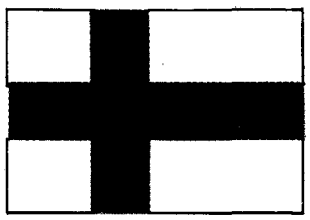

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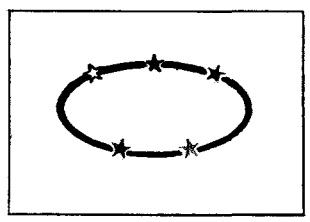

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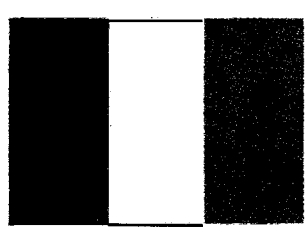

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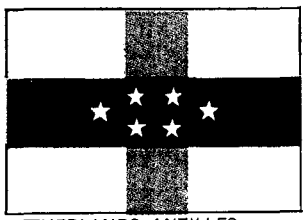
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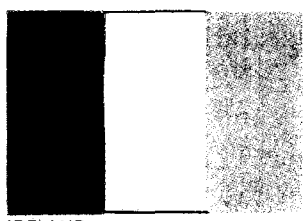
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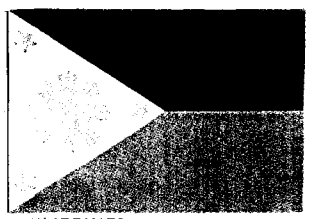
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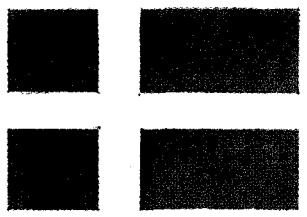
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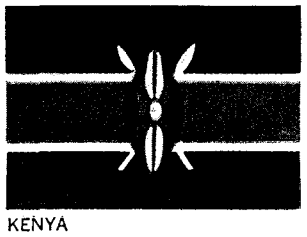
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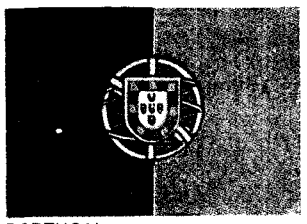
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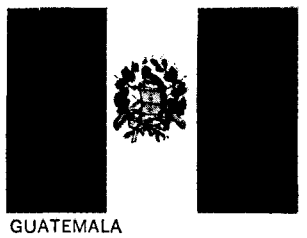
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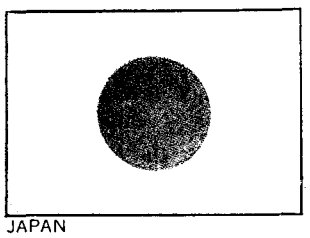
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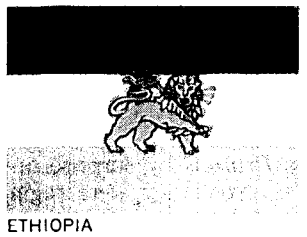
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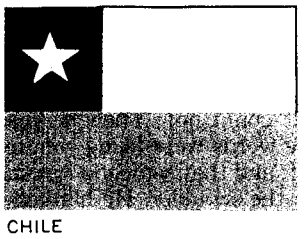
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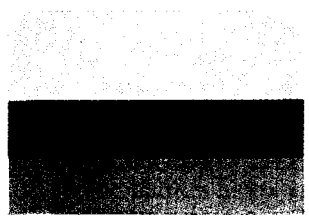
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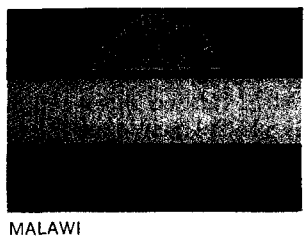
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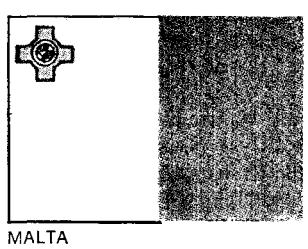
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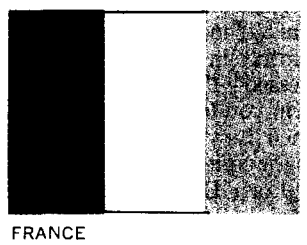
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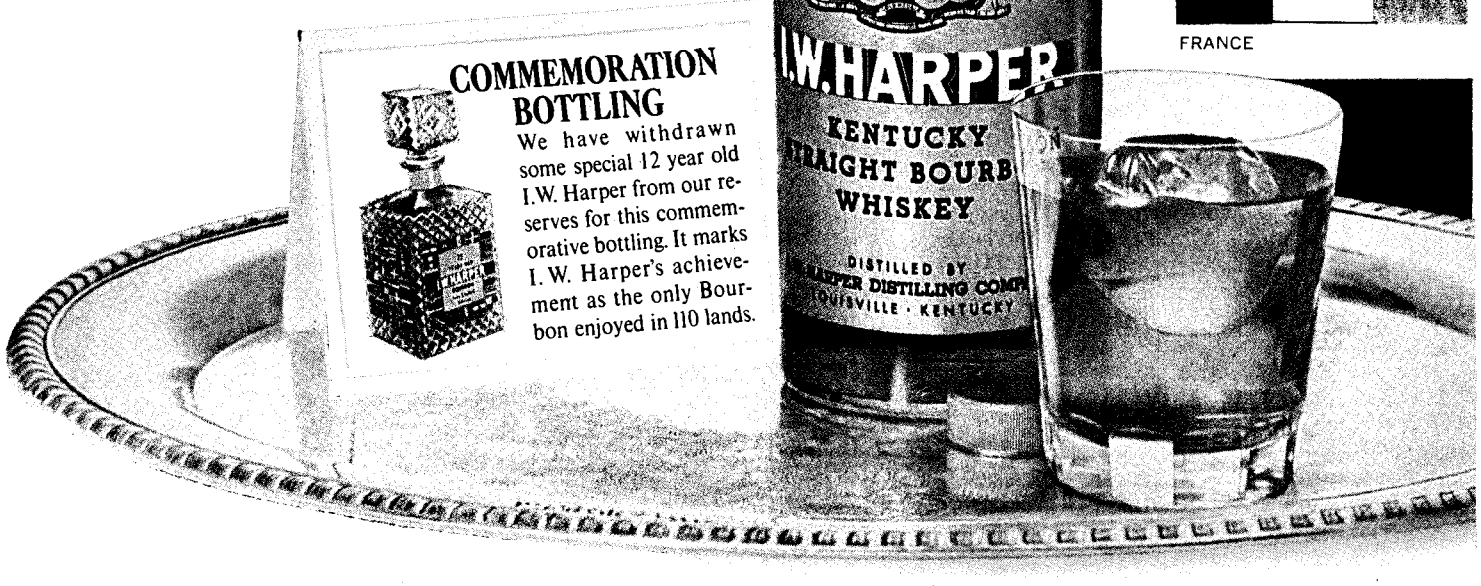
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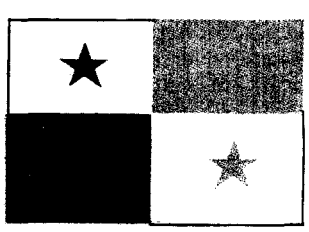
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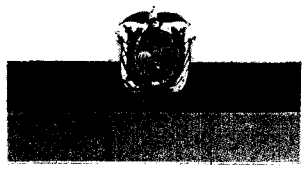
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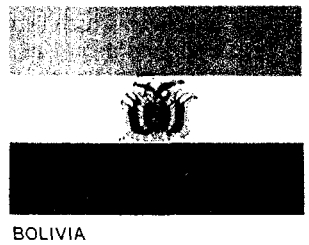
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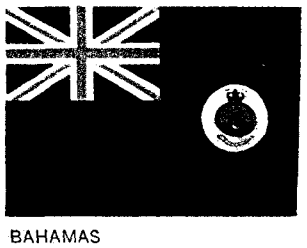
BAHAMAS

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it was not only cranks and madmen that he had to turn away, but naval officers who came to pester Their Lordships for employment.

"I have a letter for Mr. Marsden from Admiral Foster," said Hornblower, and the doorkeeper's expression softened at once.

"Would you please write a note to that effect on this form, sir?"

Hornblower wrote, "Bringing a message from Rear Admiral Harry Foster," and signed his name, along with his boardinghouse address.

The doorkeeper led him into a waiting room and bustled off. Hornblower exchanged formal good-mornings with the several officers sitting in attitudes of impatience or resignation, and then he sat down in a corner of the room. It was a wooden chair, unfriendly to his tormented sitting area, but it had a high back with wings against which it was comfortable to lean.

Somehow Frenchmen had boarded the *Princess* by surprise, in the darkness. Now they were raging through the ship, swinging cutlasses. Everywhere there was turmoil, and Hornblower struggled to free himself from his hammock to fight for his life. Now someone was shouting, "Wake up, sir!" which was what he wanted to do but could not. Then he realized that the words were being shouted into his ear, and that someone was shaking him by the shoulder. He blinked twice and came back to consciousness.

"Mr. Marsden will see you now, sir," said the messenger who had awakened him, and Hornblower got stiffly to his feet.

Mr. Marsden was a tall and incredibly elegant gentleman of middle age, old-fashioned in that his hair was tied at the back with a ribbon, yet elegant still because the style exactly suited him. His name was known throughout England because it was to Marsden that dispatches, which were later printed in the newspapers, were addressed—"Sir, I have the honor to inform you for the further information of Their Lordships that . . ." First Lords might come and First Lords might go—as Lord Barham had just come and Lord Melville had just gone—and so might Sea Lords, and so might admirals, but Mr. Marsden remained the Secretary. It was he who handled all the executive work of the greatest navy the world had ever seen. Of course, he had a large staff—no fewer than forty clerks, so Hornblower had heard—and an assistant secretary, Mr. Barrow, who was almost equally well known.

It was a lovely, elegant room that looked out onto the Horse Guards parade, a room that exactly suited Mr. Marsden, who was seated at an oval table. At his shoulder stood an elderly, gray-haired clerk.

Brief salutations were exchanged, and Hornblower set his bundle on the table.

"See what is here, Dorsey," Marsden said over his shoulder to the clerk. Then, to Hornblower, "How did these come into your possession?"

Hornblower told of the momentary capture of the *Guêpe*, aware of Marsden's gray eyes holding steadily on him.

"The French captain was killed?" asked Marsden.

"Yes."

"That indicates that whatever this contains may be genuine," said Marsden. Hornblower was puzzled momentarily until he realized that Marsden had considered the possibility of a *ruse de guerre*—the papers might have been deliberately "planted."

"Quite genuine, I think, sir," he said, and went on to point out that the French brig could not possibly have expected the *Princess* to launch an attack on her.

"Yes." Marsden was a man of icy-cold manner, and he spoke in a tone unrelentingly formal. "These circumstances were completely unpredictable. What have you found, Dorsey?"

"Nothing of great importance except this, sir."

Dorsey was looking keenly at the lead-covered dispatch. He took a penknife from the tray in front of Marsden and cut the twine that bound the lead covers. They fell apart, revealing a large linen envelope, heavily sealed in three places.

"Ah!" Dorsey studied the seals closely before looking over at Hornblower. "You have brought us something valuable, sir. This is the first of its kind to come into our possession."

He handed the envelope to Marsden. "The seals of this newfangled empire of Bonaparte's, sir. Three good specimens."

More than a year had passed, Hornblower realized, since Bonaparte had proclaimed himself emperor. Marsden permitted him to look closely at the imperial eagle, which he thought not quite as dignified a bird as it might be—the feathers that sheathed its legs offered a grotesque impression of trousers.

"I should like to open this envelope very carefully, sir," said Dorsey, and Marsden gave him permission to take it from the room.

Fate hung in the balance for Hornblower at that moment; he was somehow aware of that, even as he sensed that Marsden was about to dismiss him. Later in his life he would look back to this crisis and see it as one in which his destiny had been determined by a single minute's difference in timing. A few seconds' delay along a telegraph route, a minute's dilatoriness on the part of a messenger, and his life would have followed a different path.

For at this moment the door at the end of the room opened abruptly and another elegant gentleman came striding in. He was some years younger than Marsden, and dressed soberly but in the very height of fashion—a lightly starched collar reaching to his ears; a white waistcoat, picked out with black, calling unobtrusive attention to the slenderness of his waist.

Marsden, who had looked round with some annoyance at the intrusion, restrained himself when he saw a sheet of paper fluttering in the intruder's hand.

"Villeneuve's in Ferrol," said the newcomer. "This has just come by telegraph. Calder fought him off Finisterre and was given the slip."

Marsden read the dispatch.

"This will be for His Lordship," he said calmly, and rose with deliberation from his chair. "Mr. Barrow, this is Captain Hornblower. You had better hear about his recent acquisition."

Marsden went out through a hardly perceptible door behind him, and Barrow turned to Hornblower.

"What is this acquisition, captain?"

"A dispatch from Bonaparte, sir." Hornblower used the "sir" deliberately, despite his confusion; Barrow was, after all, the Second Secretary.

"But that may be of vital importance, captain."

"It is being opened by Mr. Dorsey at the present moment, sir."

"I see."

Hornblower made the request that was clamoring inside him for release.

"What about this news, sir? What about Villeneuve?"

"No harm in your knowing," said Barrow. "Calder met Villeneuve off Finisterre. They were in action for the best part of two days—it was thick weather—and then they parted. Calder seems to have taken a couple of Spaniards."

Two fleets, each of twenty ships or more, had fought for two days with no more result than that. England would be furious—for that matter, England might be in very serious peril.

"And Villeneuve broke through into Ferrol, sir?" asked Hornblower.

"Yes."

"That's a difficult place to watch."

"Do you know Ferrol?" demanded Barrow sharply.

"Fairly well, sir."

"How?"

"I was a prisoner of war there in 'Ninety-seven, sir."

"Did you escape?"

"No, sir, they set me free. I helped to save life in a shipwreck."

"So you know about conditions in Ferrol. And you say it's a difficult place to watch. Why?"

Sitting in a peaceful office in London, a man could experience as many surprises as on the deck of a frigate at sea. Here was a question regarding the difficulty of blockading Ferrol. The questioner was a civilian, a landsman, and he wanted an immediate answer. For the first time in a century the First Lord was a seaman, an admiral; it would be a feather in the Second Secretary's cap if he could display familiarity with conditions in Ferrol.

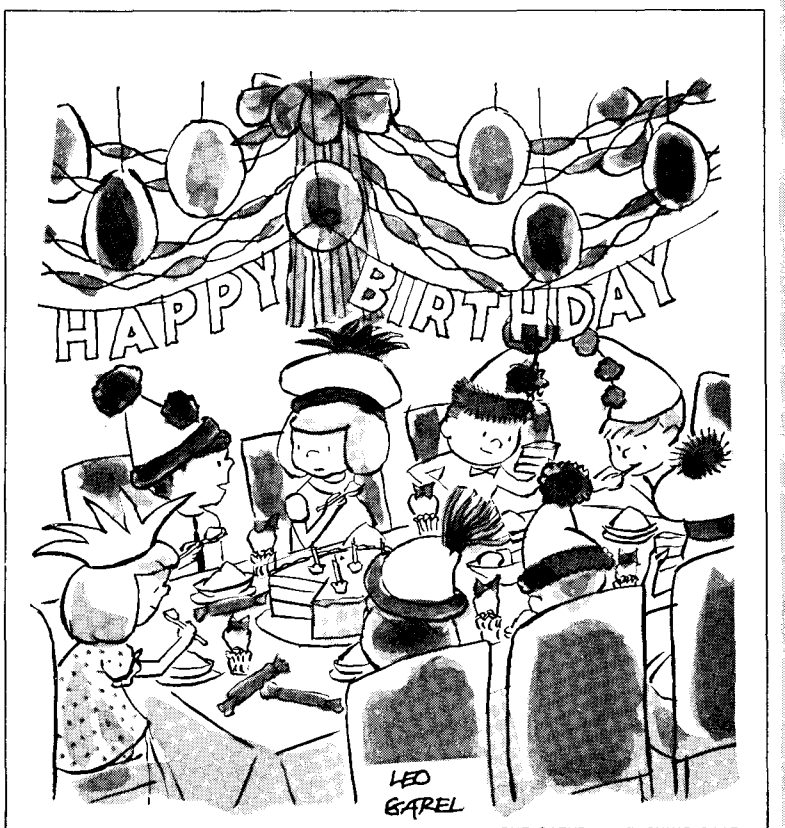
Hornblower thought fast, wishing to present an orderly statement.

"First of all, it's a matter of distance," he began. "It's not like blockading Brest."

Plymouth would be the base in each case; from Plymouth to Brest was perhaps fifty leagues, while from Plymouth to Ferrol was nearly two hundred. Communication and supply would be far more difficult. And a fleet blockading Ferrol had no friendly refuge to leeward. A fleet blockading Brest could run to Tor Bay in a westerly tempest. A fleet blockading Cadiz could rely on the friendly neutrality of Portugal; it had Lisbon on one flank and Gibraltar on the other. But off Ferrol, westerly gales would drive a blockading fleet into the *cul-de-sac* of the Bay of Biscay, whose shores were not merely hostile but wild and steep and swept by rain and fog. To keep watch over Villeneuve in Ferrol, particularly in winter, would impose an intolerable strain on the watcher, especially as the exits from Ferrol were far easier and more convenient than the single exit from Brest—even a very large fleet could sortie from Ferrol in a single tide.

Hornblower recalled what he had observed in Ferrol—the facilities for the watering, supply, and berthing of a fleet; the winds that were favorable for exit, and the winds that made exit impossible; the facilities to maintain close observation over a blockaded force. Lastly, he described the approaches to the town—long and difficult roads

America, America



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

over mountain passes. To support a fleet under blockade there, to keep it supplied by road with the hundreds of tons of necessary stores, might be more than the Spaniards could manage.

"As matters stand now, we're back to where we were," said Barrow, half to himself. "Waiting for the enemy to come out and fight. If only Calder had thrashed Villeneuve thoroughly! Half our troubles would be over."

Hornblower searched for words that would not imply a criticism of an admiral by a junior officer.

"Just possibly, sir," he said.

He knew that as soon as news of the battle of Cape Finisterre was released, the British public would boil with rage. The mob would never be satisfied with this mere skirmish, especially with Bonaparte's army poised for embarkation on the Channel coast, and Britain's fate dependent on the efficient handling of her fleets. Calder might well experience the fate of Admiral Byng; he might be accused, like Byng, of not having done his utmost to destroy the enemy. A political upheaval could easily occur in the near future.

Hornblower's next thought was that a political upheaval would sweep away the Cabinet, including the First Lord, and possibly even the Secretariat. The very man to whom he was now talking might be looking for new employment within a month. It was a tricky situation, and Hornblower was suddenly desirous that the interview should be ended. When the door opened to admit Dorsey, he looked up with relief.

"The Secretary is with His Lordship," explained Barrow. "What is it, Mr. Dorsey?"

"I've opened the dispatch that Captain Hornblower captured, sir. It's—it's important, sir."

Dorsey's glance wavered from Barrow to Hornblower and back again.

"I think Captain Hornblower is entitled to see the results of his efforts," said Barrow.

Dorsey, coming forward, set down on the table a small tray on which lay half a dozen discs of white wax.

"I've reproduced the seals," he explained. "Two copies of each. That seal-cutter in Cheapside can cut a seal from these so that Boney himself couldn't tell the difference. And I've managed to lift the originals without damaging them too much—the hot-knife method, you understand, sir."

"Excellent!" said Barrow, examining the discs.

"But this dispatch, sir —— Ah, this is the greatest of prizes! See here, sir!"

Dorsey stabbed excitedly at the paper. At the bottom of the sheet, which was covered with paragraphs of neat handwriting, was a crabbed signature. It had been written by a careless hand, and was surrounded by the little ink spatters that result from a protesting pen. Hornblower could read the first letters—"Nap . . ." The rest was only a jagged line and a flourish.

"That's the first signature of this sort to come into our possession, sir,"

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explained Dorsey. "He has always signed just 'Bonaparte' before."

"He hasn't adopted the Imperial style," said Barrow, examining the letter. "Not yet, at least. He calls himself 'I' and not 'We.' See here, and here."

"I wonder what the letter says?" interposed Hornblower. So far, they were like people judging a book by its binding without a thought for its contents. He took the page from Dorsey's hand and began to read.

"You read French, sir?" asked Barrow.

"Yes," said Hornblower in an off-hand manner, and concentrated on his reading. He had never read a letter from an emperor before.

The letter was addressed to the general commanding the French forces in Martinique, and it dealt mainly with instructions sent previously by the Ministries of Marine and of War. The last paragraph was more flamboyant.

"Do not forget, no matter what reverses you may experience, the importance of three things: Remain active, concentrate your forces, and resolve firmly to die with glory. These are the great principles, and they have brought me success in all my operations. Death means nothing, but to live defeated and without glory is to die each day."

"It reads like a counsel of despair, sir," said Hornblower. "He is telling this general to fight to the last."

"Certainly there is no mention of sending him reinforcements," said Barrow. "A pity. To reinforce the West Indies, Boney would have to send ships—and risk losing them at sea."

Hornblower nodded. "He needs a victory here first."

"Yes."

Barrow's bitter smile was matched by Hornblower's. A victory by Bonaparte in home waters would mean the conquest of England, the automatic fall of the West Indies and the East Indies, of the whole empire; it would mean a vast alteration in the destiny of all mankind.

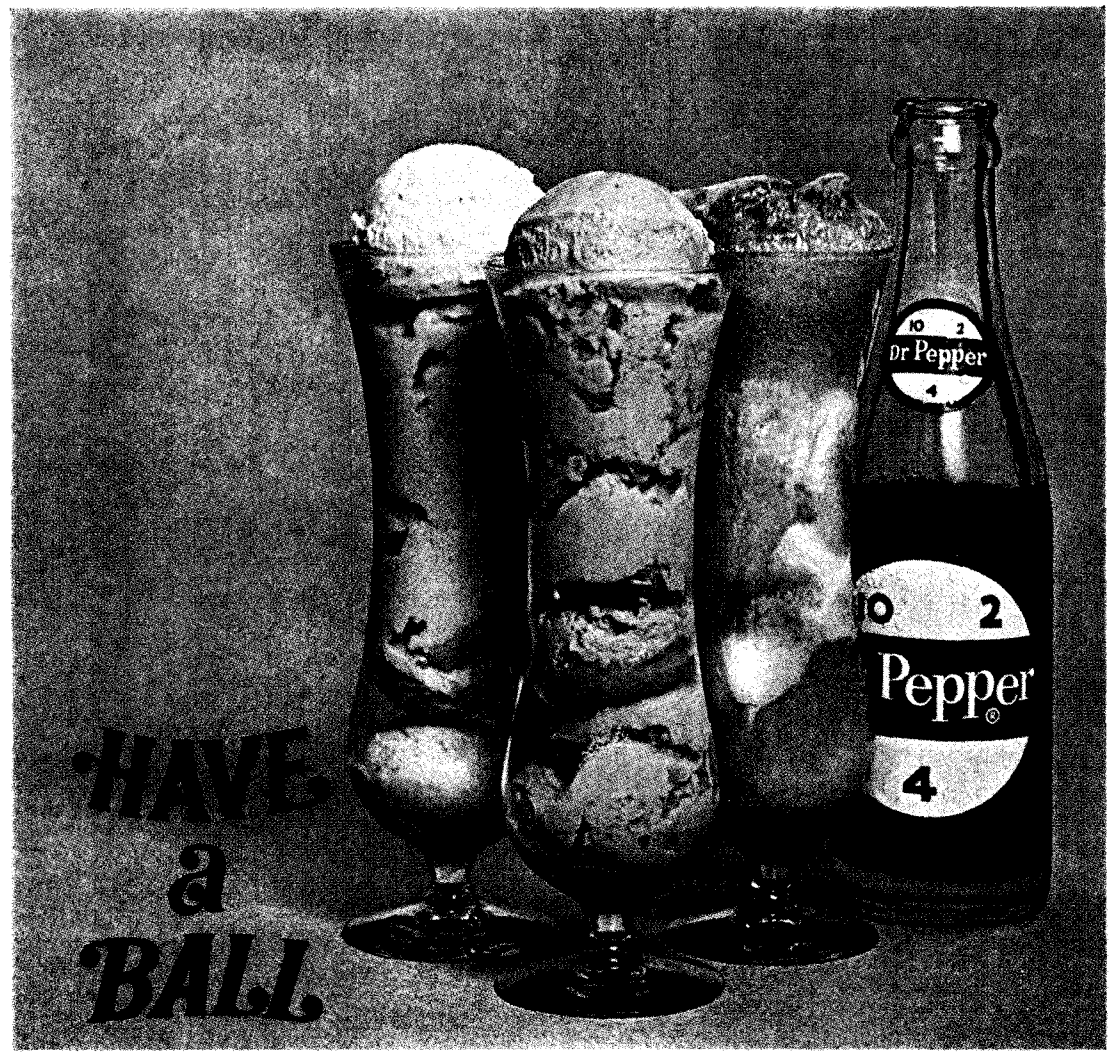
"But this"—Barrow flourished the dispatch—"this may play its part."

At that moment Marsden returned to the room, carrying a number of papers.

"Oh, you're here, Dorsey," he said. "This message is for His Majesty at Windsor. See that the courier leaves within fifteen minutes. This one's for the telegraph to Plymouth. This one also. This last's for Portsmouth."

It was interesting to watch Marsden handing out blank sheets in some meaningless ceremony. Now his cold eyes fixed on Barrow.

"There will be no confirmation from Plymouth before eight o'clock tomorrow morning," he said, looking at the clock.



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Hornblower had noticed the huge semaphore standards during his journey to London. In clear weather and daylight the telegraph could transmit a message from Plymouth in fifteen minutes; a written message, carried by relays of mounted couriers, would take almost a day to arrive. He himself, in his post chaise, had taken forty hours.

"This captured dispatch of Captain Hornblower's is of interest, Mr. Marsden," said Barrow. His tone echoed Marsden's apparent indifference; it was hard for Hornblower to decide whether this was imitation or parody.

In a moment Marsden had read the dispatch and grasped the importance of it. "So now we might imitate a letter from His Imperial and Royal Majesty, the Emperor Napoleon," he said. The smile that accompanied his words was as cold as his voice.

Hornblower, his head already swimming with hunger and fatigue, was projected into a world of unreality, an unreality which was heightened by the manner of the two cold-blooded gentlemen with whom he was closeted.

Marsden was looking at him, through him.

"You may have done a great service for your King and country." The words could be interpreted as praise, but Marsden's manner and expression would require no modification if he were a judge condemning a criminal.

"I hope I have done so, sir," replied Hornblower.

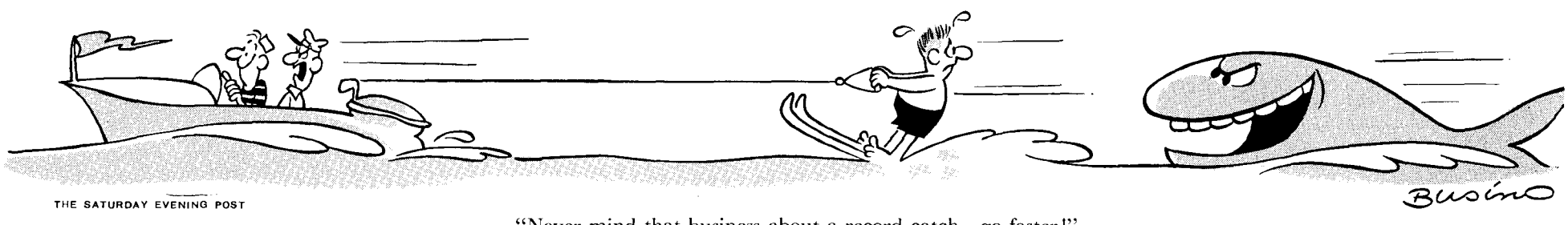
"A pity this is not a dispatch of real importance," Marsden said. "It only makes clear what we have already guessed, that Boney does not intend to send reinforcements to Martinique."

"But with this for a model ——" Hornblower stopped, angry with himself. His tumultuous thoughts might seem like nonsense if he expressed them.

"With this as a model?" repeated Marsden. "Please continue."

There was nothing else to be done.

"An order from Boney to Villeneuve, telling him to sail from Ferrol at all costs. It would have to give a reason—say, that Admiral Decrès has escaped from Brest and will await him at a rendezvous off Cape Clear. Therefore, Villeneuve must sail instantly—weigh, cut, or slip. A battle with Villeneuve is what England needs most, and this would bring it about."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Never mind that business about a record catch—go faster!"

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Now he had committed himself. Two pairs of eyes stared at him.

"An ideal solution, captain," said Marsden. "If only it could be done. How fine it would be if such an order could be delivered to Villeneuve."

The Secretary probably received crackpot schemes for the destruction of the French navy every day of the week, but Hornblower would not give up.

"Boney must send orders from Paris often enough," he went on. "How often do you transmit orders from this office to commanders in chief, sir? To Admiral Cornwallis, for instance? Once a week, sir?"

"At least," admitted Marsden.

"Boney would write more often than that, I think."

"He would," agreed Barrow.

"And those orders would come by road—Boney would never trust the Spanish postal services. An officer—a French officer, one of the Imperial *aides-de-camp*—would ride with the orders into Spain, from the French frontier to Ferrol."

"Captain Hornblower has been gathering information from the French coast for the last two years," said Barrow. "His name was always appearing in Cornwallis's dispatches, Mr. Marsden."

"I know that, Mr. Barrow," said Marsden, a testy note in his voice.

"The dispatch is forged," said Hornblower, taking the final plunge. "A small party is landed secretly with it at a quiet spot on the Spanish Biscay coast. They pose as French officials, or Spanish officials, and they travel slowly toward the frontier along the highroad. A succession of couriers approaches from the opposite direction, bearing orders for Villeneuve. Seize one of them, perhaps with the best of luck substitute the forged order for the one he is carrying. If this cannot be done, kill him—and one of our men, posing as a French officer, turns back and delivers the false letter to Villeneuve."

There was the whole plan, fantastic and yet—and yet—at least faintly possible. At least it was not demonstrably *impossible.*

"This is an opportunity, gentlemen," Hornblower said. "A victory at sea is what England needs more than anything else at this moment. It would put an end to Boney's schemes. It would ease the strain of blockade beyond all measure. What would we give for the chance?"

"Millions," said Barrow.

"And what do we risk? Two or three agents. If they fail, that is all we have lost—a penny ticket in a lottery. An infinite gain is measured against an inconsiderable loss."

"You are positively eloquent, captain," said Marsden, still without inflection in his voice.

"I had no intention of being eloquent, sir," said Hornblower, a little taken aback by the realization of how much truth there was in the simple statement.

And then he was suddenly annoyed, both with himself and with the others. He had allowed himself to appear to be one of the featherbrained crackpots for whom Marsden must have so much contempt. Hornblower rose in irritation from his chair, but restrained himself from being still more indiscreet. A stiffly formal attitude would be best. Moreover, if he wished to preserve any of his self-respect, he must forestall the imminent and inevitable dismissal.

"I have consumed a great deal of your very valuable time, gentlemen," he said.

He felt a sharp pleasure, despite his weariness, in having volunteered to quit the company of these high-ranking officials, for whose attention most junior officers were prepared to wait hours, even days.

But now Marsden was addressing Barrow. "What's the name of that South American fellow who's haunting every anteroom at present? You meet him everywhere—he was even dining at White's last week."

"The fellow who wants to start a revolution, sir? His name is —— It's Miranda, or Mirandola, something like that, sir."

"Miranda! That's the name. I suppose we can lay hands on him if we want him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Claudius will be easy enough; he's a prisoner in Newgate. I understand he was a friend of yours, Mr. Barrow."

"Claudius, sir? I met him, as everyone else did."

"He'll be coming up for trial within the week, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. And he'll hang. But why are you asking about him, Mr. Marsden?"

Barrow's bewilderment was clear, but he was given no explanation.

"There is no time to waste." Mars-

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den had turned to Hornblower, who stood uncomfortably aware that the drama of his exit had fallen a little flat with this delay. "The doorkeeper has your address, captain?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall send for you very shortly."

"Aye aye, sir," Hornblower said.

Hornblower awoke to find sunshine blazing through his window and, throwing off the blankets, he began cautiously to straighten himself out. He still felt an ache or two, which served to recall to his mind where he was.

What day of the week was it? He had spent Sunday in the post chaise—he could remember the church bells sounding across the countryside. So he had arrived in London on Monday—yesterday morning. Today was Tuesday, then.

Lulled by the rumbling of cart wheels in the street outside, he sank back into semiconsciousness, and it was some time before he drowsily noted the sound of a horse's hoofs, a trotting horse, with no accompanying sound of wheels. He raised himself when the clatter stopped under his window, and a moment later there were steps on the stairs and then a thumping on his door.

"Who is it?"

"Admiralty messenger."

Hornblower slid back the bolt. The messenger faced him, in blue coat and leather breeches and high boots, under his arm a billycock hat with a black cockade.

"Captain Hornblower?"

"Yes."

Hornblower opened the note which had been handed him.

> The Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty would be greatly obliged if Captain Horatio Hornblower would attend at the Admiralty at eleven o'clock A.M. today, Tuesday.

"What's the time now?" asked Hornblower.

"Not long past eight, sir."

"Thank you. That will be all."

Hornblower shaved and dressed, and took a boat across the river, amusedly admitting to himself that it was a temptation to be afloat again after almost three days on land.

"That Calder has let the Frenchies give him the slip, captain," said the wherryman.

"We'll know more about it in a day or two," replied Hornblower mildly.

"He caught 'em and let 'em go. Nelson wouldn't 'a done that."

"There's no knowing what Lord Nelson would have done."

"Boney on our doorstep, an' Villainnoove at sea. That Calder! 'E ought to be ashamed. I've 'eard about Admiral Byng an' 'ow they shot 'im. That's what they ought to do with Calder."

This was Hornblower's introduction to the storm of indignation aroused by the news of the battle off Cape Finisterre. At the Saracen's Head, where he went in to breakfast, the landlord was eager with questions, and the two maids listened anxiously to the discussion until their mistress sent them off.

"Let me see a newspaper," said Hornblower.

"Newspaper, sir? Yes, certainly, sir."

Here was the latest news, the Gazette Extraordinary, in the place of honor on the front page. It hardly merited the lofty title, for it was no more than an eight-line résumé of the first telegraphic dispatch. Calder's full report, carried up to London by relays of couriers, would only now be arriving at the Admiralty. It was the editorial comment which was significant, for the newspaper clearly held the same views as the wherryman and the innkeeper. Calder had been stationed to intercept Villeneuve, and thanks to good planning by the Admiralty, the interception had taken place. But Villeneuve had broken through the barrier England had endeavored to interpose; he had reached Ferrol, where he would be able to land his sick, renew his fresh water, and ready himself to issue forth again to threaten the Channel. The newspaper viewed the encounter with Admiral Calder as a decided French success; Hornblower had no doubt that Bonaparte would agree.

"What do you think, sir?" asked the innkeeper.

"Look out of your door and tell me if Boney's marching down the street," said Hornblower.

The innkeeper actually made a move toward the door before he caught himself.

"You are pleased to jest, sir."

There was really nothing to do except to jest. Yet it was popular clamor that had compelled the death sentence on Admiral Byng. Calder might well be in danger of a similar punishment.

"The worst thing Boney's done today is to keep me from my breakfast," said Hornblower.

"Of course, sir. This minute, sir."

As the innkeeper bustled away,

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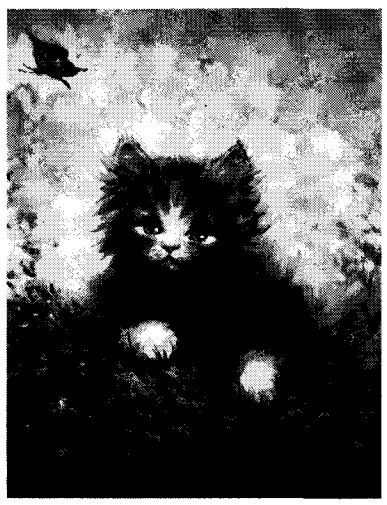

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Hornblower was caught by a name on the front page of the newspaper. It was a paragraph about a Dr. Claudius, and as Hornblower read it, he realized why the name had seemed vaguely familiar when Marsden mentioned it. There had been references to Dr. Claudius in earlier newspapers, which Hornblower had seen even during the blockade of Brest. Claudius was a clergyman, a genuine Doctor of Divinity; he was also the center of a most resounding scandal, both social and financial. He had entered into London society, hoping to gain a bishopric for himself, but while he had achieved considerable notoriety, he had failed of his object. Despairing of preferment, he had plunged into crime and built up an extensive organization specializing in the forging of bills of exchange, by which the world-wide commerce of England was largely conducted. So cunning were Claudius's forgeries that he had long gone undetected, and only an error by a confederate had exposed him. Bills drawn in Beirut and in Madras, so nearly perfect that even their victims found it hard to dishonor them, were still coming in; the financial world was shaken to its foundations, and the world of high society, which had accepted Claudius, was similarly rent. Now he was lodged in Newgate, and his trial was imminent.

Hornblower finished his breakfast and walked toward Whitehall in a good humor. Marsden might be ready to find a ship for him; the sooner this vital business was settled, the better.

In the clear light of day, after a good night's rest, it seemed inconceivable that Marsden could have in mind any further action on the wild plan to send false orders to Villeneuve. And yet —— If the forgery were very good, the substitution might not be detected. And Ferrol was many days by courier from Paris; there would be little chance of Villeneuve's sending for confirmation. Moreover, because it was inconceivable that the British Government should attempt such a plan, it was all the more likely to succeed.

This morning Hornblower could say with assurance to the Admiralty doorkeeper, "I have an appointment with Mr. Marsden," and he could write "by appointment" on the form on which he stated his business. He was left no more than ten minutes in the waiting room; three minutes after the clock had chimed eleven, he was summoned into Marsden's presence. Barrow was there and Dorsey too, and Hornblower sensed that the meeting might well include the inconceivable.

The First Secretary was human enough to spend a little time on preliminaries before plunging into business.

"I'm sure you'll be flattered to hear, captain, that His Lordship's opinions regarding Ferrol are almost identical with yours."

"I'm very flattered, sir," said Hornblower. Lord Barham was not only First Lord, but he had been Comptroller of the Navy for many years and an admiral commanding a fleet before that.

"His Lordship was both surprised and gratified at Mr. Barrow's familiarity with conditions there," Marsden went on. "Naturally, Mr. Barrow did not see fit to tell him he had just finished discussing them with you."

"Naturally not, sir," agreed Hornblower.

"And now there is urgent business at hand," said Marsden. "We are keeping someone waiting. Dorsey, kindly bring in the parson."

Dorsey opened the door, and Hornblower had a glimpse of a uniformed marine outside. Then a short, square figure came waddling in. The newcomer wore a black clerical gown and a clerical wig, but his unshaven cheeks bore half an inch of black stubble, and a chain ran from his waist to the handcuffs that bound his wrists.

"This is the Reverend Doctor Claudius," said Marsden. "Only now arrived from Newgate. His services have been offered to us—temporarily, at least—by the courtesy of the Secretary of State for Home Affairs."

Claudius looked round at them all. He had bold, black eyes, yet they were also cunning and sly. There was fear in his pudgy face, yet there was defiance as well, and there was curiosity.

Marsden wasted no time. "Claudius, you've been brought here to execute a forgery, if you can."

The pudgy face showed a sudden flash of understanding, then settled instantly into an immobility which Hornblower could not help but admire.

"Both politeness and convention," said Claudius, "suggest that you address me as 'Doctor.' I am still a Doctor of Divinity."

"Rubbish!" said Marsden.

"I shouldn't have expected politeness from underlings!"

Claudius's voice was harsh and grating, a vocal misfortune which explained, perhaps, the ill success of his quest for a bishopric. Nevertheless, he had gained the offensive in this first exchange.

"Very well, doctor," said Marsden. "Mr. Dorsey, hand that document to the doctor with the compliments of Their Lordships of the Admiralty, and ask the doctor if, as a result of his vast experience, he thinks himself capable of creating a similar one."

Claudius took the paper in his manacled hands, and his black eyebrows came together as he studied it.

"Of French origin. That is plain. The language is not the sort used by French clerks, but the handwriting is."

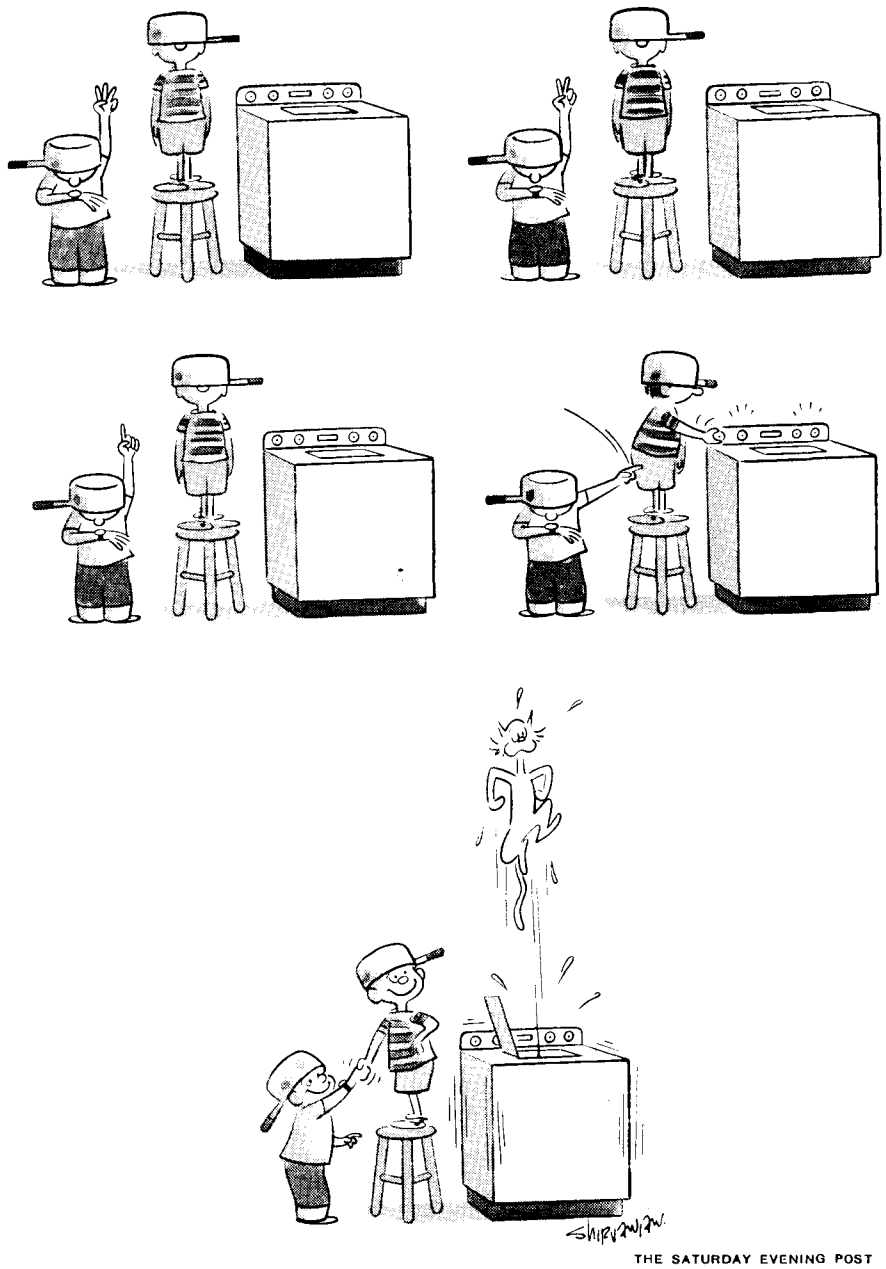
"And the signature?" Marsden asked.

"Interesting. Written with a turkey quill, I should say. It would call for at least an hour's practice before I could reproduce it. Now, these seals ——"

"I made molds," said Dorsey.

"I can see that. But they have been lifted from the paper with reasonable care. I congratulate you on your acquirement of a difficult art. Now"—Claudius swept his audience with a searching glance—"I have more to say on this subject, gentlemen. But before I say it, I require assurance that my services will not go without recompense."

"You have had that already," said Marsden. "Your trial has been postponed for a week."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A week? I used to preach sermons on how speedily time passes from Sunday to Sunday. No, gentlemen. I want my life. I have a mortal objection to hanging, and that is not spoken in jest."

The moment was tense.

It was Barrow who spoke first, addressing Marsden. "I'll call in the guard, sir, shall I? We don't need him."

The tension was not relieved.

"Call in the guard!" said Claudius, and iron clanked as he waved his manacled hands. "Take me away and hang me! Tomorrow, if you will! If it is coming, the sooner the better. You gentlemen may never know the truth of that statement, and I still have charity enough to hope that you never will. But true it is. Hang me tomorrow!"

Hornblower knew that Claudius was gambling, staking an additional week of life in hope, faint though it might be, of gaining a pardon. He could not help feeling a twinge of admiration for the daring of the ugly little man.

At last Marsden spoke. "You will not hang," he said.

For some time, the sky outside had been darkening. Now a low rumble of thunder sounded in the room.

Claudius darted a piercing glance at Marsden. "Then I shall give you all the benefit of my experience."

He plunged at once into his subject, showing no sign of the agonizing strain he had been through.

"It is necessary first," he said, "to point out that ambition may outreach itself. It is quite impossible to forge a long document in the handwriting of another and still achieve deception. I take it you have in mind a letter, not merely a few words? Then it would be better not to attempt an exact reproduction. On the other hand, carelessness would be fatal. This script, as I have said, is the script used by French clerks; I fancy it to be the one which used to be taught in Jesuit schools. There are French refugees in plenty. Have one of them write your letter."

"This is sound, sir," said Dorsey to Marsden.

"And have your French *composed* by a Frenchman," Claudius went on. "You gentlemen may pride yourselves on writing grammatical French, but a Frenchman reading your letter would know it had not been written by a Frenchman. I'll go further than that, gentlemen. Give a Frenchman a passage in English and tell him to render it into French, and other Frenchmen would *still* be aware that the original was not French. No, you must have your letter composed by a Frenchman; you must content yourselves with merely outlining what is to be said."

Hornblower saw that Marsden was impressed.

"Now, gentlemen, with regard to details," Claudius continued, "I take it you have in mind to send your forged letter to a naval, or possibly a military, man? In that case the task can be approached with greater confidence. Business men, soulless bankers, hardheaded merchants—those with something more important to lose than other men's lives—are likely to scrutinize documents very closely. But there is still the risk that some interfering underling on the staff of a general may wish to call attention to himself. We must take no chances. This signature I am confident I can reproduce perfectly. As for the ink, I believe it can be matched in Chancery Lane; it will be necessary to make com

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plete tests. This printed heading—to imitate this, type must be specially cast. You gentlemen will have less trouble in that respect than I encountered. Your facilities for the creation of typographical—ah—deceptions must be superior to those that were available to me."

"Yes," said Marsden dryly.

"This paper"—Claudius's stubby but sensitive fingers felt its texture, and then he turned to Barrow. "Would you be so kind, sir, as to hold the sheet up between my eyes and the light? This chain restricts my movements. . . . Ah, thank you, sir! Yes, as I thought. I know that quality of linen, and there is a fortunate absence of watermark. It may not be necessary to have paper manufactured to match it. You may not appreciate the necessity for uniformity, gentlemen, unless you make use of your imagination. Our document will be examined as one of a series. After receiving, let us say, six genuine documents, someone receives a spurious one. In the routine of his office, he lays them together. If one is markedly different from the others—if it is different even in only a small degree—that document calls clamorously for attention. And if it proves to be one with a content somewhat unusual—well, then, gentlemen, the fat is in the fire!"

"Most illuminating," said Marsden, and Hornblower realized that from Marsden this was the equivalent of a long speech of praise.

"Now I come to 'lastly' in my present sermon, gentlemen," said Claudius, as the thunder rolled again. "In the pulpit, I could feel the relief of my congregation at that word 'lastly,' so I will be brief. The method of delivery must conform to the method of all previous deliveries. Here again, nothing must call attention to the spurious item."

Claudius had been of a sickly pallor when he entered the room; he was whiter still when he finished his lecture.

"Perhaps you will permit me to sit down?" he said. "I have not now the strength of which I used to boast."

"Take him out, Dorsey," snapped Marsden. "Give him a glass of wine. I dare say he's hungry, too."

Claudius seemed to recover himself.

"A beefsteak, gentlemen? Might I hope for a beefsteak? For too long now dreams of a beefsteak have further embittered my nightmares of the rope."

"See that he has a beefsteak, Dorsey," said Marsden.

At the door, Claudius turned back, the trace of a smile on his stubbled face. "In that case, gentlemen, you may count on my heartiest exertions for my King, my country, and myself."

The door closed behind Dorsey and Claudius. It was high noon now, but the room was almost dark. A sudden flash of lightning was followed instantly by a clap of thunder—a vast cannon shot, fired without warning.

"His Lordship," said Marsden calmly, "has already approved of the attempt now being considered. Mr. Barrow, I am sure you have in mind the French émigrés to attend to the composition and writing of the dispatch?"

"I have, Mr. Marsden," said Barrow.

The thunderstorm had burst, and a breath of cooler air came into the room, bearing with it the sound of the torrential rain.

"The next point for us to consider," said Marsden, "is the landing."

"That should be the simplest part of the whole operation, sir," said Hornblower.

The Spanish Biscay coast extended for almost three hundred miles from the French frontier to Ferrol. It was sparsely populated, and there were innumerable inlets. The Royal Navy could be relied upon to put a small party on shore undetected.

"I am delighted that you think the landing will be simple, captain," said Marsden.

There was a long silence. Hornblower looked from Marsden to Barrow and back again, and felt his heartbeat quicken as he observed their exchange of glances.

"What have you in mind, gentlemen?" he asked.

"Is it not quite obvious, captain, that you are the man best fitted to undertake this mission?"

Marsden had spoken; now it was Barrow's turn.

"You are acquainted with Ferrol, captain. You have had some experience of Spain. You speak a little Spanish. You should have command."

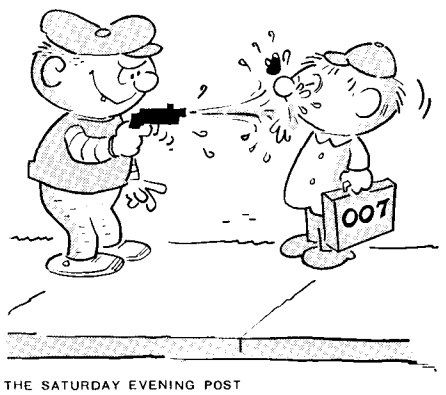
"And you have no other command at present, captain," Marsden said.

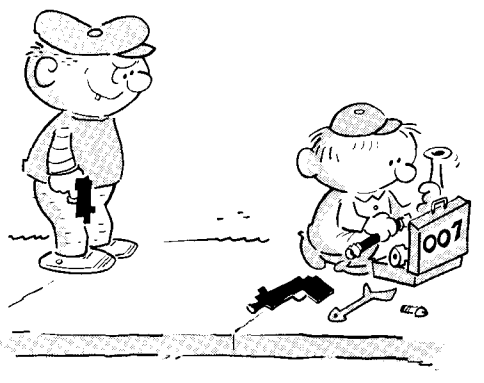
The significance of this remark was obvious. "Really, gentlemen ——" said Hornblower. He could not think quickly enough to form an effective protest.

"This is not a duty you could be ordered to perform," Marsden said. "That is quite clear. It would be a purely voluntary mission."

To enter a hostile country in disguise would be to risk a shameful death. The gallows, the rope —— No, in Spain it would be the iron collar of the garrote. Strangulation.

"This Spaniard, Miranda, can be trusted, I am sure," said Barrow. "And





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if a Frenchman is needed as well—your opinion on that point would be valuable, captain—there are at least three who have already done important work for us."

It was inconceivable that these two Secretaries, men of marble, could so abase themselves as to plead, but they were close to it. The Navy could order a man to climb the side of a ship of the line in the face of well-aimed musketry; it took for granted that a man would endure, unflinching, broadside after broadside of grapeshot; it could send him aloft on a stormy night to save a few yards of canvas, and it could hang him or shoot him or flog him should he hesitate. But the Navy could not order him to risk the garrote, not even with the nation's existence trembling in the balance.

It was this—this recollection of England's desperate need—that overshadowed every other consideration. In this very room Hornblower had admitted the vital need for a victory at sea, and had balanced against that need the trifling cost of the venture being contemplated. That cost might include his own life, it now appeared. And yet, already, improvements and refinements in the rough plan were forming in his mind —— He would have to agree; he knew suddenly that he would never be happy again if he were to refuse.

"Captain," said Marsden, "we have not forgotten Admiral Cornwallis's recommendation that you should be made post."

The remark was so unrelated to what Hornblower had been about to say that he found he could not say it. The intruding topic, however, was one to which he had given more than a passing thought. Once he had been "made post"—placed on the list of captains—he would cease to be a mere commander addressed as "captain" only by convention. He would have achieved the ambition of every junior naval officer in the King's service; once he was on the list, only a court-martial or death could prevent his eventually becoming an admiral.

"Well, captain?" asked Marsden.

"I'll do it," Hornblower said.

He saw glances exchanged again; he saw relief, and perhaps satisfaction, in those glances. Marsden and Barrow were pleased that their bribe had been accepted.

Hornblower was on the verge of an indignant denial that the offer had had any weight with him; then, suddenly, he remembered the philosopher who had said that he had often regretted having spoken, but never having remained silent. Promotion to post rank was his; speech might imperil it. And he knew that these two cynical men believed he had been bargaining; they would deem a denial of that to be worthy of contempt.

"I had better arrange for you to make Miranda's acquaintance, captain," said Marsden. "And I should be obliged if you would consider a detailed plan for me to submit to His Lordship."

"Yes, sir."

"Orally, if you please. Commit to paper nothing regarding this plan, captain. Except possibly your final report—after achieving success."

"I understand, sir."

Was there the slightest hint of softening in Marsden's expression? Those last words had been a joke, something entirely out of the ordinary. Hornblower considered Marsden's position. The First Secretary, in addition to all his routine work, dealt with the gathering of information and the dissemination of false information—with spying, to use a single, ugly word. Hornblower thought how difficult it must be to find reliable agents, men who could be trusted not to play a double role. Yes, Marsden was experiencing relief at this moment, to such an extent that he was actually allowing it to show.

"I will make the arrangements for your posting to be published, captain," said Barrow.

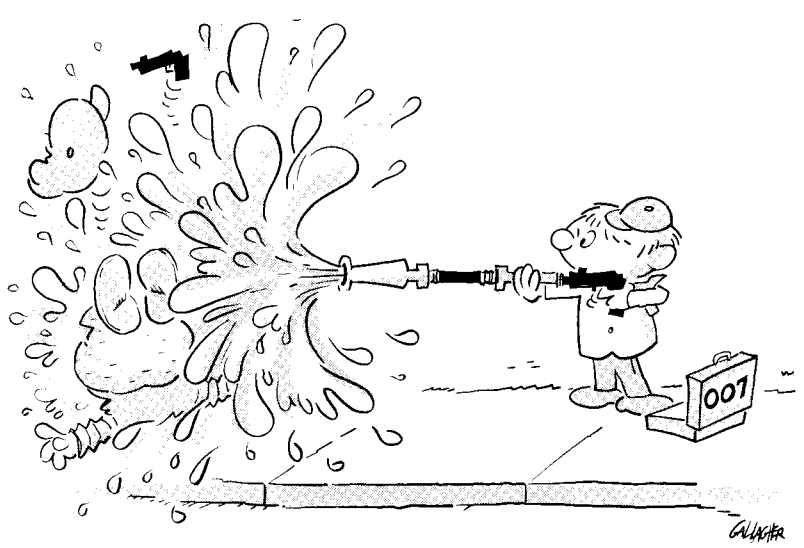
"Very well, sir," said Hornblower.

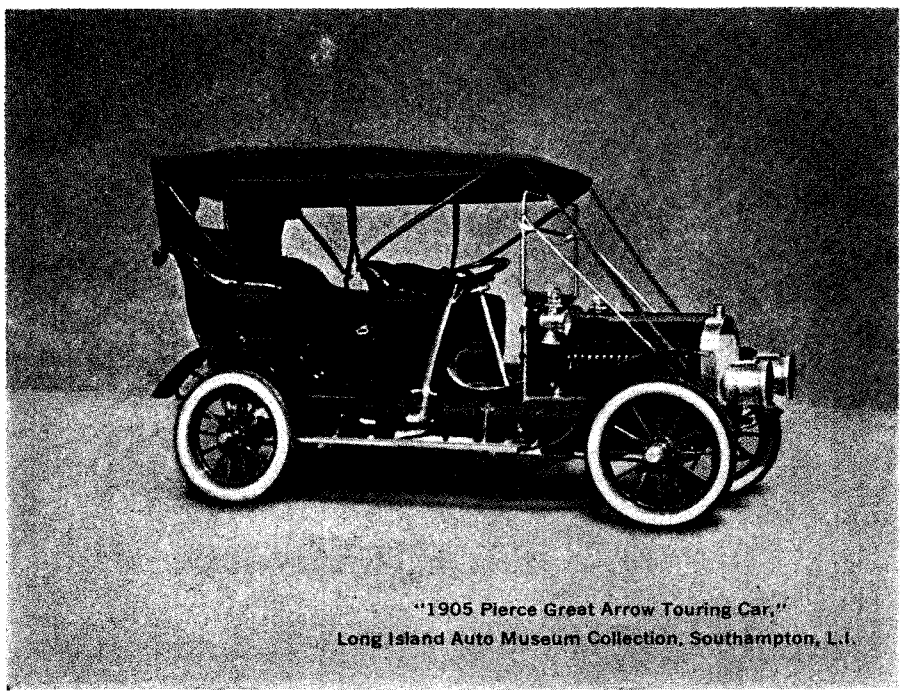
The rain was falling more softly when he reached the street, though it gave no sign of ceasing. He had no cloak, but he went out into it quite gladly. He felt he must walk and walk and walk. The wetness on his face was pleasant; he told himself that the rainwater would dissolve the clammy sea-salt with which his clothes were impregnated. But only for a moment did that thought distract him from the others that were writhing in his brain. He was at last about to become a captain, and he was about to become a spy.

Here, unfortunately, the story ends. C. S. Forester died in April; we shall never know what adventures befell Horatio Hornblower in his new role of secret agent. But it is history that Admiral Villeneuve abandoned the sanctuary of Ferrol and, on October 21, 1805, engaged in combat with a fleet under the command of Britain's greatest naval hero, Admiral Lord Nelson. This was the Battle of Trafalgar—one of the most magnificent sea triumphs in history—and when it was over the Emperor Napoleon's dream of conquest was dashed and Britannia still ruled the waves.

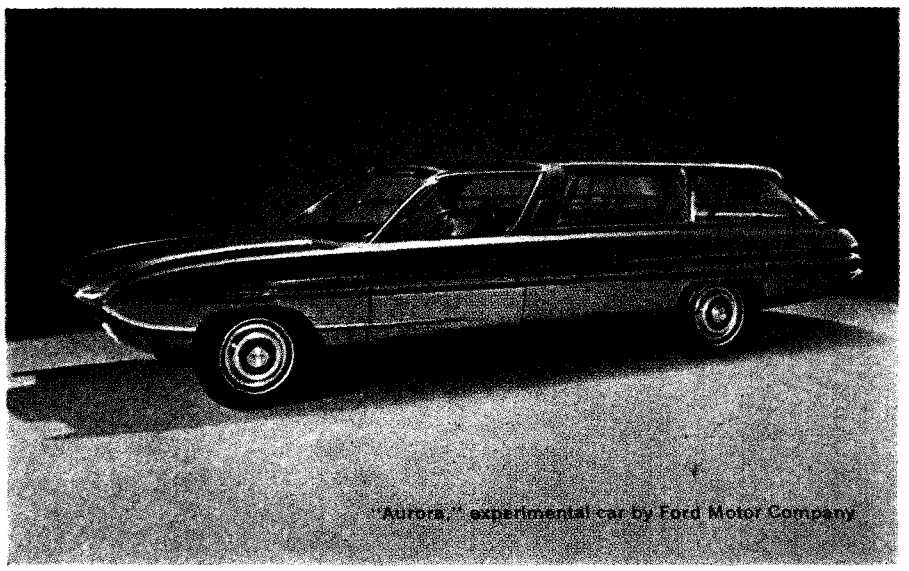
We have no doubt whatever that Horatio Hornblower played a vital and dramatic part in that illustrious victory.

THE EDITORS




"1905 Pierce Great Arrow Touring Car,"
Long Island Auto Museum Collection, Southampton, L.I.

Over the years...over the miles
...over the world


"Aurora," experimental car by Ford Motor Company

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INCIDENT ON THE TENTH FLOOR

All his life the violence had been building in him. Any moment now, it could explode.

BY JEFF BROWN

The lobby ceiling was made up of tricky lighting panels—one moment blue and orange, the next gold and red—and Arthur, waiting for an elevator, said to the pretty Negro starter, "I wish that ceiling would make up its mind." The girl smiled. A good omen, he thought. Small, but good.

On the tenth floor, in the reception room of Hugh T. Loeffler, Inc., a hawk-faced lady with no lips said that Mr. Loeffler would be free in a moment, please come this way. She led him down a long corridor and left him in a big office with windows that looked out over Fifth Avenue.

He tried a cream-leather sofa, then moved to an armchair in front of the desk. The desk was a slab of white marble on wrought-iron legs, bare except for a pipe rack, an onyx pen stand, a telephone with four buttons, and an intercom box. The walls weren't very informative about Loeffler either—a few modern pictures, bold splashes of color on sheets of unframed glass; photographs of housing developments, shopping centers, and skyscrapers in various stages of completion. It was a cold room, Arthur thought, but there was no denying the sense of power and importance in the air. God's office would be like this if He had lost interest in everything except commercial real estate.

Fifteen minutes went by, and he wished Loeffler would come and give him a job or *not* give him a job, just get it over with, either way. Then it struck him that he had been headed toward this interview for several years, ever since he'd met Grace Dangerfield at Ann Tenney's cocktail party in the Village; it was silly to fret about a few more minutes now.

"Come on, help me," Ann Tenney said. "Please! She's not having any fun at all!"

In a corner of the room, looking very out of place among the sweater-and-blue-jean types, stood a plump, well-dressed girl wearing heavy horn-rim glasses. "Grace, this is Arthur!" Ann shouted before she darted off. "He's an actor, or at least he would be if anybody'd give him a chance. Arthur, this is Grace. I went to school with her."

He did his best to make conversation, but the party was noisy and Grace offered only uneasy smiles and nods. He had begun to wonder if she was not quite bright, when she said suddenly, "I guess Ann didn't tell you I was deaf. I have hearing aids, but they don't help much in crowds. You can't tune out what you *don't* want to hear, the way you can with ears." She said it not angrily, but with resignation, as if she were used to having to explain herself; he was touched by her manner, and charmed as well. When the party broke up, they had dinner together at a little Armenian restaurant down the street.

For several months his days had been particularly long and dull—making the rounds of agents and casting offices, from midafternoon till ten at night clerking in a bookstore on Eighth Street, after that sitting

Illustrated by Louis S. Glanzman

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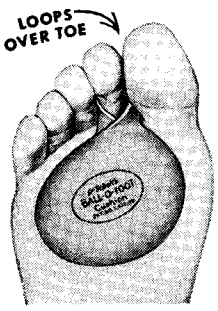

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sleepily in a tiny hall bedroom trying to write—and it was comforting to be with someone who seemed interested in all his grievances and hopes. For almost an hour he explained them; then, over the *baklava* and coffee, he made her talk about herself.

She had been hard-of-hearing from birth. There had been three operations, two in New York when she was very young, another in Switzerland four years ago; that one had helped a little, but she still needed hearing aids—miniature batteries and transistors built into her glasses; that was why they had such heavy frames. She had had one job since she finished college a year ago, doing research for a news magazine, but it had lasted only a few months; working in a room with four other girls, she had not been able to hear well enough.

They went to a movie after dinner, and halfway through it, without turning toward him, she put her hand in his.

Grace lived with her family in Connecticut; he saw her off from Grand Central after the movie. At the last minute, remembering that they had not arranged to meet again, he ran along the platform shouting, "What's your phone number?" above the clatter of the train. She could not have heard him—no one could have heard him—but through the window he saw her pantomime dialing, then the searching of a heavy book. The telephone directory, he realized, and it pleased him enormously—though he was not sure why—that she had been able to read his lips.

Two months later, after he had seen Grace a dozen times, he met her parents. They had asked about him, she said, and wanted him to come to Stamford for dinner. Arthur knew by then that her father was a corporation lawyer and the senior partner in his firm, but the reality of Mr. Dangerfield's success did not fully dawn on him until he saw the chauffeured limousine waiting at the Stamford station and, fifteen minutes later, the handsome house and grounds of the Dangerfield estate.

Mr. Dangerfield was tall, bald, and stern. Mrs. Dangerfield was slim and chic; she spoke with a throaty drawl, her lips scarcely moving, and several times, over dinner, Grace was forced to say, "I'm sorry. What ——?" Whenever she did, her parents looked annoyed, and Arthur realized how very vulnerable Grace was; it was her habit to watch people's lips, so she was bound to notice when their faces showed impatience or that they were saying things they did not mean.

Mr. Dangerfield took him into the library after dinner, lighted a cigar, and asked Arthur to talk about himself, about what he did, about his prospects. He listened quietly to an explanation of the difficulties of making a career as an actor, but when Arthur mentioned his interest in writing and his hopes for the play he had outlined in his mind and was almost ready to begin, Mr. Dangerfield said, "Interesting. Thank you. Good Lord, it's ten o'clock! You must be anxious to get back to town."

Grace and her mother were waiting in the living room. Grace looked as if she were about to cry, and Mrs. Dangerfield looked embarrassed, but only good-nights were spoken. The chauffeur drove Arthur back to the station.

Early the next morning Grace telephoned.

"They don't want me to see you any more," she said. "I'd hate that, wouldn't you?" He certainly would hate that, he said. Then she said, "Do you love me, Arthur? I love you very much and I want to know," and he knew suddenly that he loved her more than he had ever loved anyone or anything in his whole life. Marveling, he said so into the telephone. "Let's get married then," Grace said. "Right away."

She picked him up in her car that afternoon, and they drove to Maryland.

A big man with a tanned, healthy face strode into the office. "Hugh Loeffler. Sorry to keep you waiting, son."

"That's all right," Arthur said as they shook hands. "How do you do, sir. Grace asked to be remembered to you."

Loeffler sat down behind the white-marble desk, took a pipe from the rack and began to fill it, chuckling. "I'm not likely to forget Grace. Tyler Dangerfield and I got drunk together the night she was born—did you know that?"

"I knew you were old friends," Arthur said. "But I didn't know *that*."

Loeffler wore a gray suit, a pale-blue shirt, and a maroon tie. Face, suit, shirt, tie, pipe—they all went together, he thought. People like Loeffler were probably born at Abercrombie & Fitch and went back there to die.

"Well, now," Loeffler said. "Let's get to know each other a little, and then I'll try to figure out where a fellow like you might fit into a business like mine. You've been an actor, Tyler tells me. How'd you get into that?"

"It was sort of a family thing," Arthur said. "I don't really remember my father—he died when I was five—but he was a director, in radio. And my mother was —— Oh, she was an actress, I guess you'd say."

"You *guess?*"

"She could do all kinds of tricks with her voice, and in radio she played kids mostly, or babies crying—things like that. In television, the only real break she had was a weekend show for children. She wore a clown outfit—you know, white makeup and all—and told stories. *The Queen Koko Show*. It lasted four years."

"Never heard of it. Is she still—uh—performing?"

Arthur watched a puff of pipe smoke sail across the desk and spike itself on the fountain pen. Loeffler's tone annoyed him; so did the little smile, and he decided to wipe the smile off.

"She's dead," he said. "She killed herself. That's all I can tell you about my family. I have some cousins in Ohio, but I haven't seen them since I was a kid."

Loeffler blinked. "I see. Well, I'm sorry to have —— Let's fill in some other parts of the picture, shall we? When did you ——" The intercom box said, "Mr. Reeder, sir," and he pressed a button on his telephone and picked it up.

"Dave? Those Cleveland half-wits are stalling, and Farnum's on his way up here now! What are your latest figures?" Listening, he made notes.

Part of a picture, Arthur thought. He wondered how hard Loeffler would have blinked if that first part had *really* been filled in.

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There had always been some drinking, but it wasn't out of control until the last years of the Queen Koko show. Success should have steadied her, people said, not made her weak. They didn't know, as he did, that television terrified her as radio never had, that she hated to be *seen*, that she was embarrassed by the ludicrous makeup, by the lisping fairy tales she told. The last year, the year he started college at Columbia, she was almost always drunk. He had done what he could—cooked their meals, cleaned the apartment, put her to bed at night, escorted her to rehearsals and shows—but there was a limit to the protection he could give. One morning, on camera, with children clustered before her little throne, Queen Koko began to snore; when a child tugged at her clown costume, she rose, swayed, and struck the child in the face.

Old friends tried to help. She was called for a few bit parts that next year, but she was rarely sober, and at last every casting office in town had scratched her name.

She stayed home then, and hung on to him. Her Arthur. Her Arthur who would go on taking care of her, wouldn't he? Her baby who wouldn't leave her, who'd stay with her always, wasn't that right, honey, please? For more than a year he'd taken it, knowing that he was cutting too many classes and that the Army would get him if Columbia flunked him out, knowing too that at least the Army would be an excuse to get away. Then it happened, but even after he had been given a reporting date he did not tell her; each day, the telling was more than he could face. The night before he was to report he made no effort to keep the bottle away from her; when she passed out, he left a note under the empty bottle and went downtown to the terminal to wait for the Fort Dix bus.

Three weeks later he was summoned from an Oklahoma drill field into a chaplain's office, and the chaplain told him what she had done. Arthur had seen it very clearly in his mind—the frowzy woman shuffling out into the little kitchen, sealing up the door and window cracks, turning on the stove; he had imagined even the faint, sickening smell of gas and the sound of weeping. The worst of it was that he pictured her dressed as Queen Koko, the chalk-white makeup and the floppy suit, and the weeping was the kind he remembered hearing when he was a kid, listening to her on the radio; he heard, not a grown woman, but a baby whimpering for someone to come.

". . . hell with that!" Loeffler said. "Tell him to knock off five percent or we don't go along. Let me know, Dave."

He hung up and lighted his pipe again. "Let's see . . . You were talking about being an actor, I think."

"I didn't actually decide on it until I got back to New York after my Army training," Arthur said. "I didn't want to go back to college; I kept wondering what it *would* make sense to do. Then I thought: I still have some contacts in show business. Why not have a go at that?"

"Seems like a damn careless way to choose a career," Loeffler said.

"I don't think most people really *choose* their careers," Arthur said. "Things happen that they can't control; they get influenced by other people without realizing it. It gets decided *for* them, if you know what I mean."

"That's one way of looking at it," Loeffler said.

"Well, anyhow, I got a few bit parts in television and some extra work in movies that were being made in New York, but that didn't bring in enough to live on, so I had all kinds of other jobs on the side. And in my spare time I tried to write. I've always ——"

"What kind of writing?"

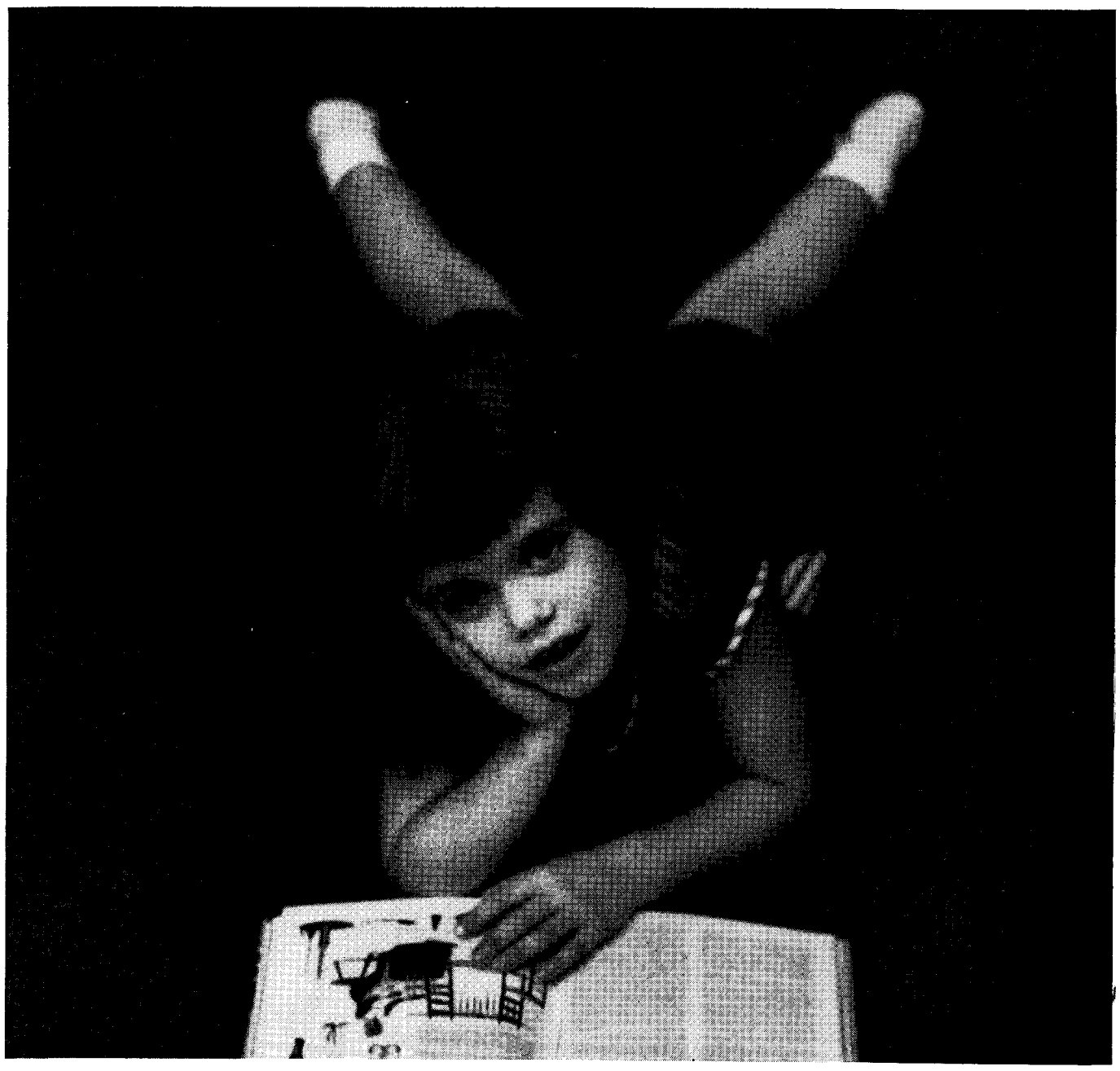
"There was a play I worked on for a long time, but I never finished it. And I wrote some poetry."

Loeffler frowned briefly. Probably, Arthur thought, he was the type who thought only fairies wrote poetry.

"These 'on the side' jobs," Loeffler said. "What were they?"

He wondered what difference it made. Night clerk at a West Side hotel for elderly Jewish couples, cashier at the Village Diner, clerking at an art-supplies-and-prints shop on Lexington Avenue, all the other dreary short-term occupations . . . It wasn't the jobs themselves that mattered; it was the *feel* of those years—the sense of being wasted, the fear that his whole life was going to be lived in cheap rooming houses, that "tomorrow" would always be a word without hope in it. But that feeling, he thought, wasn't something you could explain easily to Hugh T. Loeffler, Inc.

He ran down the list of jobs, simply naming them in the order they had



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INCIDENT

come, and became aware that Loeffler was leaning back in his chair, studying him.

A moment passed, and he began to count all the things Loeffler did with his pipe: puffing, chewing the stem, tapping his teeth with it, rubbing the bowl with his thumb. Blow bubbles, he thought. Surprise me.

"It must be a tough way to make a living, acting," Loeffler said. "Even with all this crazy off-Broadway stuff they go in for now. My wife dragged me downtown a few weeks ago, some place up over an Italian restaurant; you could cut the cheese smell with a knife. The show was supposed to be artistic, according to the newspapers, but it was just two old colored ladies and a white man talking about race problems, and using words I didn't know you could say in public without getting arrested. You ever been in one of those off-Broadway things?"

"I had a small part in one, a flop, not long after Grace and I got married," Arthur said. "It was a comedy, though. No race problems."

"Not earning money—that must have been quite a worry after you got married?"

"Grace has a small income," he said. "Added to whatever I bring in, it's enough for us to squeak by. So——"

"I know about Grace's money," Loeffler said.

"You mean, did it bother me to have to depend on that?" Arthur made himself smile. "It's never been a problem. Not for us. We don't worry about what other people think."

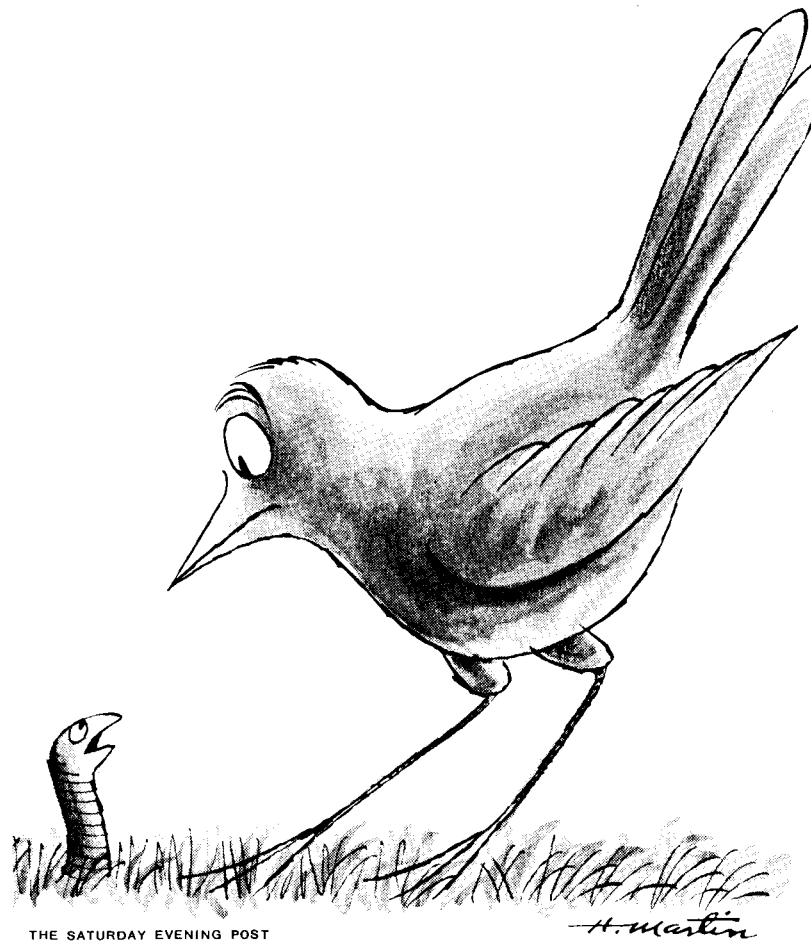
"I see," Loeffler said. "So money's not your problem." He knocked out his pipe, took another from the rack and began to fill it. "Then what brings you here, son? What made you decide to go looking for a job in a business you don't know anything about? Think about that for a minute."

The marriage had begun well.

There was the sunny little apartment; there was the happiness of being with Grace; there was even, surprisingly soon, the comfort of knowing that he no longer stood between her and her parents. It seemed to dawn on the Dangerfields, after a few months, that he truly loved their daughter; a truce was arranged and they began, the four of them, to meet for dinner at least once a week. And there had been the off-Broadway play; flop or not, he had spoken lines on a New York stage. He had not been afraid, that first year, to look ahead.

It was all downhill after that. He made the rounds faithfully, but there were no parts, only a few auditions and one week as an extra in a television show. The months wore on; at last he quit making rounds and took a series of meaningless jobs again, anything to help fill the days—selling neckties at Bloomingdale's during the Christmas season, answering telephones at a part-time-maid agency, clerking again at the bookstore on Eighth Street, the one where he had been working when he first met Grace. On the days between jobs he took long walks up and down the East River Drive, watching the barges on the river, the children playing in the little concrete parks, trying not to let himself think about anything at all.

The dinners with Grace's parents were more difficult to get through now. Mr. Dangerfield, though he meant well, would drone relentlessly on: The time had come for Arthur to be realistic, to accept responsibilities; there were people who might be helpful, and he had only to say the word. . . . Arthur would sit with his hands clenched, wanting to throw food, knives, forks in Mr. Dan-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I feel I should warn you, I'm shot through with pesticides."

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gerfield's face; later, at home with Grace, he would wait eagerly for her to say it didn't matter, that she still had faith in him, that he need not be concerned for her.

But there were days when she would go for hours without wearing the glasses with the hearing aids, and not bothering to look at people when they spoke; it was as if she were trying to hide somehow within herself. And he knew that he too was changing, that his strength was crumbling steadily, bit by bit. One afternoon, walking by the river, he began to tremble suddenly and then to cry. Frightened, wondering what had made it happen, he stood looking out over the greasy water, averting his face from passersby until he could control himself.

It happened again a few days later, and this time he was in a restaurant with Grace, and there were people at the little tables all about them. When the trembling began he bolted for the washroom, but they had noticed; he could feel their eyes on him when he came out.

Later that night, unable to sleep, he was sitting by the bedroom window when a shapeless figure in a long overcoat went by in the silent street below. The man seemed real only as he passed through the little circles of light the street lamps made; in the darkness between the lamps he was just a blur, and when he rounded the corner it was hard to believe that he had ever been. *I am not real either. There is nothing to show where I have been.* . . . From the bed, as if the thought had reached her, Grace said softly, "What can we do?" Turning, he said, "What? I thought you were asleep," and she said again, "What can we do?" She could not hear him, he realized, not without the hearing aids, and then he knew that she did not want to hear him, that she was lying there in the darkness wanting only to tell him that she was afraid. "Please," she said. "I don't know what to do. . . ."

In the morning he telephoned Mr. Dangerfield. He was through being a fool, he said; he was ready now to look for a real job and would appreciate whatever Mr. Dangerfield could do.

"You all right, son?" There was impatience in Loeffler's voice, and the puffs of pipe smoke were coming fast.

He tried to think. *What brought me here? I was about to flip, frankly. Pretty soon they'd have had to take me away in a net.*

"I'm here," he said carefully, "because I've made a mess of my life, and I need a fresh start. I admit that."

"Let me give you some advice," Loeffler said. "Never crawl. Nobody likes a crawler."

Arthur made himself look at the tip of his right shoe, and keep looking at it.

"I'll give it to you straight. When your father-in-law and I had lunch the other day, he said he wasn't sure you'd be any use to me at all. But he asked me anyhow, as an old friend, to take you on here."

"It was just your lucky day, I guess."

Loeffler drummed his fingers on the white-marble desk. "It might interest you to know," he said slowly, "that when Tyler Dangerfield talked to me about you and Grace, he cried. I've known that man for forty years, but I've never seen him do that before. Does that mean anything to you? Or do you want to be funny again?"

"I'm sorry," Arthur said. "I really am."

"All right. Now let me give you a picture of just what this company does. The basis of our . . ."

He felt slightly numb; it seemed impossible, ludicrous, that Mr. Dangerfield should have cried. Loeffler went on talking about the real-estate business, and he realized suddenly that very possibly Loeffler *was* going to offer him a job. He tried to listen, but the unfamiliar phrases—site appraisal, cooperative financing, lease-backs, syndication—muddled confusingly in his mind.

The intercom said, "Mr. Farnum is here, Mr. Loeffler. In Mr. Hale's office."

"On my way," Loeffler said into the box, and stood up. At the door he turned. "Back in ten minutes. If you're sure that you really want to buckle down, we'll find something for you to do."

The numbness was still there, but after a moment Arthur got up and began to wander aimlessly about the room. There was a little brass model of a skyscraper on a shelf in the corner; he examined that, and then the pipe Loeffler had left on the desk. Dunhill, not Abercrombie & Fitch. He went to the window, from which he could see down Fifth Avenue all the way to Forty-second Street, and up as far as the tangle of traffic before the Plaza Hotel. *We'll find something for you to do.* . . . I could empty ashtrays, he thought, and maybe polish the little skyscraper every day. The absurdity of it made him smile. The cars darted about in front of the Plaza, and he wondered why everybody didn't bump into everybody else. Turning from the window, he noticed a smudge on his hand and guessed that it had come from picking up Loeffler's pipe. He wiped it away, thinking about Mr. Dangerfield and Loeffler having lunch together, arranging Grace's life and his. It was no use talking to people like them, no use at all.

A siren wailed suddenly in the street below, and the room seemed very quiet when the wailing died.

He took all the pipes out of the rack and snapped the stems, one after another. They each broke the same way; the little shaft on the end of the stem would break off and remain stuck in the bowl part with a few jagged points protruding. When he was through, he laid the stems out on the white-marble desk, and the bowls in another row above them. Then he left the office and walked down the corridor and through the reception room to the elevators.

There were four elevators, but none stopped and the wait seemed very long. He began to feel sorry for Loeffler, who probably had wanted to help somehow, and then he felt a rush of pity for Mr. Dangerfield, weeping in a restaurant out of concern for Grace. But it was Grace, he thought suddenly, that he should be worrying about now. She would be frightened when they told her. . . .

An elevator arrived. Riding down, he decided that it would be better if he told her himself about what had happened this afternoon. He would begin by putting his arms around her and saying, "I love you" and "I need you," not sounding the words, but shaping them so that she could read them on his lips. It might not help much, but it was all he could think of now to do. □

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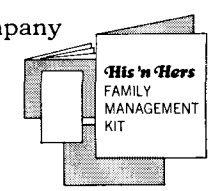

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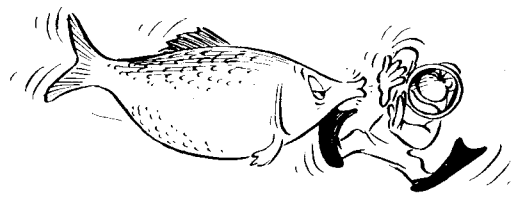
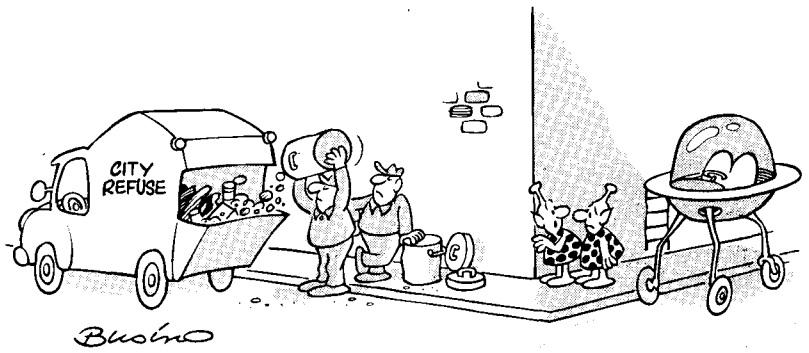


"My wife's been out of town all week."

"I said, 'It's been done!'"

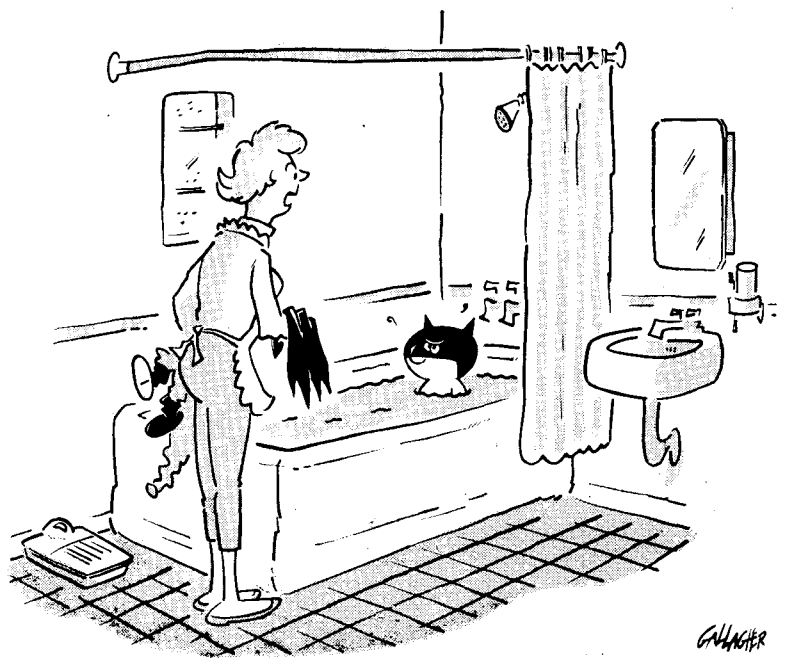


"Must be feeding time."

PARSEE MARCY

There once was a Parsee named Marcy
Who lived in a box in Canarsie.
He dined very sparsely
On parsnips and parsley,
A most parseemonious Parsee.

OGDEN NASH



"You'll have to reveal your true identity sometime."

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'A sister is simply a person who has chosen to mak

Ex-nun Sister Nativity (center) of Oklahoma City left her order because it restricted her work with the poor. Significantly, she still maintains close ties with other nuns.

THE NEW NUNS

Continued from page 25

supper and brief recreation—conversation or knitting or singing in the community room—then more prayers and an hour or so of work before bed.

But the demands of modern professional life began to make great incursions into the sisters' daily schedules (One sister commented wryly: "We try to live modern nights and medieval mornings"), and by about 1950 many convents were beginning to make at least minor adjustments. Fewer prayers were to be recited together; greater flexibility was allowed for individual necessities; later retiring was permitted and sometimes later rising; in some communities the hours were left to individual discretion.

One sister, who had spent 30 years under the old regimen, felt that these small adjustments in her community had not gone nearly far enough: "If only we'd go the whole way on *aggiornamento!* In the morning I drag myself out of bed too tired to think. I get down to the chapel where we say Matins and Lauds, followed by a half hour of mental prayer and twenty minutes of vocal prayers for the church, the community and benefactors, and then Mass starts. By Communion time I'm lost in frustration because I can feel no fervor—only fatigue. Sometimes I kneel at the Communion railing wondering if I can possibly please God, feeling as I do. Then we go to breakfast and are served in rank. Since I'm near the end of my particular table, I'm served near the last, and I practically choke with resentment—and yes, let me be honest—with scruples because I'm in such a bad humor every morning. Yet I love to pray. What a joy and peace it would be if we just had meditation as a preparation for Mass. I could sing aloud with the best of them or join in hearty dialogue at Mass in all the glory of the new liturgy. And if we didn't waste so much time serving by rank in the refectory, life would be perfect. . . . But it's still a wonderful life, and thank God I can still laugh out loud at myself."

Until recently, all changes had to wait upon the good will of high superiors. No idea was more exaggerated in American convents 25 years ago than the concept of "religious obedience." Not long ago, in front of the television cameras of David Susskind's *Open End* program, Sister Mary Ignatia Griffin described the fundamental change in the theory and the practice of obedience from the time when she first entered. She recalled: "When I began to live a life of religious obedience, I was expected to expect specific direction. In fact, very specific direction. And I was expected, if I possibly could, to bring my mind to see that the direction that was being given to me by my higher superiors was the best. I was supposed to get a sort of intellectual agreement with them, if I could do this. However, it was recognized that I couldn't always, but at least this was the ideal." She flashed a smile. "Well, this concept of obedience, I think, is doomed. It's dead. It's gone, and thank God that it is gone, because really today I think that obedience means to young people not mere following, but responsible freedom. Young people coming into religious communities today realize that they have a major share in making the congregation what it is."

At the present time, however, all the rules made for religious women are made by men. A view encountered very often among sisters is that, in the words of one of them, "Bishops and priests are afraid of women. That's why they have tried to make us neuters." Sister Charles Borromeo Muckenhirn, in this connection, pointed to her heavy dress, her heavy men's shoes, even her large-sized men's handkerchief. "It's as if being a woman were being evil."

According to canon law, made entirely by men, the status of sisters in the church is that of "minors"; they were not treated as adults but as women everywhere were treated two centuries ago. From the Roman congregations to the local bishop and even the parish priest, men legally and effectively have the last word about convent life. The Congregation of Religious in Rome, the bureau that has so much authority over the sisters' lives, is entirely masculine. The sisters noted that not one woman took part in the deliberations of the Second Vatican Council until in the third session a handful of "auditresses" was appointed; eight of them were sisters, only one from the United States.

Twenty-five years ago the fact of male dominance was almost disastrous for the sisters' communities in the United States. Unrelenting demands made upon the sisters in the name of the Catholic school system rarely took account of the welfare of the sisters. In 1887 there were in the United States 2,697 elementary schools taught by sisters. For the next 43 years an average of *nine* new schools were under construction *each month*, until by 1930 there were 7,293 such schools. By 1964 this number had almost doubled. Where would the sisters come from to staff these schools? Who would pay for their education? Requests for more sisters flooded in from harried bishops. The sister superiors had learned all too thoroughly the meaning of obedience, and often they would accede to a request for more sisters without pointing out strenuously to the bishop how much harm

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herself available as sister instead of wife and mother.'

was being done the young sisters by the work placed prematurely upon their shoulders.

For the new schools devoured young sisters. Fresh from the novitiate they would come, two years or so of college work in their heads, to cope with elementary-school classrooms whose average student enrollment was 38. Some harassed pastors loaded 80 to 100 children in a classroom rather than turn applicants away. And the sisters, unlike public-school teachers, were still trying to live according to medieval monastic standards, as well as to acquire professional competence and also to answer all requests made upon them. At night they had no home, no family circle, to retire to; they lived in the institution where they worked, or with the same people they worked with all day long. Even though they could take their cares to the dark, silent chapel, the pace was inhuman, and something had to give.

III

The renewal of the sisterhoods has proceeded in cycles, with each cycle spiraling higher than its predecessor. The first cycle of the present renewal began in 1941 with the publication of Sister Bertrande Meyer's doctoral dissertation, *The Education of the Sisters*. Sister Bertrande reported on hundreds of interviews with sisters and described the deplorable schedules the sisters were trying to meet. "Neither bishops nor priests," Sister Bertrande now recalls, "could quite grasp the necessity of holding the young sister back until she was fully formed, academically and spiritually, to enter the professions of teaching and nursing."

Little action resulted from Sister Bertrande's investigations, but in 1949 Sister Madeleva Wolff, a highly cultivated poetess and president of St. Mary's College at Notre Dame, made a second thrust. In a pungent paper delivered to the National Catholic Educational Association and later published as *The Education of Sister Lucy*, she argued that sisters could no longer be treated as mere cogs in a vast machine. The early reformers, in short, insisted that "Sister Lucy" must be professionally prepared; her own sense of dignity must be respected.

The opposition to this first reform was threefold. Many bishops and pastors didn't see why fifth-grade teachers needed university degrees. Secondly, many sisterhoods had a tradition of pietism and anti-intellectualism. "I would rather feel compunction than know how to define it," was an accepted maxim. But thirdly, and least admirably, many of the conservatives of that period were afraid because the young student sisters were precisely the ones who had not yet committed themselves by lifelong vows; "Sister Lucy" might get her Ph.D. and leave. To this Sister Madeleva replied, "Nothing can do more to undermine her vocation than to send her out to try to teach without adequate, often without any, preparation."

By 1953 the second cycle of reform had begun, and its leaders were three powerful personalities. Sister Mary Emil Penet, like Sister Madeleva before her, argued brilliantly for a special training program for sisters. Soon the National Catholic Educational Association formed a new committee, the Sister Formation Conference, and Sister Mary Emil was elected its head. Cardinal Spellman offered her a temporary office in New York. And then, unlike Sister Madeleva, Sister Mary Emil received funds to *do* something: $50,000 from the Ford Foundation to examine the actual conditions of sisters' education. One of her first acts with Ford money was to purchase a car—and then she set off almost immediately with a companion upon a trip of 25,000 miles to study the education of sisters in all parts of the country.

Wearing a habit she designed herself, Sister Nativity visits with her neighbors. She lives alone in an abandoned convent.

Sister Mary Emil (today the president of Marygrove College in Detroit) is a thin, dynamic, restless person with a firm will, whose professional training was in philosophy. She soon inspired scores of other sisters, and almost overnight 150 "Sister Formation Centers" sprang up in the U.S. Despite her own strength, Sister Mary Emil was deferential to bishops and respectful to the executive officers of the sisterhoods. Gradually the sisters' communities succeeded in persuading bishops to endure a three-year wait for new personnel while young sisters completed their education. "Sometimes," Sister Mary Emil recalls now, "you had to promise that after three years you wouldn't forget the bishops who had agreed to wait. You couldn't blame them for being worried. They had countless demands to meet."

In her efforts to form a whole new system of education, Sister Mary Emil was joined by Sister Annette Walters, a trained psychologist from St. Paul, and Sister Ritamary Bradley, a bright young writer and college teacher from Ottumwa, Iowa. The three sisters traveled many thousands of miles and gave hundreds of lectures, established a vast and orderly network of communication, and through their Sister Formation Conference *Bulletin* offered American Catholicism more stimulating philosophical and theological reflection than any other institution of the decade. Six special colleges for sisters were built in different parts of the country, and the curriculum of each was based on the assumption that "the spiritual and the intellectual life reinforce each other."

For more than a decade, the programs of the S.F.C. have prospered, even though the three pioneering leaders clashed in an intensely human drama two years ago. Although all three had the basic interests of the Sister Formation Conference at heart, severe personality conflicts arose in which many sisters became involved. Misunderstandings multiplied; unfounded accusations were made; during more than one organizational meeting emotions got out of hand, someone banged fists on the table, feelings were deeply hurt, groups silently formed behind the scenes and rumors flew. Letters, and then counter-letters, were written to all the bishops of the U.S. Today, all three have resumed work in their own communities, and all three speak most appreciatively of one another. Which is to say, more poignantly than pictures of nuns on roller coasters, sisters are like the rest of humanity.

Now a third cycle of reform has developed. While "education" and "formation" were the key words in the second cycle, "community" and "witness" are the key words in the third. One sister active in this third cycle is Sister Charles Borromeo Muckenhirn (her friends call her "Charlie B."), who is head of the theology department at St. Mary's College in South Bend, Ind., and also the courageous editor of *Sisters' Forum*, a monthly supplement of the weekly *National Catholic Reporter*. In 1965 she assembled a set of essays by nine sister scholars entitled *The Changing Sister*, which brilliantly illuminates the revolution occurring in the lives of nuns.

I spoke to Sister Charles Borromeo in the seminar room of the St. Mary's theology department. Upon the wall hung a pennant on which bright lettering proclaims joyously: "WISDOM hath built herself a house . . . a house, a house, a beautiful house!" Speaking rapidly, in a colorful, colloquial style, Sister Charles Borromeo described the present wave of reform. "The renewal," she said, "is a welling up of the Christian life in sisters who want to love and live in genuine communities. They are totally committed to personal prayer,

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Bishops couldn't see why nuns who taught school needed college degrees.

thought, dialogue across all lines, in order to become witnesses for the Spirit. And witness does not mean carrying a sandwich board. It means living a free and genuine life, from inside out. Prayer is primary for a sister, like marital intimacy for the married. But all Christians are responsible for acting in the world!"

"I think the sisters interested in renewal want two things and would like to be pictured as wanting these two things," says Sister Suzanne Kelly, the first sister hired to teach at all-male Notre Dame University: "A more meaningful community life, and a non-institutional way of serving the church." Pressed, she specifies that she wants "smaller, less regimented groups" where personal relationships are warm and genuine, and "the freedom to be responsible Christians rather than to go on being mere position-fillers."

The new sisters feel that they are just beginning to enter the secular world on its own terms. It is not so much that many convent rules have been changed to allow them, for example, to go out on the streets alone instead of in pairs. (Occasionally, as happened recently in downtown Los Angeles, a protective layman accosts a sister on a busy sidewalk and lectures her severely for being "out" alone.) It is rather that wherever there is suffering and need, there the sisters are beginning to go.

Some of the sisters' communities are experiencing the new adulthood more quickly than others. In the communities that still are bent on maintaining "tradition," for example, young girls of 18 or 19 learn to become anonymous and to submit. "They come with their guitars," a sister in one such community sadly reports. "They are full of joy and vivacity. The only church they know is the church of the Second Vatican Council, Pope John's church: critical, questioning, free. But in our community the women training these girls are very rigid personalities and the new girls strike deathly fear into their hearts—they'll *never* fit into slots. These girls are reading Sartre and don't know if they still have faith, but the novice mistress makes fifty of them sit in a classroom for an hour after Mass because on the way to church one girl almost stepped on a worm and those behind her giggled. Another girl is told she doesn't have a vocation because she tidied up her room in five minutes when the rule said fifteen and sat reading Albert Camus for the extra time."

By contrast, in the community of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur in Belmont, Calif., the new way is advancing steadily. Recently the younger sisters there gave a pizza party for me, in order to discuss this article for the *Post*. "The last week before I entered the convent," one junior sister reminisced, "I had my last hamburger, my last milk shake, my last pizza, my last everything. Then at our first dinner in the convent they served us ice cream! The record collection we had was just like my collection at home. I was so surprised at first. There were far more connections with home than I expected."

The young sisters talked with uninhibited gestures, fingers moving as fast as their speech. "Why are you writing this article anyway?" one sister asked directly. "What do you think we are doing here? Who do you think we are?"

"The problem is, who do you think you are?"

Without fear of worldly "contamination," nuns are studying at secular schools. Sister Michaele, above, is at the University of California, Berkeley.

The discussion lasted a long time. "Christians," they finally answered, "trying to learn to live as a community."

"What is the essential thing?" I asked.

"We told you. Community."

Like these junior sisters, the new sisters have discovered that merely living together under one roof, taking meals together, even conversing charitably together does not make "community." Many sisters prefer institutional living, but some of the new sisters find institutional living less than Christian. And whereas the old system discouraged friendships among the sisters, the new sisters are not afraid to love.

Upon the walls of the rooms of many new sisters are serigraphs by Sister Mary Corita Kent, the artist of the renewal, whose colorful work pleased thousands at the Vatican Pavilion of the World's Fair. One of her prints reads: "To understand is to stand under, which is to look up to, which is a good way to understand." Reality, risk, trust, joy, love, these are the themes through which Sister Corita speaks of the sources of genuine community. Her own convent, Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles, lives by the spirit of Sister Corita's prints. When the Immaculate Heart sisters speak of "our community," they do not mean only the sisters, but all the people with whom they come in contact—students, lay faculty, workmen, visitors. It would be difficult to find a more thoroughly free and joyful household in the United States. Only the arch-conservatism of Cardinal McIntyre blinds him to one of the most brilliant Christian presences in his archdiocese. Constantly spied upon (even conversations over dinner are reported by telephone), criticized and obstructed by archdiocesan officials, the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart are among the most highly educated, open, imaginative and rapidly developing sisterhoods in the country.

The bitter conservative resistance to renewal imagines that all the new sisters want are petty things like freedom to eat in public, colorful dresses, total freedom from discipline and rules, an ordinary lay life: "Why did they enter the convent at all?" To this, one of the older new sisters, aged 62, retorts, "I wonder if anyone would think that Benedictine, Carmelite, Dominican, Franciscan or other priests are reprehensibly eating their cake and having it by playing golf, swimming at public or semi-public beaches, going to the theater, to concerts, to restaurants, having regular vacations, visiting and dining with their friends in homes."

To the new nuns, these small things are not serious. They are embarrassed that in attending professional conventions they cannot, according to the rules of some sisterhoods, take their meals with "seculars." Sometimes a sister who is working among the poor in the slums cannot, without a companion, respond to a call from a family in immediate need. But such matters are mere nuisances, to be ended speedily. The new sisters are thinking about far more basic Christian issues: how to live a mature, prayerful, free Christian life among people who are in need.

IV

What the new sisters have in mind is, in a striking way, coherent with the whole history of religious sisterhoods. This history begins with those devout women who regularly ministered to Jesus and his disciples, and who stood by at his crucifixion when the apostles had fled. For four centuries, women served in an official capacity as "deaconesses" in the early church. They tended the sick, fed the poor, instructed new believers, comforted the sorrowing.

The church first formally approved of public communities of religious women in the 6th century. In those days it was a matter of practical necessity that every woman be protected by "either a man or a wall," and the church insisted upon strict enclosure of its consecrated virgins. This insistence—a solid wall itself—stood firm for a thousand years. From the 13th century Dominican and Franciscan monks were allowed to live among the people, preaching and begging for their daily needs, but no nuns were allowed the same freedom.

In 1544, St. Angela Merici sent a new sisterhood, the Ursulines, outside the medieval cloisters to meet the enormous needs of the people. But male traditionalists put an end to this brave attempt; the Ursulines were cloistered. A century later, however, St. Vincent de Paul and Louise de Marillac, with "patience and pious cunning," circumvented conservative resistance. They dropped the name "religious" and spoke merely of "good girls of the parish"—nothing formal, simply women who wished to live the Gospels, together, in a common life. St. Vincent and Louise envisioned prophetically a group of women "whose only cloister would be the streets of the city; their only chapel the parish church; their veil, holy modesty; and their only enclosure, holy obedience."

The Daughters of Charity, as these "good girls of the parish" were called, dressed as other women dressed, went where other women went. But they did not escape from monastic patterns as thoroughly as St. Vincent had hoped. The weight of the cloistered tradition was still heavy; precautions were taken to safeguard the sisters from the "contamination" of the world. There were to be regular hours of prayer. There were to be superiors and subjects, rules and regulations. The sisters went outside for certain explicitly permitted tasks; then they returned. Thus, they could not really belong to the poor of the streets, to the active world of men, except part-time.

Today, along with many other activities, the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul operate Marillac House in Chicago, a settlement house in East Garfield Park, the area with the

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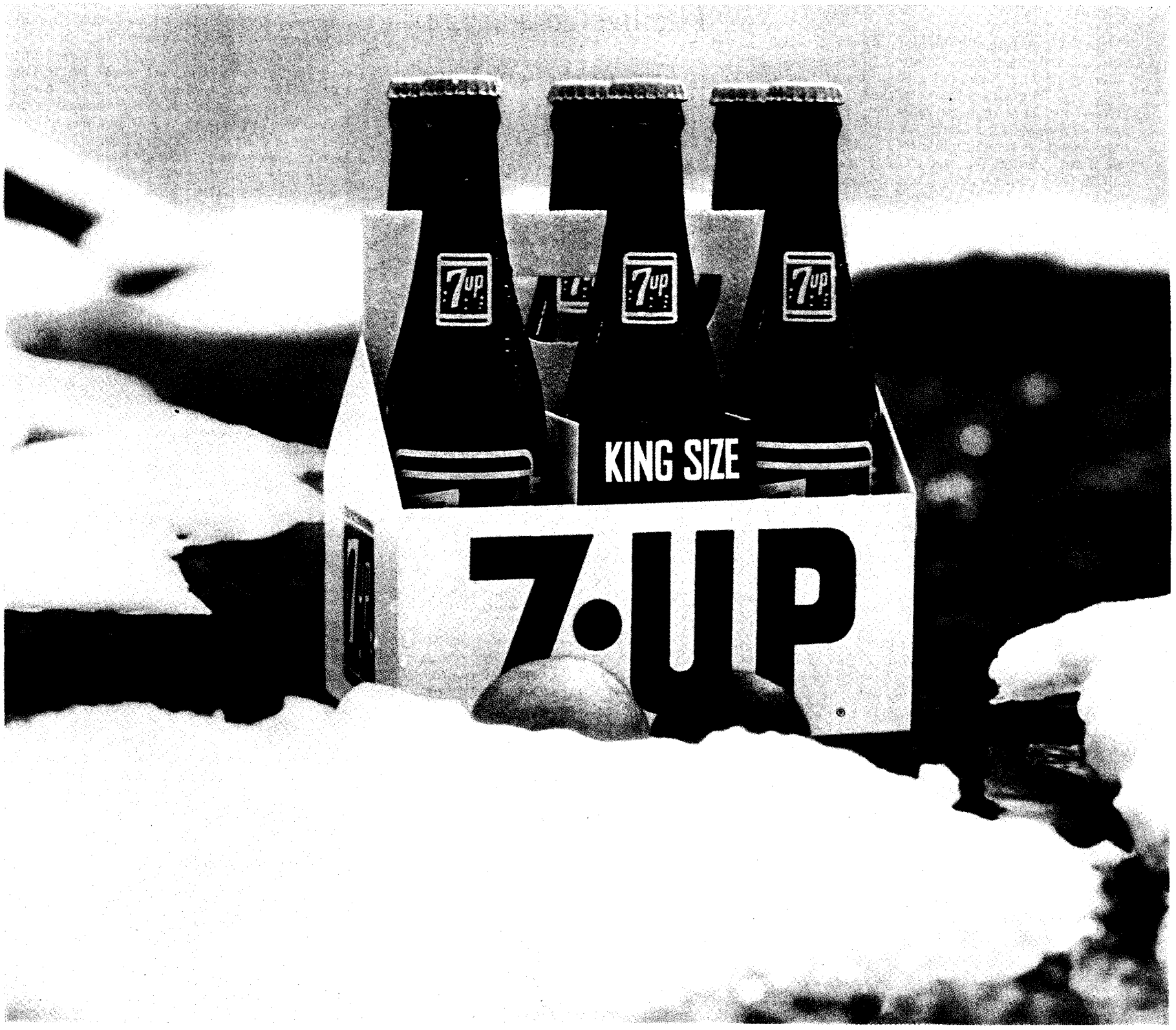

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highest crime rate, the highest rate for venereal disease and illegitimate children, the highest illiteracy and the highest degree of desperation in the city. The sisters have worked at Marillac House for more than 20 years, and are slightly amused when other sisters discover their work and take it as something new. "Read St. Vincent de Paul," Sister Winifred Kilday smiles. "It's all in his conferences. 'The poor are anyone who needs us.' We've been here through the frustrated 'Forties and the desperate 'Fifties. Now others are on the brotherhood kick and the inner-city bandwagon. But it isn't new, sir, it isn't new."

The immediate problem in East Garfield Park is hunger. "Another baby dies of malnutrition," Sister Winifred says evenly. She is tall, professional, with a dry wit and an intense devotion to her community's work. "Children are always being bitten by rats. Then there is the 'sin of referral.' The poor are referred from one bureaucratic agency to another.

"What do we do here?" She sat in a neatly waxed and painted office on the ground floor of a public-housing project two blocks away from Marillac House. "There are twenty-two thousand people in our fifty-block area. We have trained three direct-service workers to tend to immediate emergencies. We keep no records; it's either care for people or keep records, and we prefer people. The people here have started twenty-six block clubs; we give them some leadership training, bring in speakers, offer them our center. The work is slow. The poor have no one to speak for them, sir. They need a voice. They need someone to speak for them." She looked for the thread of her account. "The work is slow. This month the project is 'a garbage can for every family.' Garbage is collected only once a week in this area. Next month the project will be, 'Put the garbage *in* the can.' The work is slow. The people need secondary leadership, their own leadership, their own sense of community."

Phone calls often interrupt Sister Winifred. "Gotta see you, sister," one caller recently told her, a 30-year-old woman with five children, whose husband had been in prison for three months. Sister Winifred went immediately, climbing to the fifth floor several buildings from her office. The woman lay on the bed treading her sheets. "Gotta have sex, sister," she said. "Don't let me cheat. Don't let me cheat." (Sister Winifred said later that in that neighborhood "anyone can get sex for fifty cents.") She sat on the bed and took the woman's head on her lap, caressing her hair until she grew quiet. "Every woman goes through what she goes through," Sister Winifred said later. "In her I saw the beautiful purity of our people. I learned what my own vow of celibacy means. 'Don't let me cheat, sister. Don't let me cheat.'"

The five girls are not nuns, and they hate to be thought of as nuns.

When the bell rings at 12:45 Sister Winifred returns from her public-housing outpost to Marillac House for lunch and an hour of common prayer. The people know what the bell means. "Sister, you know that bell's gonna ring. Now you better get there." "You can't cheat on the common life," Sister Winifred says. "I wouldn't want those hours of prayer changed." She returns to duty from 2:30 until 5:45. After dinner, recreation (including the news on television) and a brief period of common prayer, she returns to the office from 7:15 until 10, or as late as necessary. "Sisters must specialize," she says. "Some must teach the wealthy to care for the poor, and some must help the poor. For us, the poor are our masters. They teach us the meaning of the Gospel. Christ is really present in them."

The Daughters of Charity represent a transition from the past into the present. They retain, however, an ankle-length dress and a set of strict rules. And they have kept their three-century-old commitment to the poor (in the United States they also teach in many schools). Many of the new sisters admire their work at Marillac House but feel that the commitment of the sisters to the poor must break still further from the idea of enclosure.

In vivid contrast to Sister Winifred's defense of a strict common life, Sisters Evelyn Eaton, Marie Cirillo and Gerald Peterson of the Glenmary Sisters are proud of the fact that "living in a convent is outside our experience." The Glenmary Sisters were founded 20 years ago in Cincinnati and have done most of their work among the poor of Appalachia. They number at present not quite 100 sisters. Typically American, the sisters are experimenting with a simple gray dress and blouses of various colors.

Sisters Evelyn, Marie and Gerald live temporarily in "uptown" Chicago, in the Irving Park-Bryn Mawr district where thousands of Appalachians have migrated. They are blessed with a bishop who understands the ambiguities and complexities of their work with the poor in his diocese, Bishop Joseph H. Hodges of Wheeling, W. Va.; he has told them they "have his permission" to make mistakes. The sisters came to Chicago "to be present and available," and to study the needs of Appalachian migrants in the city. Rents on the sisters' block run as high as $130 a month for three rooms. Most of the migrants arrive penniless but are expected to pay rent in advance. Even when they find jobs, pay day does not come for at least a week. What do they do in the meantime? "Who knows?" says Sister Evelyn.

In the streets children greet each sister by name, calling joyfully from overhead windows or from the tiny asphalt playground where broken glass shines in the sun. Only a small percentage of the people are Catholic, but almost all of them know the sisters. They do not perceive the sisters as Catholics or as sisters but as distinct persons—Evelyn, Marie and Gerald—whom they trust. A pregnant 19-year-old whose husband is in jail comes by for lunch. An 18-year-old boy comes to ask them for $30 to pay a week's rent, until his first pay check arrives.

The Appalachians are charged 15 to 30 percent interest by salesmen who sell them "installment purchases." They do not know that they have rights regarding their landlords and the city government. They do not understand northern bureaucracy. They are shunted from office to office, distrusted, accused of lying and other immoralities on the merest assumption. The skills of living in the city elude them. Yet hundreds of thousands of Appalachians will be moving into cities in the next decade. The Glenmary Sisters are trying to invent techniques for helping them: block clubs, clean-up campaigns, block parties, choral groups, folk singing, job hunting. The sisters are trying to become links between the migrants and the rest of the city.

On the opposite side of the block from the Glenmarys' three-room apartment is a huge yellow-brick convent in which six sisters—never seen in the streets—are living. Through the window of the huge, three-story house on the next

These five attractive Roman Catholic girls have come to Oklahoma City to lead a celibate, dedicated Christian life together and to work individually for various Christian ends.

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corner one can see a gleaming silver service on a white linen tablecloth. Four priests live there. The solid school building next door—once that of an upper-middle-class Irish parish—stands locked and unused after school hours.

One of the Glenmary Sisters—they maintain two apartments, a block apart—teaches at Mundelein College; her salary helps to support the others. (Some of the students from Mundelein come down to help and to make friends, tutor and organize parties in the neighborhood.) The Glenmary Sisters are discovering among the Appalachians what genuine community is.

Even the student sisters of the Glenmarys are different. Eight of them live in a house in Milwaukee, where they are studying for degrees in history, sociology, English, fine arts and other fields. Sister Germaine Habjan composes folk songs, which the entire community sings. Last November, two graduate students from Marquette were married, and the whole group sang two of Sister Germaine's songs: *Love One Another* and *All of My Life, I Will Sing Praise to My God.* Recently, the sisters were saddened because the use of folk music in the liturgy was forbidden by the bishop of Milwaukee as "unsuited" for worship. On Sunday mornings, nevertheless, Marquette students crowd into the dining room and living room of the Glenmary apartment for the Eucharist, and for coffee and rolls afterward. The eight attractive, talented sisters are not afraid to "mix with seculars," but feel strengthened thereby in their service of God's people.

It does not seem fanciful to see in the Glenmary Sisters, and in other new sisters who are trying to revolutionize convent life in a similar pattern, a return to the original role of dedicated women in the church. They dress like other women; they move about in the adult, lay world without fear; they are sustained by the strength of their own inner freedom, love and desire to serve God's people; they are unhampered by the medieval institutions, modern impersonality, rules, regulations and the 19th-century practices that inhibit so many sisterhoods.

V

Why do women become nuns?

In the South Pacific during World War II an American sergeant watched an American missionary sister tend a family stricken with advanced leprosy. He said loud enough for her to hear: "I wouldn't do that for a million dollars." She replied: "Neither would I."

The sociologist points out that for countless daughters of Irish (and other) immigrants the Roman Catholic sisterhoods have offered status, security and acceptance in the educated middle class. The psychologist points out that some girls who are afraid of their sexuality, uncertain of their own worth or unable to make independent decisions find in the sisterhoods a perfect excuse for avoiding contact with men and a guaranteed route to personal sanctity and honor. But in the daily life of the sister, only love for a hidden, often seemingly distant God provides the sustenance of spirit that makes her life worth its sacrifices. The sister lives by faith. Praying in the dim chapel while the benches creak, she directs her will, her thoughts, her affections to One she does not see but in Whom she has the utmost confidence. Sisters deplore any discussion of their life that overlooks their love for God. "Without faith, ' one sister says, "my life would be absurd."

The new nuns share deeply in this faith. But what distinguishes them is that they are bursting with the desire not to let their faith be hidden, "like a candle under a basket." They became sisters in order to live as closely in the presence of God as they could, and to them this means serving God's most needy people. Whereas nuns of the old school find God in quiet, retirement, obedi-

'A Christian sisterhood should not be run like an army.'

ence, peace, the new sisters find God in the secular city, in initiative, in conflict, as well as in prolonged periods of silent prayer. Thus new differs from old, but the fundamental love for God, the fundamental spirit of faith, is the same.

"I've watched the young sisters for the last five years," reports an older nun, for many years a highly ranked superior in her community. "At first I was suspicious. But I have watched them at prayer, and I have seen their charity for one another, and also for sisters who don't approve of them. They are not like we were in my generation. But we can be proud of them."

A tiny minority of American nuns, some 2,000, belong to fully cloistered, contemplative sisterhoods; their entire lives are spent in silence, prayer and whatever limited work they can do within the cloister. The contemplative nuns, however, like the active ones, are in great turmoil; new vocations have dropped alarmingly. And many contemplatives, inspired by the new theology, wish to make their contribution to the present renewal.

Still, for most of the sisters, holiness lies in serving mankind—in hospitals, orphanages, homes for the elderly; thus the majority join the "active" communities. Of the 175,000 American sisters, an estimated 105,000 teach—most of them in elementary and secondary schools, the rest in the 140 sisters' colleges (and 26 junior colleges) located around the country. In some places, students in Catholic schools rank lower on standard achievement tests than students in other schools; but often they rank higher. Over all, the sisters are justly proud of their performance, although their own self-criticism is growing healthily.

A more profound question often arises among some of them: Are Catholic schools worth the effort? Couldn't the sisters do better as professional public-school teachers, or even better by setting up youth centers in each parish district for after-school hours? Studies seem to show that, in observable moral and religious behavior, Catholic school children do not differ appreciably from public-school children. In religious terms, then, is the vast expenditure of money upon the Catholic school system worth the effort? Some sisters answer a ringing "Yes!" Others are not so sure.

Some argue that the church should cut back on the number of secondary and elementary schools and aim for quality. The Catholic schools are freer from political pressure than the public schools and could attempt educational experiments among both the poor and the upper classes. The Sisters of Loretto in Kansas City, for example, are experimenting in their new Loretto School with a non-graded curriculum in which the students proceed at their own pace.

One new educational field that attracts the new sisters is teaching and counseling at secular colleges and universities. Five out of eight Catholic college students are on secular campuses; they have been largely neglected by the church in the past. But in 1965 at least two dozen sisters accepted positions as assistants to the Newman center chaplains at various universities, and more entered the work this year.

Perhaps the most exciting experiment in Catholic education is led by the vivacious Sister Jacqueline Grennan, president of Webster College in St. Louis and member of President Kennedy's Panel for Research and Development in Education. Through her service on the panel, she has come to know some of the most sensitive and learned scientists and thinkers in America; several of them confided to her, as they came to respect her, that they had thought of religion as "a sinking ship." None of the sisters is as aware as she is of the gap between the world of belief and the world of unbelief. At Webster, Sister Jacqueline and her community are trying to create a new type of Catholic women's college, open, ecumenical, pluralistic, critical and free. All the Webster girls are expected to take their Catholic faith apart creatively, and critically to work out their basic values. Some of them are afraid of the freedom Webster offers; they want more answers, fewer questions. Others shed complacencies like cocoons and emerge with fresh, resilient spirits.

VI

Although the structure of convent life is highly democratic, calling for the election of major officers and representative bodies (chapters) at six-year intervals, obedience to existing authority often outweighs critical personal responsibility. Some sisters merely go through the motions of voting for officers; they vote for what they think their present officers want. Other sisters think of authority as a reward for long and faithful service; they don't so much seek good leadership as give a vote of commendation. In other communities what one sister calls "government by dynasty" emerges: outgoing officers point out their successors. The result of this breakdown in democracy is that communication between officers and members of religious communities is sometimes rudimentary. In such situations, the new sisters cry out for "dialogue." One of the greatest fruits of Vatican II was the introduction, in nearly all sisterhoods, of regular self-study projects, discussion committees and both written and oral airing of suggestions for renewal and reform. "A Christian sisterhood should not be run like an army, let alone an asylum," one sister exclaims. "Why can't sisters treat one another like adults, trust one another, help one another with criticism? We should call no one 'mother' (as in 'mother superior'), for none of us are children. We can find unity of wills without putting anyone up on a pedestal and waiting for orders. Other Americans do it all the time."

Nonetheless, a feeling of dependency has inhibited many sisters, particularly the older ones. The older system provided the illusion, but often not the reality, of community; the sister knew that she would be fed and housed, and cared for when old, even if she did not have a single close friend who knew her secret thoughts and her hidden emotions; she could feel part of a great institution. The new sisters, however, are a threat to this whole pattern of life. Personal responsibility, critical freedom, meeting people, new clothes, irregular hours—many a sister can hardly suppress a shudder of insecurity.

Besides, many of the older sisters have become so focused upon the trivia of institutional life, upon questions of rank (in some convents every community action is done according to the seniority established by the date on which one entered the convent), upon literal fidelity to rules and issues of propriety, that the indifference of the new sisters to such matters is held to be proof of moral turpitude. After watching four thoughtful and sensitive sisters answer questions for two hours on television's *Open End*, one older sister was asked her opinion. She frowned: "Sister Jacqueline had her legs crossed all during the show."

Paradoxically, at the very moment when the Second Vatican Council has promoted a wave of renewal and reform in the entire church, perhaps more sisters than ever before are asking to be dispensed from their vows and leaving the convent. No hard statistics are available, but competent sisters estimate that in 1965 about 3,300 sisters left, or almost two percent. In some communities fewer girls are entering now, too, and fewer go on to

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final vows. But other communities have so far experienced no more "defections" than hitherto—"Not more than two in three hundred sisters in the last ten years," one sister reports.

An eastern sister says: "When a well-trained sister sees a beloved school or project or organization, a worthwhile, beneficial thing, falling to pieces because of an inefficient superior, then, despite all the blithe talk about obeying superiors, it is only the terribly holy or the terribly foolish who can remain cool and uninvolved."

Who are the women who leave the convent? Why do they leave? What becomes of them? A national survey is being launched by several sisters to answer such questions. A tentative answer seems to be that in the last few years the expectations of the new sisters have jumped enormously, far beyond what their orders are prepared to allow. Some of them, with only one life to spend for the church, can no longer spend it conscientiously in institutions which of necessity must change with "deliberate speed." Other women, more conservative, are oppressed by the sudden uncertainties of convent life; their sense of stability has evaporated. Still others have suddenly become critically awake, after years of devoted, unquestioning service.

No doubt every one of the new sisters has thought of leaving the convent; a decision to remain a sister, they argue, should be made anew every day. It is not that their commitment is temporary; not at all. It is rather that they wish their commitment to be realistic, conscious, reflective; for them a vocation is not a matter of drifting. Besides, they are fully aware that, whereas 20 years ago the sisterhood was the only way in which women could give dedicated service to the church, today the possibilities and responsibilities of the lay woman in the world are much more fully recognized. The new sister sees herself as serving in one role among many; she is glad to be where she is, but she does not think the world begins and ends with the convent.

"For myself," says Sister Claire Marie Sawyer, "I think it would be throwing away a tremendous grace to leave the convent in this period; but I understand how others are led differently. We each serve the church; we are all Christians."

VII

Experiments already undertaken provide a look at how the sisterhoods of the future might develop. While the Sisters of Loretto, the Immaculate Heart Sisters, the Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Glenmary Sisters are, each in their different ways, leading the other sisterhoods into the future, some imaginative women have skipped ahead several steps. They have founded small associations in which they live out a new form of religious life.

One such group is made up of six women, formerly nuns in the Midwest, who left their sisterhoods to look for a more flexible mode of dedicated service. By chance, they made contact with Bishop Walter W. Curtis of Bridgeport, Conn., who offered to rent them living quarters and to hire them to teach in a new, lay Catholic college in his diocese. For want of a better name, these six women, whose ages range from 30 to 45, call themselves simply "The Christian Institute."

They dress as other women their age dress: On a Sunday afternoon a visitor found one of them in slacks and a University of Texas sweatshirt, the others in assorted dresses, slacks, sweaters. They live now on a small suburban farm, and they plan to find a place in the city slums. Four of them teach in the college. One, a professional social worker, is employed by the federal Office of Economic Opportunity to help the Negro and Puerto Rican teen-agers of the Bridgeport slums to learn

They have just one rule: 'Love one another as I have loved you.'

the skills of competitive white society. The other is a secretary for the diocese. Putting their salaries together, they have been able to help one another further their studies. One has spent a year in Florence, Italy, studying painting; a second will go to Europe next year for advanced studies in theology.

"The Christian Institute's only rule is: 'Love one another as I have loved you,'" says Sylvia Tackowiak, their leader. "Our aim is to witness to Christ through a life of evangelical perfection." The members assume that each of them is adult, mature, and has the interests of the whole group at heart; such persons need few rules. They will accept newcomers to their group only if they have sufficient professional competence to support themselves, wish to live a celibate life, and choose to give meaning to their professional occupations through living in a Christian household. The women make whatever vows they choose, in the privacy of their own conscience, although they do renew their dedication to the institute annually during the liturgical services of the Easter vigil.

The experiment is only three years old, but the six are happy with one another and with their new life. They delight in the freedom and flexibility they have, all the more because all of them experienced the struggles of renewal within traditional sisterhoods. They live, in the words of St. Vincent de Paul, as "good girls of the parish," sharing in all ways the life of the nearest Catholic parish community. They have no formal link to the bishop; they reserve the right to accept, or to refuse, any task that he proposes to them.

Meanwhile, five attractive young lay women have launched the Association for Christian Development in Oklahoma City. They too wear bright, cheerful dresses; each needs and has a car; each works at a different task, though all but one of them are on the diocesan payroll of Bishop Victor Reed, one of the most balanced and progressive of the U.S. bishops. Elizabeth McMahon and Connie Scott came to Oklahoma after their graduation from Manhattanville College in New York, to work as lay volunteers in what was then an understaffed, needy diocese. They loved the free and open climate of the church in Oklahoma and the opportunities they found for their own professional development. By 1962 they had met Mary Christie, another New Yorker, and Sharlene Shoemaker, a Nebraskan; in 1964 a registered nurse from Illinois, Betty Jacober, joined them.

The five are not, and hate to be thought of as, "nuns." To them the word has associations of institutionalization, rules, regulations, formalities. They wish to live a celibate, dedicated life, nourished by common life in a Christian household. Connie Scott says simply: "I want my life to speak to people of more than just me—of Christ. Not in words, but by something in myself. I want to speak as a healthy woman, as someone happy, fulfilled. I've chosen to be single. For me the Association is a way of life, the way I choose to love and to grow in love, to love Christ."

Connie runs a highly successful Montessori school for disadvantaged Negro children and has trained several of the children's mothers to help her. Elizabeth McMahon and Mary Christie try to teach the Catholic parents of the entire state of Oklahoma how to educate their children in religion; Sharlene works for the statewide diocesan youth department. Betty Jacober works among the poor Negro children of the Walnut Grove area of Oklahoma City.

A friend of these girls is the remarkable Sister Nativity Heiliger, formerly a Sister of Mercy, who now lives on her own in a tiny abandoned convent in a Negro neighborhood.

Sister Nativity was educated in public schools and so never experienced, she says, the "mystification" with which many Catholics surround nuns. "Having been reared in a Protestant country town," she says, "where the titles of brother and sister are frequently used between Christians in the community, I learned to love these titles, and to think of them as meaning availability and service." Sister Nativity maintains close ties with the friends she made during her 17 years as a Sister of Mercy, and she retains the name by which she was then known. She has shortened her black skirt to normal length and has designed a brief veil for her hair; her dress is still that of a sister, though it does not hide her femininity. "When I wear slacks or something casual for picnics and the like," she says, "I'm still Sister Nativity."

Sister Nativity has become the center of countless activities on behalf of the poor in Oklahoma City. She works in civic and neighborhood associations and draws other sisters into them. She sponsors lectures and classes on the problems of the city. Her program is simple. "The church should go to the people instead of waiting for the people to come to it. My role here is to be a link between people who want to help and people who need help. I'm willing to stay here a long time before I see any results."

Asked, "What is a sister?" Sister Nativity answers: "A sister is simply a person who has chosen to make herself available as sister instead of as wife and mother. She is certainly not different from other women except as people are naturally different. I think she should be poor, chaste and obedient—but then I think all Christians should be that. . . . I agree with St. Irenaeus that 'The glory of God is man fully alive' and that whatever promotes life or growth is good."

VIII

The new sisters, still working within the institutional structures Sister Nativity has left behind, surely agree with her. They have chosen to struggle, to reform, to remake their institutions from within. I see them, in retrospect, 250 strong in the halls of St. Bridget's church and school in the slums of St. Louis on a Sunday afternoon, each one patiently tutoring a Negro boy or girl, man or woman, in English and arithmetic. I climb behind Mother Patricia Barrett ("eighty pounds of dynamite", she is learning jujitsu for self-protection) as she winds through the darkness and stench of the cement stairway to the 11th floor of a public-housing project in St. Louis; she has helped find a room for a mother of eight whose husband has deserted her. I remember Sisters Judith Mary, David Maureen and Madeleva of Kansas City telling me of their new inner-city quarters in an abandoned hotel on 12th Street: "Every morning one of us will have to get up and empty the rat traps—but all these young kids in the neighborhood do it." I hear the calm, ebullient, hopeful voice of Sister Mary Luke, superior general of the Sisters of Loretto and chairman of the conference of major superiors of women, as she says: "We must experiment, that's the most important thing, experiment. Who knows what sisters will be like twenty years from now?"

As the new sisters set about creating a new style of religious life, they become the vanguard of all Americans who believe in God and who trust that "the glory of God is man fully alive." The sisters come from farther back than most other groups; their rules and traditions date from long ago. But if they can maintain their integrity, their love, their passion for justice, in the world of computers, supermarkets and slums, there is hope for all of us. □

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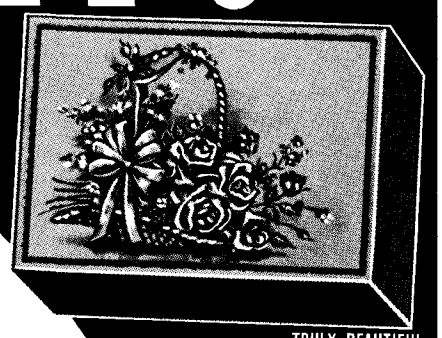

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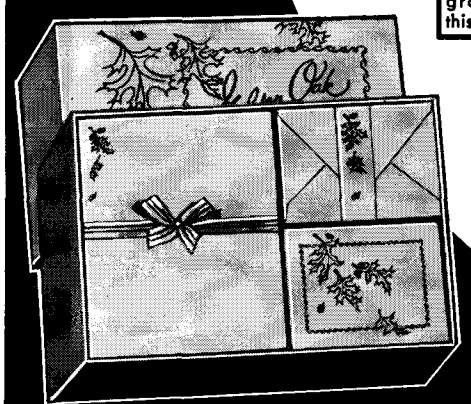

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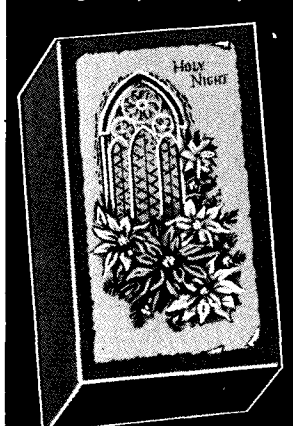

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RHODESIA'S ENDURING REBELLION

By JAMES MORRIS

Last November, in an act unprecedented since 1776, the British colony of Rhodesia carried out its long-standing threat of declaring itself independent. Thus Prime Minister Ian Smith hoped to preserve the rule of Rhodesia's 220,000 white settlers at the expense of its four million black Africans. In London Prime Minister Wilson vowed to blockade and crush the rebel government. Other African nations called for armed intervention. But U.N. condemnation brought only grim defiance from Rhodesia, and the outcast regime lurches on. Here is an on-scene report of the realities behind the slogans.

The Rhodesian parliament meets in a white late-Victorian building in Salisbury, guarded by jolly sergeants of the British South Africa Police whose medal ribbons commemorate many an old battle for crown and empire. It is a smallish building with a garden in the middle, and you approach the chamber down a corridor lined with busts and portraits of local heroes. A modest door swings open; a blue-uniformed usher whispers you to a seat; and there you are in the supreme assembly of Rhodesia, whose debates have forced every other state on earth, in one degree or another, into some kind of quandary.

The historic baubles of British constitutional monarchy provide glitter, for despite their declared independence from Britain the Rhodesians still claim to be fervent royalists: the great mace with the crown on top, The Speaker enthroned in his full-bottomed wig, a large picture of Queen Elizabeth II upon the wall. Transplanted meticulously from the Palace of Westminster across the water, these emblems give the chamber an immediate dignity, and make one feel at first that the Rhodesian rebellion must have nobility after all, like the revolt of the American colonies long ago. There are, you observe with a pleasure at once moral and aesthetic, four or five black Africans on one side of the house, and here and there a member lounges in his seat with the traditionally patrician languor of the Disraelis and the Churchills. It looks a little like one of those gray old steel engravings from the Victorian magazines, and is undeniably a fine thing to see, with all its appendages of inherited order, here in the heart of unpredictable Africa.

Calm your emotions. You have got the scale wrong. This is no Continental Congress fired by great visions. The parliament of Rhodesia works at about the level of a middle-sized municipal assembly in the English provinces, and that is about the standard of its debate. The Declaration of Rhodesian Independence was couched in language plainly intended to be historical, to be copied in illuminated lettering on parchment, or used as the title pages of coffee-table souvenirs. It was rich in expressions like "the course of human affairs," "the rocks of expediency," "and whereas," "now therefore." It did not, however, ring true, and half an hour in the Rhodesian parliament demonstrates why. This house is out of its depth in grandeur. It would be more at home discussing parking problems, or debating the rising cost of Christmas lighting. In that chamber I never heard a moving phrase, or even an undergraduate epigram.

This mediocrity is not surprising. Events in Rhodesia have rocked the world only because of this country's unfortunate setting—a country ruled by white men settled like an irritating antibody in the physique of Africa. In all other respects it is a very minor state indeed. Those members of parliament represent a total electorate about as numerous as the population of Duluth, and the hierarchy they head is just what you would expect to find in a well-heeled provincial society; just the little snobberies, just the local prides, just the few celebrities, makers of opinion or setters of fashion. There are the local newspapers and the local radio stations, the bigwigs who open church bazaars, the provocative liberals, the country gentlemen, the breezily non-political Rotarians—"*steer clear of it all, always have, better things to think about.*" One does not expect Jeffersons to emerge from such a comity; and sure enough, no Jeffersons have.

Now you have the perspectives better. The white rulers of Rhodesia are very ordinary men, at the top of a predominantly bourgeois society. The snag is—and in that cozy little chamber it is all too easy to forget—that they also control the destinies of some

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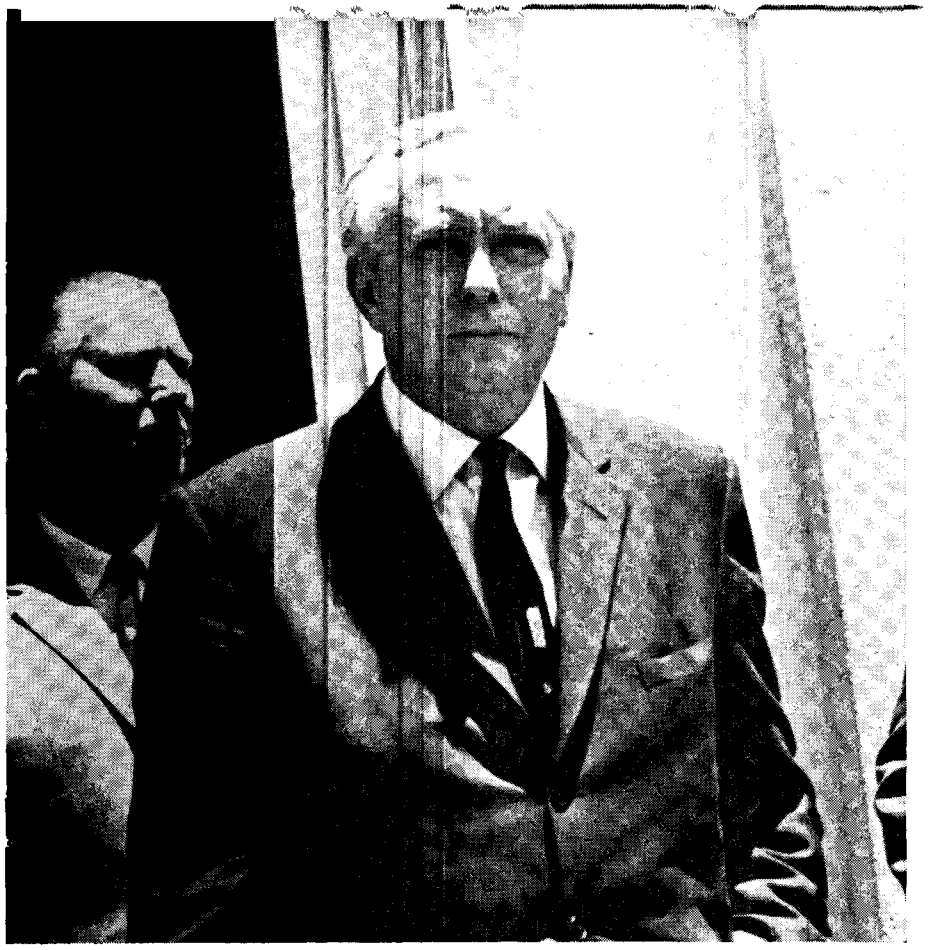


Smiling Ian Smith stands in striking contrast to Prime Minister Wilson as negotiations failed.

four million black helots, whose impotent presence in the state transforms Rhodesia's condition from the complacently insignificant to the symbolically tragic. The affairs of the little community have been grotesquely magnified, and the institutions of Salisbury, from parliament itself to fashionable eating places, suddenly find themselves spuriously metropolitan.

"This reminds me of Simpson's in London," I remarked to the head waiter at Meikle's grillroom, as he carved a superb slab of beef beside my table. "How odd, sir," he replied, "most people say that Simpson's in London reminds them of Meikle's." "That's independence for you," I said, but the waiter smiled a little reproachfully. "Out here," he said, signaling his departure, "we call it patriotism."

He was whistling in the gathering dark. All is patently not well with Rhodesia. She is enduring international sanctions of unprecedented completeness. The queen's navy assiduously intercepts her oil supplies. Her black neighbors huff and puff around her frontiers. The financiers, pundits and Pharisees of every respectable continent pass her by on the other side. Her only apparent friends in the world are the South Africans and the Portuguese. Her economy is slowly sinking. She stands on the very pinnacle of diplomatic antipathy. Of all the political crises of our time, the Rhodesian is about the messiest.

Like most such stews, it took time to boil. From 1923 until 1965 Rhodesia was a hybrid sort of entity—a self-governing British colony, whose foreign policy was dictated by London and whose native African population was protected by safeguards imposed from Great Britain. For each of the 220,000 white men living in Rhodesia, there are about 20 blacks, and to liberal minds in England the great danger was that Rhodesia would go the South African way—would gradually sidle into policies of apartheid as a means of keeping white supremacy for good.

For a couple of generations the Rhodesians have therefore been tugging at the British umbilical, pressing for more absolute independence to look after all their own affairs, notably the affairs of race. There was a short-lived attempt, beginning in 1953, to federate the country with its two neighbors, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland—the Rhodesians themselves to provide the know-how, the Northern Rhodesians (now independent as Zambia) the riches of their fabulous copper belt, and the people of Nyasaland (now independent as Malawi) nothing in particular. There were endless testy disputes down the years, endless fluctuations of liberalism and reaction, charges and countercharges, reproaches and reconciliations. Until at last, in November last year, the prime minister of Rhodesia, Mr. Ian Smith, announced that Rhodesian patience was exhausted, and made a unilateral declaration of independence—U.D.I. for short.

Britain has flatly refused to accept Rhodesian independence, has declared both its government and its new constitution illegal, and imposed stiff economic sanctions. A protracted series of Anglo-Rhodesian talks have seemed to lead nowhere. The neighboring African states intermittently demand military action to overthrow Mr. Smith's government. Most of the world has declared Rhodesia to be wickedly in the wrong, and the squeeze that was put upon her last November has been gradually tightened, depriving her above all of money and oil from overseas. But Rhodesia remains right there, baffling the United Nations, infuriating the rest of Africa, and gravely embarrassing the British. Legend says that before Harold Wilson took office as prime minister of Great Britain, he thought the initials U.D.I. stood for one of the lesser French airlines: Now, poor fellow, they must be engraved upon his heart (if, as the Rhodesians tend to say, he has one).

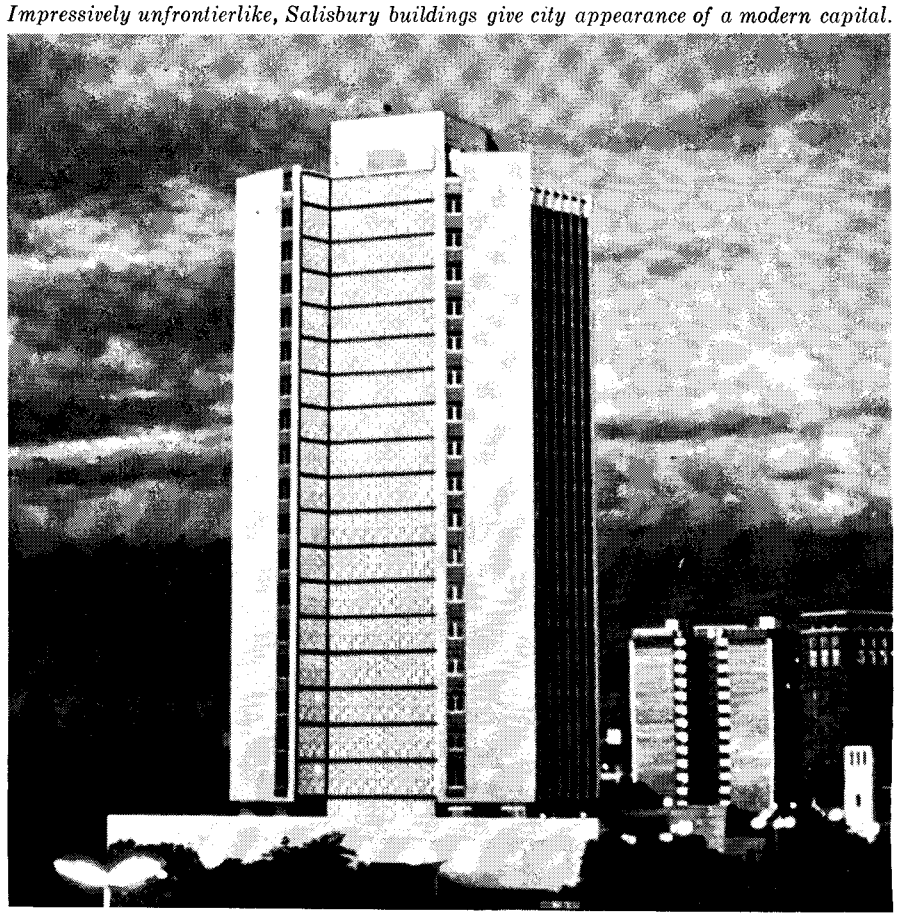
"What's all the fuss about?" a woman asked me in a shop one day. "Things are no different from what they were before"—and she handed me for my dubious inspection a copper ashtray embossed with a Grecian profile of Mr. Smith. In a sense she was right. Rhodesia is not in the inflamed condition of South Africa. Down there to the south the atmosphere is one of perpetual climax, a possessed and brilliant country, where blacks and whites of equal elemental frankness face each other brutally across the barricades. Rhodesia is not like that at all.

The nation's roots are shallow. Eighty years ago there was no such country, and the land was inhabited only by fairly ineffectual African tribes. Many of the white Rhodesians are immigrants from Britain; the rest are mostly the children of immigrants. All the stuff of the pioneers is still about. You meet women who were born in oxcarts, you talk to old men about native risings, and everywhere you are reminded that on this very spot, only yesterday, there was a Matabele kraal, or a British stockade, or a battle, or just a bit of wilderness. It is all very new. It is all very fresh.

Since the 1890's the British have never stopped coming to Rhodesia—mostly very average British, who took the plunge one grim gray day in Birmingham or Ealing, and sailed out to this place of space and sunshine. In the early years Rhodesia was a challenge. More recently it has been more often an escape—from the competitive pressures of Britain, from the drudgery of a land without domestic servants, from overcrowding and a miserable climate. Most recent immigrants have been working people whose lot in Salisbury is infinitely easier than it would be in Liverpool or Reading. Others are men of a gentler background whose lives were irredeemably disrupted by World War II, and who seem to be perpetually reliving the brave days of Alamein or the Battle of Britain—in blazers and suede shoes, in regimental ties and cavalry twill, with determined officers' accents and slang that comes direct from the "ops" room or the mess. One man apologized for talking so loud on the grounds that "you get used to shouting, old boy, when you're on the deck of a minesweeper."

Rhodesians often seem to bear a personal grudge against England, of whose reviving vivacity they seem to be either frigidly disapproving or totally unaware. "There's no *go* back there," they keep saying of London, the most dazzling capital in Europe today, and one of the less subtle gestures of Rhodesian defiance has been the printing of Prime Minister Wilson's portrait upon rolls of toilet paper. This alienation from their homeland accounts for much Rhodesian behavior. They have cut themselves off from the real world. They would not relish the pace of modern England, so they call it decadent. With their African servants and their social privileges, they have cocooned themselves in wuffly euphoria, half oblivious to the passions of the world outside. They have settled for the easy life, and of course they all possess the one essential Rhodesian status symbol, a white skin.

Impressively unfrontierlike, Salisbury buildings give city appearance of a modern capital.



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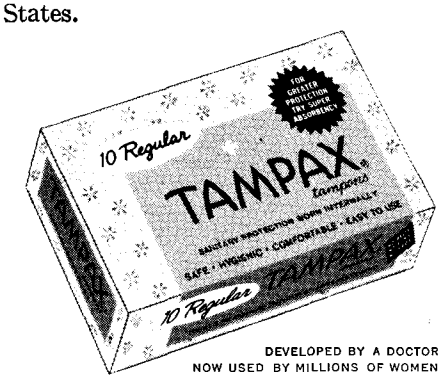

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Stolidly apart, yet linked to the same soil, black and white Rhodesians share their nation's burden—the dilemma of preserving a prosperous country without damage to either race.

RHODESIA

Most of them are not being hypocritical. They are genuinely unaware of their isolation—perhaps even of their motives. They really do love their country, and think they are doing their best for it. Ian Smith himself, a 47-year-old tobacco farmer, well reflects—at least in his person—this apparent guilelessness of the Rhodesians. Nearly everybody likes him (Prime Minister Wilson is an outspoken exception). He flew with the R.A.F. in the war, and still has a certain boyish gusto to him. He is Rhodesian born, with none of the harsh prejudices of the immigrant, and his worst enemies seldom accuse him of any fanatic white-supremacist notions. He is one of that familiar kind of prime minister, in fact, who is always said to be egged on by nastier men behind the scenes.

And the Rhodesians in general are not a people of any heavy-handed villainy. Their prejudices are not profound, and their attitude toward the African is for the most part patronizing rather than malicious. At best they sincerely believe the black man needs many more years of tutelage before he is fit to run the country. At worst they believe that the European is, simply through merit of race, inherently superior to the African. To many of them what is happening to their country scarcely seems real. They do not take it very seriously. No oil has reached Rhodesia from overseas since the British government imposed its blockade, but a good deal comes across the friendly frontier from South Africa, and gas rationing does not apparently cause much hardship. Food is plentiful. Shops are well stocked. The surface of Rhodesian life is not much ruffled by the protracted crisis, and the great imponderables of economics do not weigh heavily upon the people. You would hardly know, from the bright windows of the department stores or the smoke-dimmed cabaret in La Bohème, that the state was anything but prosperous, popular and secure.

Talk to the big businessmen, though, and you will realize that things are not altogether what they seem. Rhodesia's economy was, until U.D.I., tied absolutely to London. Now British credits are unobtainable, the big market for tobacco and chrome is lost, and the Rhodesian industries are just beginning to feel the pinch. Many business people I met sympathized entirely with the motives of U.D.I. but deplored the way it was done. As one steelman remarked, "The strength of the British is their flexibility—you should never try to snap them, only bend them your way." They do not trust the South Africans as allies: For one thing, they are British enough themselves to be inherently hostile to the Afrikaners, and for another, they don't believe the South Africans will risk damaging their own economy in the cause of ideological sympathy. Instead they seem to foresee the economy slowly, very slowly, losing its energy—money getting shorter, equipment getting older, men of talent emigrating, labor troubles worsening.

And there are thoughtful citizens who feel the same way about private life, too, and who doubt if policies of white supremacy can give a country lasting content. "I don't mind for myself," the intelligent housewife says, "and I think a lot of Ian Smith, but whatever he does, life's not going to be much fun for our children when they grow up. There's no happy ending to *this* fairy tale"—and all too often she will ask you, as though you are some oracle from happier places far away, what *you* would do, what *you* would advise, and whether the London parks are still as green as ever, when the English summer breaks at last.

These are the people who, by insisting upon their right to govern their black subjects as they please, are trying to dam the tide of history. There is much to be said for their arguments. They have legitimate complaints against Britain, their legal suzerain, and I can well understand how they were goaded into what London still doggedly calls "an unconstitutional situation."

The British never have trusted the white Rhodesians' intentions toward the blacks. From the start the Colonial Office in London, the prime exponent of liberal imperial development, looked upon this capitalist colony with an uneasy eye: It was Churchill himself, as colonial secretary in 1922, who insisted Britain should retain a measure of guardianship for the Africans.

Ever since, this ineradicable suspicion has sat upon the shoulders of Rhodesia. When the British devised the Central African Federation in 1953, the Rhodesians entered on the understanding that they would thereby achieve complete independence. But within a few years the British became persuaded that the Rhodesians would not play fair with their black partners and allowed the federation to dissolve in 1963. All the independence negotiations between the Rhodesians and successive British Governments foundered on this issue—on the right of the British to exercise a trusteeship for the African Rhodesians, if only by insisting that proper progress for black citizens be irrevocably written into any Rhodesian charter of independence.

The lack of trust was mutual. The Rhodesians saw every other British colony in Africa, however backward, however unreliable, granted its independence—simply, it seemed, because its rulers would be black men. They watched as one black African state after the other sank, in the first years of premature self-rule, into morasses of autocracy, inefficiency and tribal revenge. They watched anxiously as Britain floundered from vacillation to second thoughts, from sensible moderation to lick-spittle acceptance of every African demand. They shuddered to see the principle of one-man, one-vote—which would of course give the black Africans immediate political mastery in Rhodesia—generally accepted as the basis of British policy.

The Rhodesians rightly felt there was a good deal of humbug to it all, for in fact their racial record has been far from contemptible. They have based their policies on Cecil Rhodes's principle—equal opportunity for every civilized man—in the meantime dealing with the Africans chiefly through the medium of their own chiefs. The

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complicated franchise is organized on a basis of income, property and education: A few Africans are fully enfranchised, and a few Europeans are not. The pettier indignities of apartheid do not arise in Rhodesia: There is no legal separation on buses or trains.

On the face of it all this represents an honest attempt toward multiracial partnership. The Europeans have undeniably created the nation. They have a right to defend their creation, and to preserve if they honorably can the society they have established. They know very well that if Africans assumed control tomorrow, standards of prosperity, opportunity, and probably of security would instantly decline.

Yet, says the white Rhodesian, the world refuses to give us time. Egged on by extremists elsewhere in Africa, by progressives in Europe and America, and by the opportunism and cowardice of the great powers, the black African leaders of Rhodesia have declined to cooperate. The two most prominent nationalist politicians, Mr. Joshua Nkomo and the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, apparently regard any white attempt at compromise as hypocrisy, and have set so fierce an example that most of the enfranchised Africans do not vote. As for the rest of the world, it seems to think that the white population is expendable and can justifiably be required to pack up and move on.

No wonder Salisbury now feels exhilarated rather than despondent: It is one of the most attractive cities in Africa, with modern architecture of some merit, lovely gardens, an enlightened art gallery, a fine museum and a manner of spanking well-being. Today, when its name stands with Johannesburg and Birmingham in the black gazetteer of racism, it seems fresher, even more innocent, than ever. For the first time its white citizens feel their destiny is in their own hands. They have cut the apron strings. They are free.

But free, alas, chiefly to be oppressive. Behind the facts, the motives; behind Mr. Smith, they say, more ominous white supremacists; behind the guilelessness of the Rhodesians, darker implications. Rhodesia is full of contradictions. The Land Apportionment Act, which reserves some land for Africans, some for Europeans, was devised for the protection of African interests: But the purpose behind it has long since become the maintenance of racial segregation. More is done for African education than almost anywhere else in Africa: True, but most of it by mission schools, and the fees are the greatest single cause of African complaint.

And it is the motives, even the unconscious ones, that really count. On one level of thought the Rhodesians want their independence to insure that African advance is conducted sensibly, consistently, and with fairness to all. On another level, often within the same mind, they want it to make sure that they remain firmly on top for the rest of their lives. And the chances are that if they succeed in their bid for independence, and thus for white supremacy, they will find themselves turning into a nasty little whole-hog racist anachronism, cruel and unloved.

For while it is easy for outsiders to decree liberal policies for such a state, it is exceedingly difficult for a home government to enforce them—as they know in Alabama and Mississippi. There is absolutely no disputing that the advance of the blacks will be materially bad for the whites, and it would be a saintly privileged class indeed which voluntarily gave up its comfortable social advantages when told it was the moral thing to do. Unless guarantees of African progress are imposed from outside, Rhodesia can hardly help sinking into soured autocracy—the whites imposing their authority ever more harshly upon the blacks.

Already one can see how resentment, pride and half-conscious fear can curdle together into evil. Both Mr. Nkomo and Mr. Sithole are locked up in remote detention camps, together with many another African nationalist leader. Even a white former prime minister, Mr. Garfield Todd, is detained on his ranch because of his liberal views. Already the Rhodesian government has to censor newspapers, expel correspondents, ban the African parties, and talk the gutter language of dictatorship. The police force, one of the best in the world, is fast learning the methods of totalitarianism, from the bugged bedroom to the detention camp. The information services have turned into vulgar propaganda machines, and Mr. Smith's own party, the Rhodesian Front, is identified more and more with the state.

It is a horrible process to watch, the decline from stout old English principles to this devious despotism. Rhodesia's Declaration of Independence is a declaration of autocracy, and her white citizens must now turn against the whole heritage of English history, Magna Carta to the suffragettes. Can they keep it up? Can they be bullies for long enough? Or to put it as the spokesmen of the Rhodesian Front might prefer, have they got the pluck such as the men of their race exhibited not so long ago when the flak was flying and it was stiff upper lips all round?

It is a squalid issue, and somehow the Africans of Rhodesia manage to make it shabbier still. Here there are none of your strapping Zulus of the south, glistening giants out of the veld. No disrespectful jazzmen blow their trumpets in the purlieus of Salisbury, as they do so intoxicatingly in the Johannesburg townships. The African of Rhodesia is a shadowy, unassertive figure. Warily he probes your background, as you step into his taxi, cautiously he establishes that you are a visitor from abroad, before he offers you a selection of political or social grievances so muted as to be almost petulant. It is not his fault—his whole culture, such as it was a century ago, has been disintegrated by the arrival of the white man, but he certainly makes it difficult for the sympathizer to be much inspired by his cause.

Of course the most formidable of the Africans are locked up—without trial, so the government maintains, because nobody would dare give evidence of subversion against them for fear of reprisals. It is almost impossible for the visiting reporter to reach their distant places of detention, or to discover what they really feel and hope. On paper their record scarcely seems impressive. They have not done much to help. They were unable or perhaps unwilling to stop the vicious campaigns of intimidation that distorted African politics until Smith's government clamped down on them. Their insistence on absolute, immediate African political equality—one-man, one-vote—may be politically inevitable, but it can hardly be elevated into statesmanship. They feel sure they will win in the end, I suppose, and in the meantime they won't budge—even if, with a policeman perpetually at their door, they were physically able to.

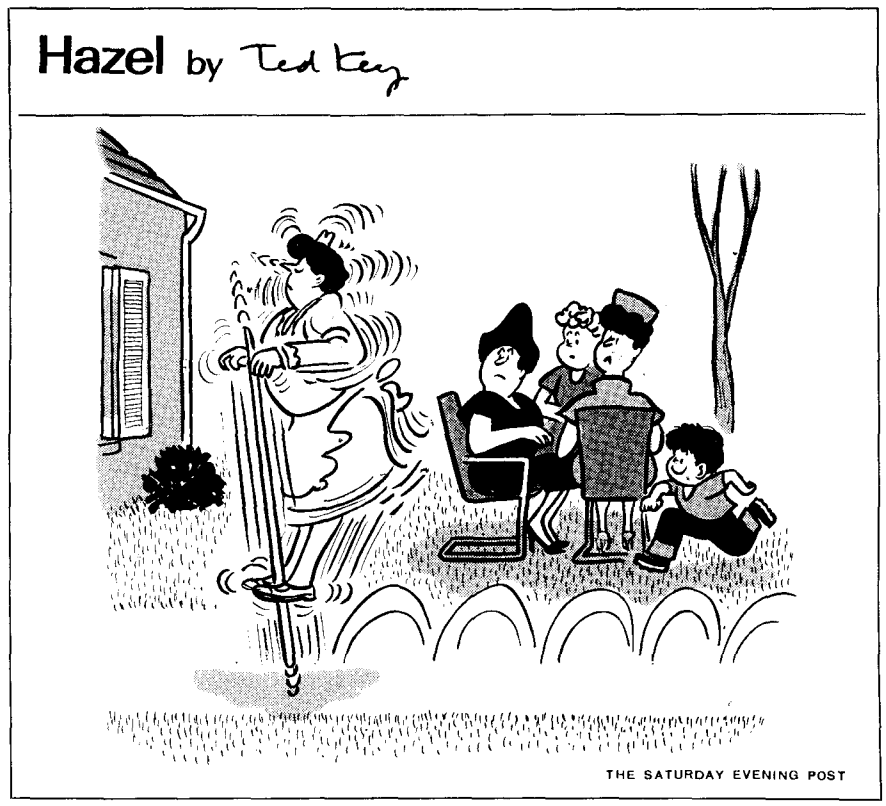
So every day the tragic gulf between blacks and whites grows deeper. "Trust us," the white Rhodesians say, "we *know* the Kaffir"—but nothing could be further from the truth. Far from knowing them, they are abysmally ignorant about the whole trend of contemporary African affairs. Bemused by a grossly distorted picture in the local press, they believe that nothing ever goes right, nor ever will, in Black Africa—nothing is honest, nothing is efficient, nothing is hopeful. They will not consider the possibility that these are the first disturbed days of a new African civilization, one day to take its turn with the great cultures of the past. They claim no Biblical sanction such as the Afrikaner loves to quote: They rely, for their own comfort, upon plain ornery ignorance.

For the Africans are, of course, historically right. As sure as time is time, one day they will rule Rhodesia. They seem an insubstantial army now, dumbly taking your shoes to be polished, or blankly accepting the morning shopper's stingy tip, but slowly, slowly they are assembling their strength, and gradually their peripheral presence will materialize into a threat that the dimmest Salisbury matron, congratulating herself once more upon the nice neighbors and the availability of houseboys, will recognize as a price scarcely worth paying for privilege.

"You must take a line," said my English friend severely as we parted after dinner one night, having aridly discussed the Rhodesian problem during three hours and four courses, but I reach a conclusion reluctantly. After some weeks in Rhodesia one feels brainwashed six times over, with different intentions every time. In this affair nobody can really claim to be holier than thou. There is willful ignorance on the white African side, ungenerous opportunism on the black African side, callous cant in the world at large, and on all sides the selfishness that nearly all of us display when our private interests are at stake. It is an all-too-human, all-too-fallible kind of dispute.

But a line, nevertheless, I will take. I think the white Rhodesians ought to swallow a compromise. I think they should write into their constitution an absolutely irrevocable promise that the Africans will be granted majority rule by such-and-such a date—however disagreeable it is likely to be. I think the date should be later than the African extremists demand, and sooner than the average white Rhodesian would like. I sympathize wistfully with many of the settlers' fears, grievances and aspirations, but I fear that their wisest course is to climb down now, and come to terms with history.

Consider the alternatives. They can put off the day by sheer bloody-mindedness, but only at immense financial cost, and at the risk of permanent isolation. Or perhaps they can somehow throw in their lot with South Africa and the Portuguese, establishing an indefinitely white-dominated bloc in the southern half of Africa. But the longer they hold out, the fiercer will be the African retribution in the end, and the sadder will be the coarsening and brutalizing of their own attitudes. They are not at all an evil people, and they don't deserve such a destiny. They may think they would be preserving heaven for their children's children, but they would only be pickling a new kind of hell. □



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IT'S A LONG WAY TO 714

While the cake, the reporters and 15 camera crews went stale, Willie Mays stalked an elusive record. Now he's after a legend.

In late May of 1951, when Willie Mays and I both were young, I drove to the Polo Grounds one evening to see the Giants play the Boston Braves. The reason for my outing was less to take in the ball game than to avoid a sociology exam. I was flunking sociology, and at Princeton, where I was "wintering," as my faculty adviser put it, you could escape the onus of a failing grade simply by reporting sick, not taking the exam, and making up the credit in a later semester.

And so as I took my seat in the upper deck behind first base, a doctor's certificate in my pocket, stating that I was being tested for incipient mononucleosis, I felt only a sense of relief at having deflected the inevitable. I had no way of knowing that I was about to witness what was to be, in the circumscribed world of baseball, a historic event, the first major-league home run of Willie Mays.

I had never seen Willie Mays until that night. He had reported to the Giants just three days before in Philadelphia after opening the season at Minneapolis, in the American Association, where in 35 games he had amassed 71 hits, knocked in 30 runs, batted .477, and hit one ball so hard in Milwaukee that it had actually driven a hole through the outfield fence. The Giants obviously needed him; the team was anchored in the second division. But so vigorously did the Minneapolis citizenry protest the recall of Mays that the Giants placed advertisements in the local papers apologizing for the act. Willie Mays was 20 years old.

He had gone 0 for 12 in Philadelphia, and for this game, his first in New York, the Boston pitcher was Warren Spahn, the best left-hander in baseball. "If you're going to guess when you come up to bat," Willie Mays said later, "might as well guess on the first pitch. And might as well guess a fast ball is what he's going to throw." Mays guessed right. The first pitch Spahn threw him was a fast ball that he hit into the darkness beyond the left-field roof.

That was 15 years ago. The Giants lost the game that night 4–1, and in the newspapers the next morning there were stories of other home runs (Luke Easter hit one, as did Bobby Doerr and Ralph Kiner) and of more cosmic events: Mohammed Mossadegh was defying Winston Churchill over the nationalization of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Sen. Robert Taft complained about the conduct of the MacArthur hearing being held by the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services committees, and Sgt. Claiborne W. Hodges captured 112 Reds as the 28th Division pushed into North Korea.

As I looked back at that first home run at the start of this season, Willie Mays seemed to me to be a figure from some other time, a time of sad and dated headlines, more a memory of my own youth than the only man with a shot—a long shot to be sure—at the all-time record of 714 home runs set by Babe Ruth.

I had not seen him play in those 15 years, seen none of the intervening 504 home runs. As this season began, only three men stood between Mays and Ruth—Mel Ott with the National League record of 511 and Ted Williams and Jimmy Foxx with 521 and 534 respectively. If Mays had any luck at all, the long summer would be a campaign of overtaking them, one by one, until only Ruth himself remained in the distance. (He was to pass Williams on June 27.) Baseball is very likely the most documented sport in the world, a game that makes a fetish out of records and record-breaking. Every time that Mays passed a man would be an occasion to be marked by the special ritual of the game. I decided that I wanted to see one of the occasions.

And so, curious and a little nostalgic, I flew to

By JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

Photographs by Joseph Consentino

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Houston to watch Willie Mays in quest of a record, to see him try to catch and pass Mel Ott. I wanted to learn what the home-run record meant to the man of 35 who had begun the chase as a boy of 20.

The Giants were staying at the Shamrock Hotel, which had been taken over by the convention of the Texas Butane Dealers Association. In the lobby, a tired girl in black tights, mesh stockings and a white ribbon that identified her as MISS FRIENDLY FLAME was passing out blue lollipops. "Blue for *but*ane," she kept repeating wearily.

Shortly after four o'clock Mays emerged from the elevator into the milling throng of butane dealers and their wives. As he picked his way across the lobby, a conventioneer in boots and Stetson, who had passed most of the afternoon in the hospitality suite, said loudly to his companion, "Who's the nigra?"

"That ain't no nigra," his friend said. "That's Willie Mays."

"Well, what do you know," the butane dealer said. "I gotta get his autograph." He tried to place his drink on the edge of a table, but it fell to the floor, splashing bourbon on the ankles of Miss Friendly Flame. Without looking back, he pushed after Mays, calling "Hey, boy. . ."

If Mays heard, he gave no notice.

He had come into Houston with 509 home runs, only two behind Ott's National League record, and with a good chance at least to tie it in the four-game series against the Astros. Besieged by local sportswriters in the Giant dugout before the first game, Mays was wary and even slightly antagonistic. He kept his eyes fixed on the batting cage, where Houston was taking pregame hitting practice.

"Look," he said finally, "you writers are keeping closer tab on that record than I am. Me, I'm not antagonizing any pitchers by talking about it. If I get conscious of it, I'm afraid it'll jinx me. So ask me something else."

"What about the book, Willie?"

"What about it?" Mays said. His autobiography, written with San Francisco novelist and sportswriter Charles Einstein, had just come on the market. In the book Mays gave an account of his rift with former Giant manager Alvin Dark over Dark's alleged remark that Negro ballplayers were not as mentally alert as whites.

"Have you talked to Alvin about it?"

"There's nothin' to say," Mays said. "I said that in the book. Ain't you read the book?"

The sportswriter was apologetic. "Actually, no, but I've read a lot about it."

"I think you're just trying to see if I read my own book," Mays said. "Haven't read it and asking me all those questions about it."

"I thought I'd wait until it came out in paperback," the Houston writer laughed nervously.

"Don't do me no favors," Mays said.

The reporter quickly changed the subject. "Have you thought who'd play you if there's a movie sale?"

"Sidney," Mays said. "He's the only one got the right build."

"Sidney who?"

Mays stared at the questioner and after a moment said quietly, "*Poitier*, man."

The Giants were now taking hitting practice, and Mays took a bat from the rack and stepped into the batting cage. He hit the first three balls thrown to him deep into the left-field seats. "Shoot," he said to no one in particular, "trying to find out if I read my own book."

As he left the cage, I introduced myself and said that I had seen his first home run in the Polo Grounds 15 years before. He looked at me impassively and said nothing. Beside him, Giant coach Larry Jansen began to laugh.

"Buck," Jansen said (all the Giants call Mays "Buck"), "if everyone who's told you this past week they were in the Polo Grounds that night was actually there, that game must have drawn 138,000 people."

"I was thinking a hundred and fifty," Mays said.

The Giants were shut out that night and again the next afternoon in the first game of a day-night doubleheader. The only home runs were hit by Houston players, and when they were struck, the message board that circles the outfield lit up in a tooting, blazing Western cartoon with fireworks, rockets, bomb bursts, snorting cattle, galloping horses, pistol-packing cowboys and ricocheting bullets. (A home run by a visiting player is greeted only by a ticking time bomb flashing "Tilt.") It occurred to me that the Astrodome was to the old Polo Grounds as Andy Warhol is to James McNeill Whistler, and as one with a strong sense of nostalgia, I found the display disconcerting.

Before the night game the crowd was serenaded by the Kilgore Junior College Rangerettes. Dressed in red-white-and-blue cowgirl outfits, the Rangerettes resembled the chorus line in a Busby Berkeley musical of the '30's. Waving flags and kicking their booted legs in a parody of the Rockettes, the girls swung into their finale, a neo-rock-'n'-roll version of *God Bless America*. In the Giant dugout the players studied them with practiced eyes.

"Third from the end," one of the Giants said. "She's got that anxious look."

"There's one there got her eyes on you, Buck."

Mays laughed and lifted his arms helplessly over his head.

"Buck thinks that's trouble he don't need."

The Houston pitcher that night was Robin Roberts. Now 39 and nearing the end of his career, Roberts had won 281 games and was trying desperately to hang on until he made 300, a mark reached by only 14 pitchers in major-league history. In six innings, Roberts held the Giants to one run. But with two outs in the seventh, Mays lashed a home run five rows deep behind the 406-foot sign in left field. When the ball was hit, Roberts's shoulders sagged, and he did not bother to turn around to watch it go out.

"It wouldn't have brought it back," he said later in the Houston clubhouse after the Astros lost the game 2–1. He has a handsome, gentle face, and lines of fatigue were etched around his eyes. "You been around as long as I have, you know when it's gone."

"How do you pitch to him, Robin?" a reporter asked after a while.

Roberts took a long drink from a carton of milk, as if wondering how many times he had been asked that question over the years. "You move the ball in and out. If he guesses wrong, you got a chance. If he guesses right. . . ." He shrugged.

"How many has he hit off you all told?"

"Look, why don't you ask him?" Roberts said with a flash of impatience. "I just lost the game. He won it."

In the Giants' locker room, Mays could not

Baseball fans still stare at Mays with adulation and reach out to touch him, just as they did in 1951 when he was a 20-year-old rookie with the Giants.

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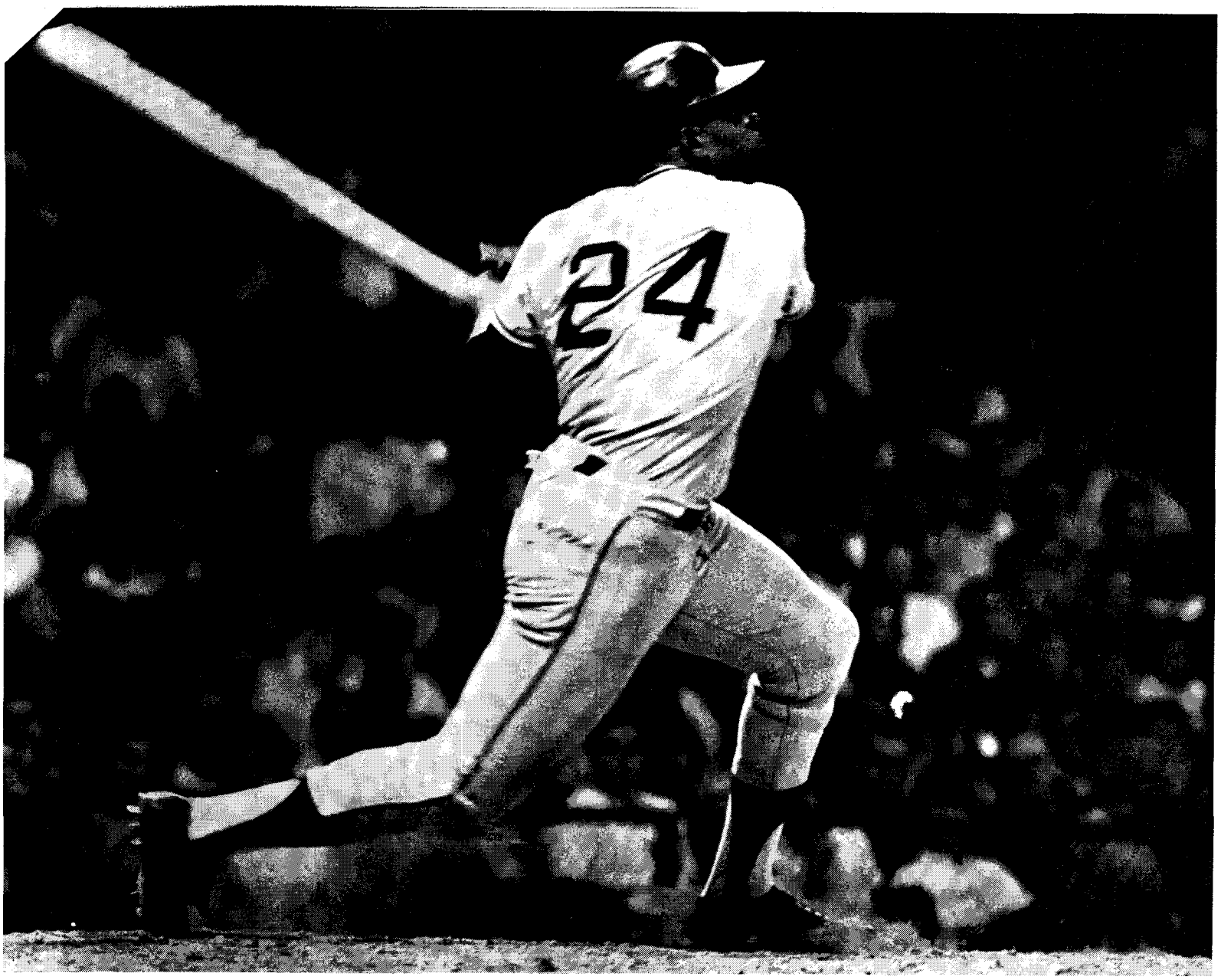

Mays grew short-tempered as he failed to hit No. 512 in eight games. Then a Dodger pitcher threw a changeup and, suddenly, the record was his.

remember exactly how many home runs he had hit off Roberts. "Four or five," he said. "He's been over in the American League a long time."

"That's the 240th game he's lost," a Houston writer said.

"He's won a couple, too," Mays said succinctly.

"I guess he didn't do too bad for a guy thirty-nine years old," the reporter persisted.

Mays looked at him. "Man," he said, "you got something against a guy getting old."

The next day—Sunday—Mays did not take batting practice; he seldom does, now that he is older, when a day game follows a night game. Nor does he ever take fielding practice, again an effort to conserve his energy.

In the Giant clubhouse, Mays had the trainer put an ice pack on his left hand, which was bruised and sore. As he treated his hand, Mays listened expressionlessly while equipment-manager Eddie Logan, who joined the Giants in 1930, reminisced about Mel Ott and the record.

"Ottie would have been glad it's staying with the Giants," Logan said.

"Haven't broken it yet," Mays said.

"It's only a matter of time, Buck," Logan said. "You ever see him play?"

"Only in the newsreels," Mays said. "He was only a little guy. Don't know how he ever hit kicking out his foot like that." He took the ice pack off his hand and clenched his fist several times. "I guess that'll have to do it," he said.

It was another tough game. With one out in the eighth inning and the Giants down a run, Mays came up against relief pitcher Jim Owens. On the fourth pitch he sent a drive crashing toward the left-field stands. He took two steps toward first base, then stopped and watched the ball as it disappeared into the crowd.

In the press box a member of the Giants' party asked Judge Roy Hofheinz, owner of the Astros, to let loose the pyrotechnics on the message board, which had never before been lit up for a visiting player's home run.

"That one only tied the record," Judge Hofheinz said. "If he breaks it, we'll see."

Mays did not come to bat again.

The Giant clubhouse after the 4–2 victory was crowded with press and photographers. The celebration had all the spontaneity of an elaborately choreographed Japanese *no* drama. The festive postgame clubhouse seemed to exist only in the minds of reporters with deadlines to meet and headlines to match. Only when a camera was pointed at one of the players did he rouse himself from his torpor, smile animatedly, and say, as if by rote, that he would tell his grandchildren that he had seen Willie Mays tie the National League home-run record. The players not being interviewed sat by quietly, drinking beer and nibbling cold cuts. They soberly watched the reporters clustered around Mays's cubbyhole, as if wanting to point out to the press that this was only the 12th game of the season, that there were 150 left, and that baseball was, after all, a business.

Mays sat in front of his locker, naked except for the uniform shirt he had put back on for the photographers. Patiently he observed the ritual he had gone through so many times before.

"Were you thinking of Ott when you circled the bases, Willie?"

"No."

"What were you thinking"

When the ba

"Tie score."

A park policeman broke through the crowd to tell Giant Manager Herman Franks, a portly, balding man who affects an air of permanent anger, that the fan who had caught the record-tying ball in the stands was at the clubhouse door. Franks eyed the fan suspiciously.

"A lot of foul balls went into the stands today," he said. "How do I know this is the one?"

"You don't," said the fan, a barrel-chested brakeman from the Missouri-Pacific Railroad, who had driven 152 miles to the game from his home in East Texas. "You just gotta take my word for it."

"I'll give you fifty for it," Franks said.

The brakeman took the fifty dollars from Franks and carefully counted it to see if it was all there.

"Christ," Franks said, "he doesn't trust me."

An iced bottle of champagne had been sent down to the clubhouse, and Franks popped the cork. Mays, who does not drink, sipped a glass for the photographers and then passed it to one of the other players. A photographer asked Franks to pour some of the champagne over Mays's head.

"Not that picture again," Franks said disgustedly. "Don't you guys ever get any new ideas?"

With a pained look on his face, Franks asked Mays if he minded. Mays shook his head and dutifully submitted to the dunking.

It was a half hour before Mays could finally get to the shower. When he emerged, the clubhouse was all but deserted. Someone asked him if he wanted the record-tying ball.

"Naw," Mays said. "It's Herman's fifty. Let him keep it. All it means to me is something else to dust."

It seemed certain that Willie Mays would hit his record-breaking 512th home run on San Francisco's 10-game home stand, and the Giants made plans for the event as if it were a diamond jubilee. A multitiered cake was baked and the number 512 imbedded in the frosting with tiny silver sugar beads. One hundred dollars was earmarked for the fan who caught the record ball. In the photographers' booth at Candlestick Park, 15 camera crews from local and network television moved in to record every move Mays made.

In the San Francisco papers, sports pundits, who reflect their city's almost maniacal resentment of all things New York, set out to prove that Mays's 511 home runs had actually traveled farther than Ott's, bulwarking their arguments not only with comparative fence distances but with the variation between East and West Coast wind currents.

But then Mays and the Giants stopped hitting, and the victory cake began to get stale.

Nine days passed. Atlanta, Cincinnati, and St. Louis came and went without number 512 being struck. There was standing room only in the

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sappeared, the crowd stopped the game with cheers and the chant, 'We want Willie!'

press box, and as the games went by the headlines got bigger and the stories thinner.

At the plate Mays began to press and tumbled into a slump; in 23 at bats he got only three hits. The photographers, who dogged his every step, strained his patience.

"How can I *not* think of the record?" he snapped after a loss to the Braves. "You guys remind me of it every time I turn around."

Nor did four losses in five games improve Herman Franks's disposition. "Go ahead, just don't stand there," he growled at a reporter after a loss to Cincinnati. "Ask me something silly."

As if his slump were not enough, Mays came down with a cold and upset stomach. He was taken out of one game with the Reds and sent home. Though ordered to stay in bed, he showed up at the park the following afternoon shortly before game time and began getting dressed, only to have Franks send him back home again to rest.

"Sick as he was, he thought he could do something to help," Franks said.

"When will he be back in the lineup, Herman?"

"How the hell should I know?" Franks rasped. "Now I suppose tomorrow you'll say that Franks answered that in his usual grouchy style."

Mays was back in the lineup against the Cardinals on Friday night, with the cameras once again recording his every sneeze. But on Sunday, running out an infield roller, he stumbled over first base, wrenching his knee. As he limped from the field, someone in the photographers' booth yelled, "Strike the set." Before Mays was in the dugout, the camera crews were packing their equipment.

An inning later it was pointed out in the press box that last year, when Mays hit his personal high of 52 home runs, he had once gone 17 days without a homer. It was a statistic that cheered only the free-lance television cameramen.

"I hope he never hits the sonofabitch," said one. "I get eighty-two-fifty every game I'm out here."

After tailing Mays around for two weeks, I found myself succumbing to the old sports-page adage that no story is complete without a child or a priest. I knew that Mays and his wife, who are now divorced, had adopted a three-day-old baby in 1959. One day during batting practice I told Mays that my wife and I had recently done the same.

"How 'bout that," Mays said wearily. Nothing further was volunteered.

So I struck out with the child, but from a Jesuit acquaintance I learned the name of the Reverend Peter Keegan, a curate of St. Cecilia's Roman Catholic Church in San Francisco and one of Mays's closest friends. On Wednesday, May 4th, 10 days after Mays hit his record-tying home run in Houston, I called on Father Keegan at St. Cecilia's rectory and was in luck. He had just come from lunch at Mays's home and told me that he had given him some rosary beads and a St. Christopher's medal.

"For good luck," I said quickly.

"Well," Father Keegan said, "actually it's for his birthday Friday. But it won't do any harm, and if it works I suppose you could call it a good-luck charm."

"Did you talk about the record?"

"I said he's been pressing and told him he was going to hit it tonight."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'I hope so, Father.'"

That night, shortly before the game with the Los Angeles Dodgers, I asked Mays if he was wearing his talisman. He stared at me suspiciously.

"The medal," I said.

"How did you know about that?" Mays said.

I told him I had seen Father Keegan that afternoon. "Man," Mays said, "you guys are really following me around."

The Dodger pitcher that evening was Claude Osteen, who had not thrown a home-run ball in 92 innings. Twice Osteen struck out Mays, each time making him look bad. But in the fifth inning, with two outs, Osteen threw Mays a high change-up. With what seemed to be a flick of his bat, Mays sent a drive arching in a high parabola over the right-field fence.

As he circled the bases, Candlestick Park erupted. Whistling, cheering, and stamping their feet, the fans interrupted the game for five minutes and twice brought Mays from the dugout to doff his cap with the chant, "We Want Willie."

The rest of the game was an anti-climax. In the Giant clubhouse television cables were strewn all over the floor, and floodlights burned down on Mays's locker. Someone kicked over a carton of fan mail, littering Mays's cubbyhole with letters. Interviewed on two postgame shows (he consistently called one sportscaster by the wrong name), Mays did not arrive in the locker room until 20 minutes after the game had ended. As he entered, Franks whispered to him that the boy who had caught the record-breaking ball was asking $1,000 for it.

"He wants a thousand, he can keep it," Mays answered.

For nearly half an hour flashbulbs popped and microphones were pushed into Mays's face as reporters and newscasters elbowed each other out of the way. Occasionally tempers flared. "Just wait a goddam minute," a reporter shouted at one broadcaster. "I was asking him a question."

"What did you feel, Willie?"

"Relief," Mays said.

"What do you want to do now?"

"I just want to get the hell out of here and go home, that's what I want to do."

Completing the prescribed ritual, Mays answers one last round of questions before posing with a piece of dried-out cake.

The photographers managed to coax Mays to smile a few times, but only a few. Just once did Mays seem genuinely amused. That was when a newscaster from ABC's *Wide World of Sports* pumped his hand and said, "Willie, you are a great credit to the game of baseball."

"Why, thanks, man," Mays said.

Almost as an afterthought, the cake with the "512" lettered on it was wheeled in front of Mays's locker. Mays cut into it for the photographers, but the cake was by now so stale that it crumbled like a tenement under the wrecker's ball. He held a piece in front of his mouth, and then, when the photographers had left, threw it back onto the plate. No one else touched it.

When the crowd finally thinned, Herman Franks, wearing nothing but a shirt, shower clogs and his Giant cap, pulled up a stool in front of Mays's locker. Puffing on a cigar, Franks said to his star, "Now you can relax until you get seven hundred and something."

"Shoot," Mays said. "There's Williams, and there's Foxx, and then it's going to start all over again. Ain't that right?"

"No," Franks said. "You've got a breeze now for five years."

"I'd have to average forty a year to catch up with Ruth," said Willie Mays. "I don't think I can do it."

He slipped on a cardigan sweater and walked slowly toward the dressing-room door.

The cameras were gone. The newsreel cables had been removed, and the clubhouse was almost empty. On the bulletin board was chalked a message: "Plane leaving for St. Louis Friday morning, 8:15 A.M., T.W.A. Flt. 162. Please be at airport 7:45. Arrive St. Louis 1:40." □

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Editorials

The Court versus the cops

In police stations from New York to Los Angeles, the first reaction to the Supreme Court's recent ruling on criminal confessions was something between outrage and numb dismay. What the Court had ruled, quite simply, was that the police could no longer interrogate a suspect unless he had a lawyer by his side or willingly waived his right to have a lawyer. This decision, wailed one detective captain in Philadelphia, "puts the police . . . out of business." Other policemen added their endorsement to the sharp dissent of Justice Byron White, a former Deputy Attorney General, who declared that "the Court's rule will return a killer, a rapist or other criminal to the streets . . . to repeat his crime whenever it pleases him."

To anyone with any knowledge of police stations, it did indeed sound as though the Court had crippled the prosecution of criminals. It seemed hard to imagine that any lawyer, called into a criminal-interrogation, would not advise his client to keep quiet. Thus tens of thousands of open-and-shut cases would drift into the murky area of circumstantial evidence and identification by random witnesses. In fact, however, the day after Armageddon showed that Armageddon had not occurred. A *New York Times* reporter who sat in on a number of interrogations conducted under the new rules found that there had been no abrupt halt in confessions. "By and large," said a detective, "they readily admit what they've been doing even after they've been told of their rights."

Now that the first wave of surprise and dismay has passed, we can see that the Supreme Court has once again brought us face to face with two basic facts: first, that the law of the land means what it says, and second, that we must never suspend that law for the sake of the temporary convenience of the majority. The Fifth Amendment to the Constitution is emphatic: "No person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." That law was designed to end forever the old tradition of torturing a suspect until he confessed, and we all accept it in principle—unless we feel the suspect is really guilty. Only a few years ago congressional committees were on a rampage that they called "investigating Communism," and anybody who invoked his constitutional rights was branded "a Fifth-Amendment Communist." Now that we have emerged from that particular phase, the Fifth Amendment once again applies to the suspected criminal, and we tend to believe that the amendment really should say, "No person shall be compelled to be a witness against himself—unless he has done something wrong." But that is not at all what the Constitution says or means.

It is true that the rate of crime is rising and that many of us feel threatened, but the Court did not say that the police could not catch a criminal, or that a voluntary confession could not be used as evidence. It did say that the Constitution protects guilty and innocent alike, and that it protects them not just in the courtroom but also in the bowels of the police interrogation room. We like to say that our system of justice rests on the principle that it is better for nine guilty men to go free than for one innocent man to be condemned. The Supreme Court ruling on confessions is a reminder that this principle deserves to be taken seriously.

Upheaval in China

Mao Tse-tung

Teng Hsiao-ping

The only thing about Communist China of which we can be almost certain is that we do not know what is going on there. But it is almost equally certain that a profound upheaval is taking place in this vast, mysterious and hostile land. For months the Chinese press has been issuing cryptic warnings against subversion, disloyalty and various forms of ideological deviation. There have been few clues as to who was attacking whom, or why, but from time to time the dismissal of a prominent official such as the mayor of Peking has provided evidence of a real power struggle.

The inescapable fact is that Mao Tse-tung, the extraordinary politician-warrior-poet who led and won the Chinese revolution, is 72 years old and in terrible health—out of public view for months at a time and apparently unable to control his would-be heirs. Which of those heirs will ultimately triumph is anybody's guess—some favor Communist Party Secretary Teng Hsiao-ping, others foresee the rise of Generals Lin Piao or Lo Jui-ching. It is useful to remember, however, that when Stalin died he left all power to Georgi Malenkov, and that Malenkov didn't last two years.

Even in our ignorance, it is possible to speculate that China today is in many ways like the Russia of 1953, and to speculate that the past decade of Russian history may resemble the next decade of Chinese history. If this is true, China will learn by an agonizing process of trial and error, as has Russia, that old-time revolutionary slogans have little to do with the operation of a major technological power, that the technologists who are needed to run the machinery of the mid-20th century are fairly practical about what they need and want. None of this will make China our friend, any more than it has made Russia a friend, but even an unfriendly nation that pursues the dictates of common sense is less of a menace than a nation ruled by paranoia and fanaticism.

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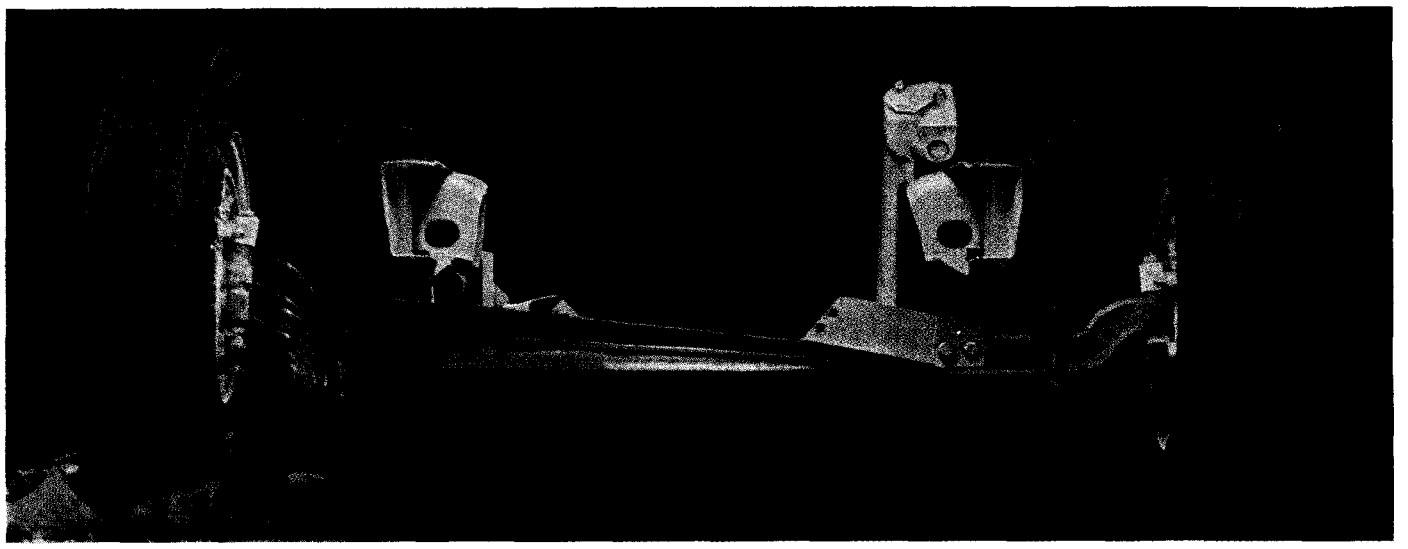
Ford

We've come up with a smoother idea: a pick-up with two front axles



We don't mind being first with a good idea.

When we found it would take two front axles to make a pick-up truck ride almost as smoothly as a passenger car, we didn't hesitate.

Result: Ford Twin-I-Beam Suspension. When one wheel goes over a bump the other wheel stays down on the road. With you riding in smooth comfort in between. And that was the whole idea.

Some of our new ideas are far removed from trucks and cars.

Engineers of our Philco subsidiary built the antenna for the satellite that sent back the first pictures of Mars. Another team created an electronic Zip Code Reader that's helping the Post Office sort letters at the rate of 36,000 an hour.

We even invented a bullet-resistant steel to help protect military helicopters.

When a new idea makes a better product, we don't mind being first.

We're sort of used to it.

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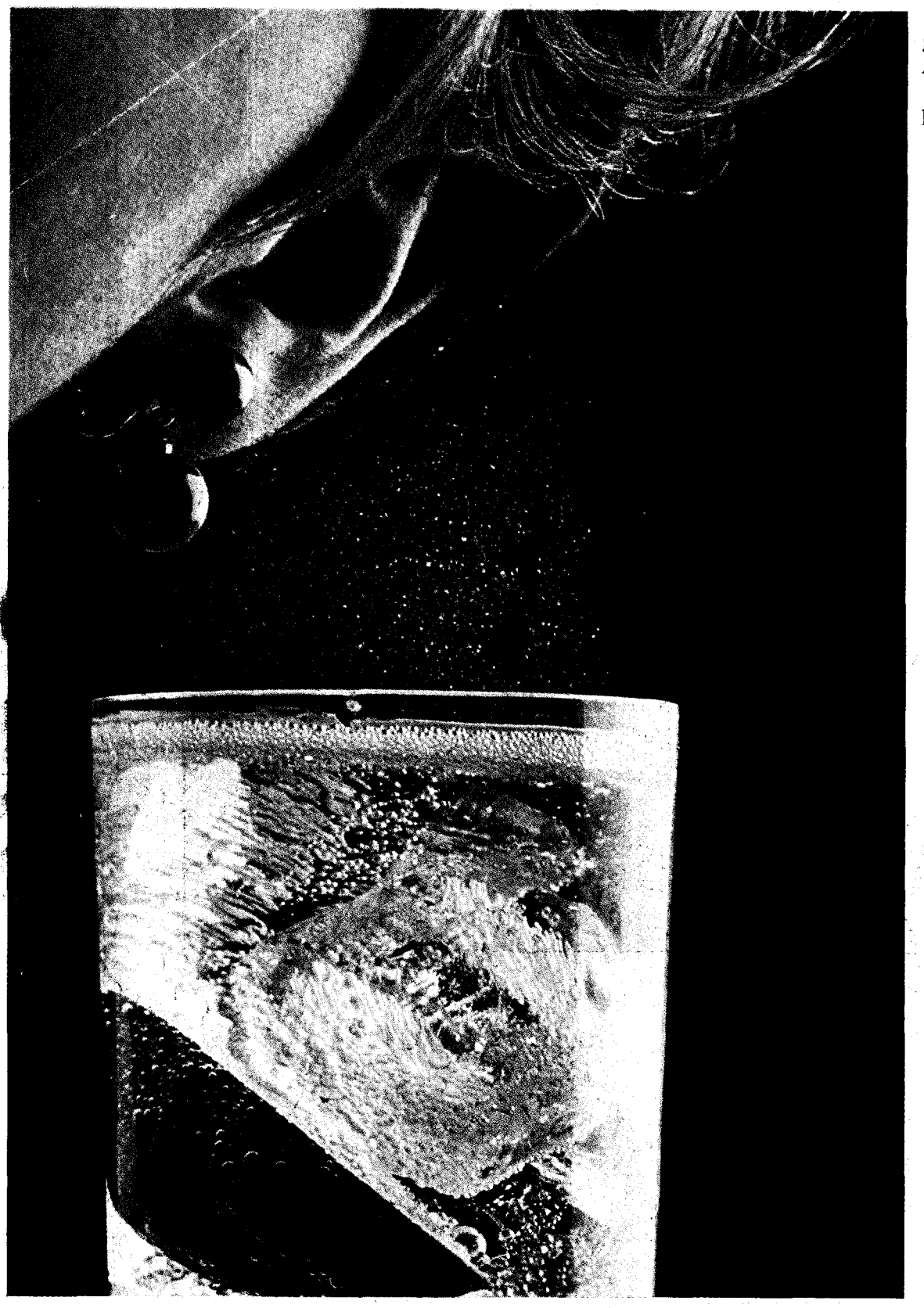
Blends, bourbons, Canadians: lend us your ears.



Listen to its tingling tartness.
Too exuberant to suppress.
Sprite. With the tart taste that gently tingles. Subtle. Interesting. Alive. Even ticklish.
So tart and tingling, we just couldn't keep it quiet.

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